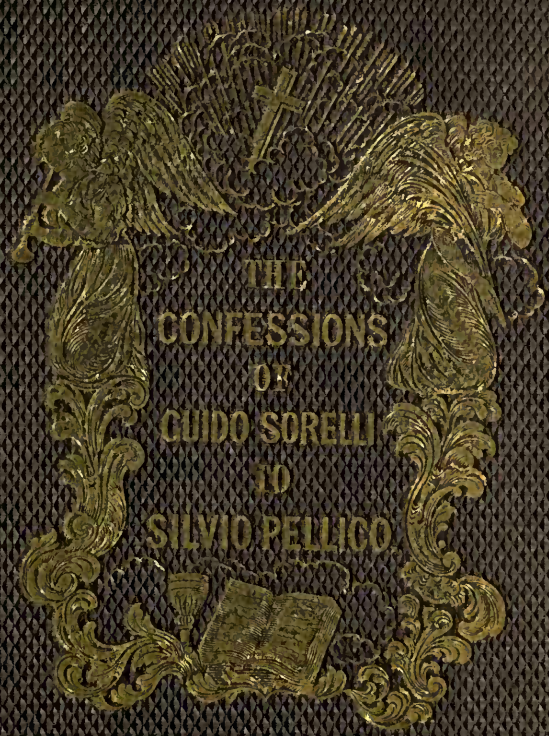
THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
GUIDO SORELLI
TO
SILVIO PELLICO

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MY CONFESSIONS

TO

SILVIO PELLICO.

LONDON:

SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.

GUIDO SORELLI.

Drawn on stone by W. P. Sherlock from a Miniature by Fischer.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

MY CONFESSIONS

TO

SILVIO PELLICO.

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

GUIDO SORELLI.

LONDON:

FOR THE AUTHOR, 18, PICCADILLY;

P. ROLANDI, 20, BERNERS STREET, AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,

STATIONERS-HALL COURT.

1836.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

THE *Title* is the *Preface* of my book. It is as eloquent as it is awful! Therefore I shall abstain from weakening it, by adding many words to it; for, should they even prove the most eloquent that were ever uttered by human tongue, they would only be as stars in comparison with the sun.

But, as the views and feelings of man are seldom understood, and his actions very often misconstrued, it is but just that I should acquaint all those who know me not, that the object of this publication has neither been to add a plume to the chaplet, nor a leaf to the wreath—neither to climb the steep, unprofitable rock of *worldly* fame,—nor to enrich my coffers.—No !—I have solely aimed at my own self-abasement, by publicly acknowledging my errors and misdeeds : convinced as I am, *that "whoso confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them, shall have mercy."*

By so doing, I have also hoped—as I humbly pray to be enabled—to work some good for my beloved Roman Catholic Countrymen.

No head am I of the political hydra !—Therefore none must expect to derive, from the perusal of my work, even a spark of *that* kind of excitement, which, now-a-day, so unfortunately engrosses all the thoughts of almost every mind....all the feelings of almost every heart.

Neither do I possess the gift—and I prize it not!—of writing fictitious compositions, calculated to make the reader fly from himself, and avoid the *saddening* contemplation of *his own* heart. Consequently, whoever hunts after mere amusement, and makes

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it the business of his life ever to shun the stern countenance of upbraiding TRUTH, let him *not* open my Book, for it will prove *no* bait to such a mind—*no* food for such an appetite.

MY CONFESSIONS TO SILVIO PELLICO

are nothing more, nor less, than a faithful statement of the uninterrupted mercy of the Lord towards a sinner—showing by what a chain of strange, unavoidable and unforeseen events, and by what a path of deep, though transient sorrow, I have been led by Divine Providence *to open* the Bible, to read it in the spirit of prayer and humility, and, at last, having become a Protestant, to be enabled *to feel*, and to say with David:

"Great is the peace that they have who love Thy law, and they *are not offended at it*."

It only now remains for me to return my heart-felt thanks to my subscribers, and to all who take an interest in this production; but especially to Miss Susan Wollaston for her exquisite version of the poetry contained in it.

18, Piccadilly,
July 1st, 1836.

PART I.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Drawn on Stone by W. P. Sherlock.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

MY CONFESSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

"WHO is it that addresses me?" "*Guido Sorelli!*"—and whence comes this Guido Sorelli? or what has he in common with me?

These questions will naturally present themselves to the mind of Silvio Pellico upon opening my book, and thus I answer them:

In Guido Sorelli, who ventures to address you, picture to yourself a Florentine, who, in search of an honourable subsistence, voluntarily banished himself from his native country in the year 1821, and has since that period dwelt in England's capital. That which he has in common with you, Silvio, is piety, philosophy, and benevolence. Many readers will doubtless hastily close my book at the very outset for my presumption in venturing to address one to whom I am unknown. But you, Pellico, will listen to me. Your incomparable book, "Le mie Prigioni," is the very mirror of your soul; and in it I behold reflected that which the Lord takes pleasure in creating—an honest man—the noblest work of God!

Oh Italy! how blessed art thou to be the parent of a mind so lovely! God has not yet abandoned my unhappy country

since she may call you her son—you whom the virtuous of every nation will admire, reverence, and endeavour to imitate.

Why may I not consecrate to you, Pellico, the ecstatic feelings awakened within me by your "Prigioni"?—where shall I look for sufferings so prolonged and so severe—for patience so angelic—such confidence in God, such forgiveness for the injuries inflicted by man?

My heart yearns to you with admiration and gratitude. The good you have wrought in me, the courage with which you have animated my spirit, and the many and evident tokens you have displayed to me of God's mercy, attract me to you as to a brother; you will not then disdain a friendship founded upon the lessons taught me by yourself—upon the love of virtue with which I am inspired by your example! No! God would not that you should reject it; even that God who, whilst men incarcerated your body, shed His spirit upon your living tomb, and was your light, your support, and your comfort! Bestow then upon me your friendship, as I give you mine. True it is that we are personally unknown to each other—Silvio and Guido may probably never even meet in this world. But it matters not—the soul knows neither distance nor separation. The soul, which can burst asunder the bonds of a dark and corrupt world, and rise to its heavenly dwelling-place to repose in the bosom of its God, can in an instant effect such an union of spirit on earth, that friends may believe themselves near to each other, though their separation be as wide as from pole to pole. You are and ever shall be near to me. My heart shall disburthen itself to you, and take you as its model in courage and in virtue. I will learn from you ever to rely upon God, to bless Him, to praise Him; and my paradise upon earth shall spring from your own maxim:—"to love much, and hate no man."

In the following pages I will endeavour concisely to relate the events of my past life, in which it will be perceived that the same motive which induced you to give your history to the world has also animated Guido, that men may know how much

he has endured in this world of sorrow. But who may tell if this offering shall ever meet your eye, or if the span of Guido's life be extended longer than that he may publish to the world how much he cherished the name of Silvio from the hour he first learned his virtue and his philantrophy. But that matters not;—another world awaits us—a life eternal, where the just will all meet in the presence of their God! How much the blessed spirits must rejoice when they view from their heavenly dwelling place the triumph of those mortals without whose example and the morality inculcated in their writings, their fellow men had persevered in the iniquity of their ways, and been lost for ever!

CHAPTER II.

Florence is my native town. I know not if you have ever dwelt there, Silvio. It would seem to me as if your nature partook much of the gentleness that characterises my countrymen. But although I would that mine own loved natal home had been also yours, do not imagine me possessed of a spirit so contracted as to be unable to esteem the virtuous and the talented not only of all Italy, but of every nation upon earth, No!—I have not lived so long among strangers without acquiring, in some degree, the feelings of a "Citizen of the World;" but like yourself, when, in a solitary prison, thoughts of Saluzzo came over your mind, awakening the kindliest feelings, even so does the very name of Florence fall upon my spirit with all the tenderness of early association. The cradle is our world; and bright to our imagination is the sun that has shone upon our infancy—dear to memory is the home of our childhood; though too often obscured by clouds and childish sorrows, still the spot where we have first awakened into existence must be the point in which is centered our first affections, the union of the most tender sentiments of the heart. My father and mother were

both Florentines, and ranked among the middle class of their countrymen; but towards the close of the last century, at which period I was born, they obtained some degree of consideration from the wealth they had acquired. Their characters were the exact contrast of each other, but in both the fear of God was a predominant sentiment. In my father was implanted patience, courage, industry, and the noble desire of erecting his own fortune by dint of unwearied labour, constant and fatiguing attention, and honourable dealings. With the love of his Creator, and a feeling of universal philantrophy towards his fellow-creatures, the slighest symptom of dispute or disturbance seemed to sadden his spirit, and shade with sorrow the noble expression of his countenance. His sole ambition was to bestow upon his children an education superior to that he had himself received, to have them instructed in every branch of knowledge of which he was himself ignorant. His first principle was to ascertain our different inclinations. He therefore invited to his house masters of every description, leaving to our choice the selection of such studies as were the most agreeable to us. Unlike the generality of parents at Florence, he wished each of us to pursue a different profession and occupation. He would thus argue:

"Should the capricious wheel of Fortune turn more in favour of one than the other of my boys, he will be enabled to compensate to his brothers for the injustice they shall have received at the hands of the fickle goddess: they will thus be benefited by his prosperity, and each shall have the consolation of bestowing and receiving assistance from his own kindred."

A heart so noble, a mind so serene, was like purified gold—too pure, unmixed as it was with the alloy necessary to mould it into a form adapted to a world like this. Ever ready from his own inclination to do good, a faithful and sincere friend, his heart was incapable of suspicion; so that, judging all men by himself, he dreamed not that the tear of sorrow could be ever feigned, until in one brief hour, by a tale of assumed distress, he was himself deprived of the fruits of fifty

years of long and unwearied labour. Amongst those of the legal profession, who attended my father during his misfortunes, more than one suggested to him the plan of retaining some of his yet remaining property for the support of himself and his family; but it may be supposed that he who had ever been alive to every honourable feeling, rejected such a proposal with indignation. No, he paid to the uttermost all that he owed, and with the small residue returned to recommence a laborious life with the energy and content of an honourable mind, conscious of having performed a duty, even though it were accomplished at the expense of his own interest, and knowing that he had still a friend in his heavenly Father, who would alike judge him and all men.

To speak of my mother is a task long, difficult, and painful. The contrast in the characters of my parents is indeed so remarkable, that I must suffer my mind to dwell awhile upon the remembrance of my father's virtue and gentleness before memory snatches me back to those days of sorrow which marked the morning of my life. Prepare, Silvio, for a sad recital. But may be, ere thou hast scarcely listened to my history, thou wilt exclaim :—" If such clouds had not darkened the existence of Guido Sorelli, would he have confided in his God, and pursued the path of virtue ?"

CHAPTER III.

PERHAPS not!—why *perhaps?*—decidedly not! Had I been less miserable, I had loved virtue less, and become perhaps my own vain idol, attributing to my sole merit the little good of which I am capable in the world. The ways of God are just and true ; with humility I acknowledge them. I have bent and still mourn beneath the chastening hand of the Lord; but His burthen has never been heavier than I could bear, for I have

ever felt the smile of a Father beaming upon my soul through the stern frown of a God.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be troubled."

I have *never known* a mother's love, nor can I conceive its extent. From my earliest years my mother imagined she perceived in me the germs of a proud and overbearing character. Being naturally hasty, not to say imperious, it was her will that all within her sphere of power should be possessed of a meek and humble spirit; and, when provoked, nothing disarmed her wrath but humility and silence.

Cleofe, my eldest sister, of whom I shall often have occasion to speak, like myself, had not tears to oppose to the harsh treatment of the severest of mothers. From our cradle, Cleofe and I had evinced for each other the tenderest affection: the same spirit of independence seemed to animate us both, and which, so ill understood by our mother, had been implanted in us by nature, and was therefore innate and irresistible. Be that as it may, Silvio must have guessed already that Cleofe and Guido, scarcely considered in the light of her own offspring by their mother, became the unfortunate objects against whom she levelled all the poignancy of her severity. "Each family has its rebellious member, its evil subject," she would often say to me, but added, "I will break thy spirit, or thou shalt be no longer my son!"

To detail my sufferings minutely from the age of five to that of sixteen, would be a painful task—so painful that I fear my spirit would be scarcely equal to the recital. I shall therefore recall but a few circumstances sufficient to make known my character at that period of existence, when the heart, yet innocent, is open to every impression, and creates to itself a temple of happiness, or lays the foundation of its future misery.

CHAPTER IV.

The high-minded reader will doubtless shudder at the thoughts of a son preparing himself to speak disrespectfully of his mother, and perhaps he will obey the suggestions of his virtuous heart to throw aside the confessions of this Florentine Guido.

"To slander the dead is an impiety," methinks I hear him exclaim, "but to slander a parent, unnatural!" Let him suspend awhile his judgment. That there is much to censure in me I deny not; but I must not be condemned unheard, and I flatter myself I shall at least obtain sympathy by my recital.—My mother did not understand me, and it was not for me to discover to her the error she had made in judging of my opening character. Children are seldom capable of duplicity; their words and actions are at once the impulse of the mind and the mirror through which it is reflected. Dissimulation is only acquired by a contact with the world, and a long association with those who habituate themselves to its practice.

My mother was religious, extremely religious; but unhappily her very limited education subjugated her to the influence of many narrow feelings and prejudices. She loved God, and feared Him, and she believed that His service required of her to humble and prostrate the reed, which from its nature seemed born to raise its head aloft. The plan of education she adopted for me was founded upon what she imagined to be her duty; and I am persuaded that she herself scarcely suffered less in tormenting me, than I did upon whom her punishments were constantly inflicted. Her *intentions* were however right. God has pardoned her if she erred, and I am wholly resigned to the chastenings of my youth, though blind as I am, I cannot but regret that the beautiful days of childhood were, in my case, blighted with sorrow and stifled affection.

CHAPTER V.

To pretend to foresee evil inclinations in a child, as do some parents, is most dangerous. Be the judgment correct or otherwise, the suspicion is sure to alienate by degrees the affections, and often to awaken a real antipathy. To watch the development of a child's character, is a mother's first and earliest duty, as upon her care depends whether the tender tree incline to either side, or if its growth be erect and beautiful. But besides the difficulty of comprehending the disposition, it requires a calm and dispassionate judgment to anticipate the result of those defects which at this early age begin to manifest themselves. The tares have ever grown, and will ever grow together with the grain. To endeavour to uproot them would be but to injure the corn, and should be the work of God alone. The hand of man must be blessed, and his patience be like that of the angels, before he can separate the weed from the ear of corn, so that it receive no damage.

Pride was the first defect which discovered itself in my disposition—the first thorn that sprang up in the stem. I received a blow; and because I thought it unmerited, I wept not; I did more; I looked in my mother's face with the expression upon my infant countenance of a soul that feels it has been wronged. Without giving herself time to reflect upon the possibility of my innocence of what she chose to designate a crime, or to acknowledge the extreme severity of her punishment, she only viewed my manner of receiving the blow as the proof of a haughty and arrogant character; and from that moment decided upon the conduct she would for the future pursue towards me; and thus sealed the destiny of the first sixteen years of my life. "Thou art born to destruction," she exclaimed, "and I will bend thy spirit, or it shall break in the attempt!"

CHAPTER VI.

FIRM in the resolution she had adopted, she ceased not to watch my every action, and to punish most severely even the shadow of an error, even the involuntary faults I committed. Fasting was a mode of punishment frequently employed by her, and this she termed *il baston di bambagia;* and so repeated were the beatings I received, that I have been compelled in consequence to keep my bed for days together. Each master was desired to treat me with the greatest severity, to employ whatever castigation he pleased for every fault I committed before referring me to my mother. Whenever I chanced to do wrong at home, the servant who accompanied me to the *Scuole Pie,* was commanded to enter the school-room to proclaim aloud my offence, and my mother's request that I should be punished by the head master.

I was then about ten years of age. Well do I recollect upon those occasions the old servant's dragging me through the streets which intervened between our house and the convent of the *Scolopi;* for, from the instant we were without the door of our house, I began to supplicate, even upon my knees, that she would not enter the school or complain of me to the master. My petition was always in vain; she never once hearkened to me.

The agony of my mind encreased with every step I took towards the convent, until at length I despairingly abandoned myself to my fate. But scarcely had she opened the door of the school-room, to acquit herself of her cruel embassy, than I who had felt the prospect of evil with such painful emotion, and had even betrayed my terror so far as to humble myself upon my knees to a servant in the street, now that it was at hand, no longer feared, but felt myself endued with courage to sustain its severest infliction.

"Upon thy knees, sir, in the middle of the school!" ex-

claimed the master upon hearing the complaint. There I remained for three hours; but this was the mildest punishment he ever inflicted upon me. Often, at the expiration of an hour, I have been condemned to receive six or twelve lashes. Sometimes, with the picture of an ass tied to my neck, accompanied by two of my fellow students, who served as guards or keepers, I have been sent round to receive the hisses of the superior classes; and not unfrequently have I been compelled to remain an hour upon my knees at the street door of the convent, a spectacle to all who passed. Amongst the multitude who came that way, however, not one ever added to my affliction by smiling at my disgrace. The boys trembled, and looked sympathetically towards me, as though I but anticipated them in the suffering they might themselves have to undergo sooner or later. They were all Florentines, and *that* is sufficient to explain their kind forbearance. Yes, I must render this justice to my countrymen, that never have I seen a Florentine smile at the misfortunes of another, even when merited by the sufferer.

Each time that I returned home, I tremblingly awaited some fresh accusation to be preferred against me, even though I was confident of having acted uprightly; and the ceremony of wishing my mother good morning, was to me such an ordeal as a convicted criminal must undergo when about to hear his sentence pronounced by the judge. Few indeed were the days, when presenting myself before her, that I did not read in her countenance a foreboding decree of fasting or beating; and I am quite confident I never saw her smile on me more than *three* times in my life.

CHAPTER VII.

It was my mother's maxim that hunger was the best incentive for urging children to attend to their studies. My meals were, in consequence, always reduced to a scanty allowance,

and I actually suffered the gnawing rigours of hunger for several successive years.

This principle might possibly have been good, if exercised with moderation; but employed with unrelaxed severity, as it was by my mother, the only effect it had upon the mind of her child, was to impress him with a fearful sense of her injustice and cruelty. The result of this rigorous privation, was, that scarcely a day passed that I did not entreat my schoolfellows to bring me bread from their homes. "Bread! give me bread!" I used to say to them, and bread was brought for their famished companion. But it was not to be expected that they would always listen to my petition without requiring some return of service from me; and the condition became understood at length that I should write their tasks for them. Thus, though I procured bread, it was sure to be attended with its full accompaniment of sorrow; for if our master discovered the same errors in two exercises, he would not be satisfied until he had found out which of the two had copied from the other. I, fearful that my daily supply should be cut off, always suffered my companion to answer first. He denied it; I dared not contradict him; and consequently submitted in silence to the lash he ought to have received. The greater crimes for which I have to reproach myself at this period, were also the effect of the hunger I experienced. We dwelt in a beautiful mansion in the *Via San Gallo*, to which was attached a very large garden. There I used to wander whenever I could escape the watchful eye of the Argus of our house—an old servant much attached to her mistress, who generally held my arms when my mother beat me, and otherwise assisted in my persecution—and then, ripe or unripe, I would strip the trees of their fruit, to satisfy my cravings. Not four-and-twenty hours elapsed before my mother had discovered the theft from the appearance of the tree; it seemed as if not only the fruit, but the very leaves themselves had been marked by her. Re-entering the house, pale with anger, and seating herself with her accustomed dignity, she commanded all her children to appear before her; I was the last to present

myself, for my conscience smote me as being the guilty one; this conviction paralyzed my powers. What a spectacle! what a moment of terror for me! The beautiful face of my mother—for she was beautiful—never have I seen a fairer countenance, nor can I forget the splendour of her eyes—was turned on me, and in her penetrating glance I felt she had already guessed my secret crime; and there too I might read my sentence before it was uttered. The other children who surrounded her bore upon their countenances the serenity of innocence, and all, except Cleofe, stood before her with the profoundest humility, their eyes bent upon the ground. In vain I directed my glance throughout the little assembly upon my entrance in the hope of detecting in one of my brothers a confusion which might encourage me to deny the theft I had committed. All were cold and calm; no other eye met mine, save that of Cleofe, which, nobly raised from the earth, rested upon me with the compassion of a friend—a sister—an angel!

All that had passed within me, every look, every movement had been already detected by the scrutinizing eye of my mother, so that scarcely had I looked at her ere I exclaimed: "Yes, my mother, *I am guilty!*" I feared less the infliction of her sentence than its expectation, although the former was always severe—always cruel; and hunger, with which I was constantly tormented, became at last a demon so powerful, that few were the instances in which I resisted its temptation; and never did it succeed without consigning me to a fearful punishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

I advanced in age, and each passing year but added to the sense of the misery of my existence. Had man inspired me with the love of God in those days of sorrow? No; I even became *disgusted* with prayer; for we were compelled by my mother to engage in it for *hours*; and thus I was deprived of that important time I should have otherwise devoted to pre-

paring my lessons for my numerous masters; and, in consequence, have been spared many a beating and many an epithet of derision.

Yet the love of God was in my heart, and like a gentle flame, tempered the heavy chill which my mother's want of affection had laid upon my soul, inspired me with courage to bear with my sufferings, and taught me to rely upon my God.

There was a chapel belonging to our mansion; and hither I used often to bend my steps alone. Throwing myself upon my knees, how have I prayed to God that he would make me virtuous or take me from this world of sorrow. Hour after hour have I passed weeping and praying; and the comfort I ever derived from those moments would be scarcely understood by any, save those who have felt the presence of God, and have sought their earthly Paradise in communing with him. *"La prière est si nécessaire, et la source de tant de biens, que l'âme qui a trouvé ce trésor, ne peut s'empêcher d'y revenir, dès qu'elle est laissée à elle-même.—Fénélon.*

It is possible that we may have passed through long seasons of disappointed hope, we may have presented our petitions and carried our prayer continually to God, and watched and waited during weeks and months and years, and the answer not come. Notwithstanding this, I affirm that the answer *shall come*, and I would say to my readers, "Hope on: trust in God, that He will redeem his pledge. He hath said it. No one word that God hath spoken can possibly fail, till *all* hath been fulfilled."

"He hath been always mindful of his covenant and promise: that he made to a thousand generations!"

But to this sweet consolation often succeeded such a mental darkness, that I have felt alike persecuted by man and abandoned by God. It was in such a moment as this, that feeling unable any longer to bear up against the weight of my sorrows, I concealed myself in the darkest corner of the house and violently compressing my little hands, I inflicted several blows upon my breast, in the hope that I might become ill from the effect—and die.

But my delirium was unproductive of the effect I desired; so that disgusted with all around me, I sank into an apathy, which rendered me alike insensible to every thing. I cared not for any kind of study. I was always punished, and was always anticipating punishment, until, at length, even that became indifferent to me.

This state of mind had lasted for about twelve months, when one morning, Bertinelli the head-master of the *Scolopi*, sent for me into his pulpit. This Bertinelli had always been the severest of my masters; but God chose him to be the instrument of my preservation.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon; and all the scholars were assembled. Scarcely had I presented myself before him, than he took my hand, and drawing me affectionately towards him, said in a low voice almost in my ear, "What a shame it is, my dear Guido, that a boy like yourself, to whom God has vouchsafed talents and abilities, should waste thus ungratefully the gifts of heaven, and chose rather to merit degrading punishments than to emulate your companions in their career of study and virtue! Rouse yourself, I conjure you! Shake off this lethargy from your mind; and believe me, my dear Guido, you will yet find happiness amongst men, and protection from your God!"

During this address I had kept my eyes fixed on the ground; but as I thought I heard the voice of Bertinelli become tremulous as he proceeded, and gradually sink into a weaker tone, I raised them and looked in my master's face. The eyes of Bertinelli were filled with tears! The sight overpowered me! My heart became softened, and opened to receive the counsel so affectionately given. I burst into tears, and, falling at his feet before the whole of my companions, gave him a solemn promise that I would alter the course of my life.

Oh! sweet accents of *kindness* and of *persuasion*, what do I not owe to you? What had been the termination of my miserable existence, if, without your intervention, I had persisted in hardening my heart and wilfully blinding myself to

every sentiment of good will for man, admiration of that which is good and virtuous, and gratitude towards God? What an example to parents! May they learn from my life to employ the severity of the rod only as a physician would a desperate remedy, the hopelessness of his patient's disease requiring an equally desperate measure. I am quite convinced that the most successful method of governing a child of an ardent and fiery temper is by persuasion and mildness.

CHAPTER IX.

And now, my dear Silvio, a ray of light breaks in upon my long night of darkness. Life is an ever varying mixture of light and shadow.

> "Fortune by turns on all her cup bestows
> Which now with evil, now with good o'erflows!"

Yes, Silvio, a ray of light did break in upon my existence to chase away its darkening shadows! The unexpected succour of heaven, when the heavy hand of misfortune has so prostrated us, that the anxious mind can see no way of escape, is so beautiful a proof of the existence of a God, the love of a heavenly parent, and the dignity of the soul, that our past sorrows are no longer remembered as such, but we rather bless Him, who has employed the hand of man as the instrument of our affliction to restore us by the hand of a God! Oh! what a beautiful serenity was now diffused over my soul! what a holy calm played round my heart! what a blessed union did I feel of courage and humility, patience and virtue! Dear Silvio, what a heavenly day was that to my feelings; it was the happiest of my life! But *then* no heinous sin had yet stained my soul: and, although men frowned on me, God

regarded me not with the severity of a judge, but with the tenderness of a Father.

I returned home. My heart was so light, that an unusual joyousness of expression dwelt upon my features. I bounded forward to salute my mother, who exclaimed upon seeing me—"You are merry, Guido." This *you* sounded sweetly to my ears, uttered by one who always addressed her children with *Lei*, when at all displeased with them.

"One good fortune is generally accompanied by another," whispered my heart, "even as misfortunes seldom travel alone."

"Yes, Signora Madre, I am merry," I replied: and, throwing myself at her feet, I asked her pardon for my past conduct during the last twelve months. "I have promised Father Bertinelli to amend," I continued; "do you pardon me too, my mother! and I will go into the chapel to pray God for his forgiveness and strength to persist in my good resolutions."

My mother smiled. It was the *first* time she had ever smiled upon me.

She placed her hand affectionately upon my head. "God will bless thee, Guido," she said.

I wept when I heard her use the still more endearing word *thee* in addressing me. I believe she wept also; but mine own eyes were so filled with tears, that I may have been deceived. I arose from my knees—kissed her hand—and, looking once more upon her, retired into the chapel.

CHAPTER X.

It was not long before I quitted the post of "Pancone,*" which I occupied at Bertinelli's school. I learned then to com-

*The lowest rank in any class at "*San Giovannino*."

pose Latin verses; and, studying *Cornelius Nepos*, *Ovid* and the *Mythology*, gained by a rapid stride, the title of "Tribuno." In a short time I attained a yet more distinguished elevation. I heard myself proclaimed "Emperor," was invested with the insignia of my dignity, and actually beheld my fellow students deferentially rise as the exclamation "*Surgite omnes!*" announced my entrance into the school.

They indeed seemed lost in astonishment, as though a miracle had been accomplished. Yet why should they have been astonished? Their surprise, however, had the good effect of preventing any rebellion that might have arisen amongst them; so that I had leisure for awhile to taste in peace my new dignity, which I enjoyed with all the exultation of a mind conscious of meriting its reward. But the calm was of short duration. Perhaps had it lasted, the very burthen of dignity would have deprived it of its charm for me, and I too might have discovered that my throne was but a wooden one—like the place I had occupied as "Pancone." My fellow-students rose all at once against me, led on by the two next to me in rank. Happily for me, I was countenanced by Bertinelli himself, who would not suffer more than one adversary to assail me at a time. Thus I was enabled to collect my whole powers against this single antagonist: and whenever worsted, the next moment saw me triumph the more gloriously from my defeat. My repeated victories intimidated the greater part of my opponents, who at length became very limited in number: but with the few in each class I ever maintained a friendly emulation during my stay at the *Scolopi*. Not a week passed in which I was not compelled to defend or dispute my throne with another: yet, alternately a conqueror or conquered, and never an insignificant rival to my fellow-students, we esteemed each other sincerely, and that esteem, which is the basis of friendship, united us in the closest bonds. Had any one observed the eagerness with which each corrected the other in his repetition from memory—before the judge—of his five hundred Latin verses, he might have pronounced their mutual

hatred to have been most profound. But our contention had no deeper root than that of the actor, who, the "Emperor" of an evening, feigns the bitterest hatred for him, whom, in his part, he is to hurl from his throne. The contest ended; a hearty shake of the hand proved our mutual good fellowship, a feeling we ever preserved when the school hour was over. But, oh, how different for the poor "Emperor" was the scene enacted at home to that at the convent! A priest, appointed to conduct me home, awaited me at the assigned hour at the door; when arrived there, instead of making me repeat what I had learned in the day and which I had been commanded to do, he inflicted upon me other and entirely different studies, which served but to bewilder my brain.

He was the severest task-master I had ever known. He appeared to derive a singular pleasure from cruelly beating me. Poor "Emperor!" I marvel that I have survived the perpetual infliction of his heavy blows.

Hunger, stripes, and unceasing invective were the *Dei Penati*, rather the *Furies*, that awaited me at home; whilst at *San Giovannino*, I obtained honour, the friendship of the few, the respect and esteem of all. "*Surgite omnes!*" at these words my soul seemed to cast aside its wretched garb of sorrow and oppression! That I was enabled to contrast this pleasing reverie with the bitterness of the past hour, alone saved me perhaps from sinking beneath my persecution.

CHAPTER XI.

It was customary for my brothers, and sisters, and myself to assemble every morning and evening at prayers. Our devotions consisted of a 'Pater,' an 'Ave,' and 'Gloria,' which repeated a hundred times, comprehended all our religious instructions. The Bible was utterly unknown to us, and had it

not been that each year brought its Good Friday and Easter Sunday, scarcely should we have known that Christ had died for us, and risen again for our salvation. Feast-days beheld me regularly at church, where I listened to the Mass without distinctly understanding its import. From the commencement to the conclusion of the service, I was compelled to remain upon my knees ; and were it ever my mischance to turn my head to the right or the left, a smart cuff was sure to remind me of my transgression, and restore it to its proper position. I was wearied by the monotonous length of the prayers ; I repeated them only as a task, and that an unpleasing one, insomuch that, whilst I remained with my family, I cannot recall having ever repeated the Lord's prayer sincerely and fervently. No one would imagine that so essential a branch in the education of youth should have been so little understood, or so much neglected by my mother; nor should I have deserved much censure had I taken a distaste to religion and prayer altogether. But it was not so ; I abhorred the discipline, not the doctrine, the distinction between which I was not then able to appreciate. When alone, and with the feeling that I had a petition to offer to my God, prayer was to me an ecstasy ; it seemed to me a moment of beatitude. Oh, how lovely is the prayer of a soul unstained by heinous sin ! How different is the tear of remorse ! It was God who inspired me with the desire for prayer . . . that best gift which the Creator can bestow upon His creature ; and often as I have had recourse to it, it has never seemed to me in vain ; for my petition was either granted, or, if unaccepted, I always afterwards was compelled to acknowledge my prayer to have been absurd, and that its accordance would not have been conducive to my happiness.

I do not remember by what accident I chanced one day to burn a hole in a new coat. It was at that period the greatest misfortune that could have happened to me ; for twice in the day my mother regularly examined my apparel, in which,

if she detected the smallest stain of ink or any other injury, I was severely punished.

The coat was then quite new; what was to be done? It was evening, and the inspection for that day was over; therefore I had the whole night to devise some method for repairing my misfortune. I went to bed; Silvio, you will imagine I did not feel much disposed to sleep; I could not. The more I reflected upon what had befallen me, the more did terror seem to overpower me, until at length I became overwhelmed with despair.

I should undoubtedly have been extremely ill, but God who ever watches over His creatures, and will not suffer them to be afflicted beyond their powers of endurance, inspired me with a desire to pray. I threw myself upon my knees, and commenced repeating, an infinity of times, my *Pater Noster* and *Salve Regina*, until, wearied with their monotony, I addressed some prayers of my own dictation to my guardian angel, and to as many saints as I could recall to my memory. Can you believe it, Silvio? I addressed to them no less a petition than that they would intercede with God that He would work a miracle for me; in short, that the rent in my garment should be made whole again by the morrow.

With what fervour did I pray the livelong night! with how many tears did I water my pillow! Had not the peril in which I stood, when my mother should discover my accident been a sufficient incitement for my continuing in prayer during the whole night, what I had now demanded was quite sufficient to stimulate me to the greatest energy. I had prayed the saints to intercede for me with the Most High to accord me a miracle; for that it would be a miracle I could not conceal from myself. The impression left upon my mind of the saints, whose lives I had been accustomed to read aloud to my mother, had probably fired my brain, and inspired me with courage to prefer such a demand, and that too with full confidence in its being granted me. Day began to dawn: if the length and fervour of

my prayers, or the tears I had shed, had not wearied me, I was now compelled to conclude my devotions, from want of matter to continue them. I had done all of which humanity is capable, I had prayed with sincerity, and with a perfect reliance in my God. I had now then but to stretch forth my hand, take my coat from the corner of the bed, and examine it. I did so, and found that it was—as I had left it!

"What a disappointment!" would all exclaim but Silvio; "what a moment of suffering for the unhappy Guido!"

But it was not so. A complete, though inexplicable tranquillity took possession of my mind. I replaced my coat, went to bed, and fell into a quiet sleep, which perfectly recompensed me for the fatigue I had undergone.

And *here commences the miracle*, doubt it who will. In this moment did Providence show to me that His ways are not our ways, and that God can ever deliver us from peril, though by means unforeseen by our finite comprehension.

I awoke and felt tranquil, as when I slept; dressed myself, and before going to school, went to bid my mother good morning, who, as usual, duly scrutinized my apparel.

But she did not detect the accident that had befallen me. A single thread that had escaped the fire, held the button-hole together; I could still insert the button, and thus hide for a while the damage sustained. But this thread could not last long; it continued to do so however for about eight days, and then it broke.

Still I *did not* experience the slightest disquietude; *the miracle continued!* Nothing could any longer conceal from my mother my unlucky accident, which in her mind, I feared would assume the character of a crime.

"How is this sir?" she exclaimed upon discovering it. I related the accident simply, upon which, tapping me gently upon the shoulder, "You are a thoughtless one," she said, "but go to school, and be careful that such a thing does not occur again."

This unusual moderation from my mother told me that my

prayer had been heard! The storm was dispersed at the moment of bursting, and thus was the *miracle* accomplished, not by the ways of man, but of God!

CHAPTER XII.

In proportion as my heart was now so painfully estranged from my mother, my affection for my father seemed to acquire new strength, and Cleofe became every day still more the object of my love.

I rarely however heard my father's voice. Indeed, seldom dared he raise it, or ever venture to contradict my mother on any subject. Woe to him if a glance or a word betrayed his pitying feeling toward me, or if he ever manifested the slightest disapproval of his wife's method of treating his children. His indeed was but the shadow of a father's authority, and the only particular in which he assumed the character of a master in his own house, was in the act of providing a certain sum of money every Saturday, for the expenditure of the family. But, although my father had no voice in his wife's management, his presence was always in some measure a check upon her extreme severity. It was to us like the sun, which, long obscured by clouds and darkness, again emerges to reanimate the heart and restore the drooping spirit. With the exception of Sunday, however, we rarely saw him during the week. He always left home very early in the morning to attend mass, and afterwards remained in business until a very late hour in the evening.

It was an unusual favour indeed when he was permitted to take me with him to church on Sunday, and from thence, after chocolate, to walk with him.

To merit it, I must have performed prodigies during the week; but as I grew older, and, from the progress I made in my studies, became the subject of much praise from

my various masters to my mother, this favour was more frequently granted; and it was at length extended to permitting me, every Wednesday evening—the half-holiday—after the mid-day school hour, to join my father on the *Ponte Vecchio* where stood several of his warehouses.

My father loved me tenderly; my affection for him was unbounded, and he always seemed to receive me with as much pleasure as I felt in seeking him. He took the kindest interest in the history of my school adventures; the challenge, the defeat, then my recovery, my victory, and the honours I received, were alike listened to with pleasure by him, whilst with no less delight he heard me read the tasks I had to prepare, my compositions, my sonnets, my anacreontic odes, and my other juvenile rhapsodies! But when at the expiration of a year, I ventured to undergo an examination to pass to a higher class—most boys remained two years in the same—and succeeded, he actually shed tears of gratified affection, and promised either to give me a handsome present, or take me with him for a week to Leghorn. How shall I describe the anxiety I endured previously to my examination? It was the first time so great a treat had been offered me. To travel two days in a carriage upon ground unknown to me—to arrive at Leghorn, and then behold the sea, of which I had read and heard so much; and yet more, to exchange for a whole week, my state of slavery, hunger and anger, for the sweets of affection, abundance, and smiles, seemed a climax to which even the hopes and desires of my young heart had never aspired! It indeed appeared so much beyond my attainment, that I prepared myself almost hopelessly for the difficult examination, and with the calmness which they alone experience, who, to accomplish a great end, labor to the extent of their power, whilst the mind reposes upon a settled conviction, that "what must be, *must* be!" At length the day for our examination arrived, and we presented ourselves before our judges. Amongst the candidates,

who amounted to fourteen, only five were deemed worthy of promotion, and behold Guido of the number!

CHAPTER XIII.

If—

> "Anticipation is an evil still,
> More bitter than appears the present ill,"

the expectation of a positive happiness is in itself a feeling of ecstasy no language can describe. Our most exquisite sense of enjoyment consists in the anticipation of what we desire. The delight of every happiness in this world is concentrated in the expectation. The instability of human affairs, and our own changeable nature often blunt the keen feeling of happiness we have hoped for in the possession of a desired object if they do not even extinguish it altogether! I shall never forget the reply made me lately by an English gentleman possessed of very superior talents and of an exemplary Christian character.

In one of the long conversations which my intimacy with him has often procured me, he told me, that many years before he had obtained the hand of the virtuous and elegant lady, who is now his wife, he had admired and loved her as a sister. Many years of matrimony had not abated the praises he still seemed to lavish upon her; and I, one day, asked him if marriage were really that state of supreme felicity I had pourtrayed it in my own mind?

"Guido!" he replied, "believe me, when I assure you, that, during the course of seventeen years, never have I once repented marrying her who is my wife: and I believe it impossible to have found a woman more amiable and more ac-

complished than herself. Still, Guido! believe me, matrimony is but the dispelling of one of those illusive dreams, which for ever dazzle the mind of man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

If, to think perpetually, to talk of nothing else but of my journey to Leghorn, and to watch Cleofe occupied in preparing my little valise, were a happiness to me, the arrival of the wished for moment of departure was joy supreme, and, in a kind of ecstasy, I entered the carriage. Two merchants, intimate friends of my father, accompanied us, and we commenced our journey. Having arrived at the gate of *San Frediano*, one of our companions, a merry and amiable man, lifting his hat from his head, exclaimed, "Adieu to thought! Farewell dark care! until I meet thee again at Florence; and do thou say the like, Guido!" he added, addressing me particularly: and truly did I follow his advice as well as the rest of my companions; but, perhaps, none of the party so spontaneously or so heartily as myself. My young days had not yet been blighted by any of those sins, the memory of which corrodes the heart. Such was the buoyancy of my feelings, that even the remembrance of my unmerited sufferings was lost in the sea of content, which seemed to play around me. I abandoned myself entirely to the joy awakened by this promised feast of novelty, and abandoning at *San Frediano* all recollections of Florence, I forgot my mother, I forgot Cleofe, I forgot myself. I quitted the gate, a new and happy spirit, like the soul—if I may be permitted the simile—when, freed from its prison-house, radiant with joy, escapes to its destined home in Paradise.

Every object of interest was pointed out to me, in our route to Leghorn, where we arrived on the following day about two

hours before sunset. It was the month of September and the weather was magnificent. Having deposited our luggage in the Hotel in *Via Grande*, my father proposed our walking immediately to the sea-side. While we were still some distance from it, one of our friends recommended that a bandage should be placed over my eyes, not to be removed until our arrival at the sea, in order that I might obtain the first unbroken view of that vast element from the best point of observation.

I was blind-folded accordingly, conducted to the pier, and placed in the situation they thought the best calculated to render the sight imposing. "Guido, behold the sea!" exclaimed all my companions at once, suddenly withdrawing my bandage.

"And is this then the sea?" I muttered involuntarily. I stood motionless, and, for more than a quarter of an hour, was unable to reply to any of the questions with which they overwhelmed me.

Ah, Silvio, what a disappointment! The sea had been represented to my imagination as an ideal expanse, immense, unlimited, save by the world's own confines. I had pictured it to myself as an unbounded surface of water, exhibiting a perfect plain when not agitated by the wind, so that the eye could be carried into space immeasurable over its bosom—that eye which can discover the stars at so immense a distance from earth. I had supposed, that, having reached the port of Leghorn, I should contemplate, from the pier's height, this imaginary spectacle of illimitable expanse, whilst every island, between India and America, would stand out visible in the distance.

When I beheld how bounded was the horizon, at how small a distance the heavens and the waters blended into each other, I could not help exclaiming, in the fullness of my disappointment—"This then is the sea! How very, very small!"

My father and my friends were much entertained at my expressions; and, calling a boatman, we stepped into his little vessel, and sailed about three miles from the port.

The whole scene was as strikingly beautiful as it was full of novelty to me. Italy's sun was now descending, in all its fading glory, into the bosom of the ocean, whilst its last lingering reflection yet trembled upon the bright emerald surface, and the soft zephyrs played murmuringly around us. The crowded aspect of the port, with its commodious pier; innumerable vessels, animated by the noise and bustle of the sailors; the multitude of new faces, all wearing an expression of content and activity; but, above all, the anxious looks of kindness and interest evinced in the countenances of my father and his friends, who were intently watching for some burst of admiration on my part, at length produced a due influence upon my mind. My young heart, which had shrunk within itself at the first great disappointment this world had cast upon its path, again opened to happiness and enjoyment, and Guido became reconciled to the expanselessness of the sea.

CHAPTER XV.

My heart had so long panted to taste the sweets of Pleasure, that when, for the first time, she presented herself before me, and under so fair an aspect, I became immediately enamoured of the beautiful idol, and memory offered no unclosed cell—no opening passage to the soul, through which either the grave or the gay remembrances of the past, or the hopes or fears of the future, could intrude themselves to disturb the sweet illusion of the delicious dream.

Every moment, every pulsation, nay, time itself, seemed concentrated in these eight days, which were to me a little eternity.

During this short period, my very soul sat at the festive board of this beautiful vision, and quaffed the flowing nectar from her cup of innocent pleasure, whilst the happy smile,

which for ever dwelt upon my lips, bespoke me no unwilling captive to her chains.

I could have concentrated into one the moments which composed this week: but their history, so dear to my remembrance, would but weary in recital. I shall therefore content myself with assuring thee, Silvio, that they were days of real enjoyment. I then tasted joy, unmixed with bitterness—happiness, which not even the assurance of its fleeting nature, and our speedy return to Florence, could disturb.

We reached the environs of that city about three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, and, while we were at some distance, the great bell of Florence could be heard mingling, at intervals, its deep and solemn tones with the more merry peals from the neighbouring churches.

"Guido!" exclaimed my father, suddenly, "look at the *Cupola*."*

"The *Cupola!*" I echoed; and, thrusting my head through the carriage window, I once more beheld that beautiful structure; and, with the recognition, a tide of anguish rushed into my heart, like that I had but eight days before so easily shaken from me, and forgotten at the gate of *San Frediano*.

What gratified feeling ought not the sight of this *Cupola* to have awakened within me! I was born in its vicinity, and Florence was my native city; and where is the heart which loves not instinctively its native land?

I shuddered, as I now looked upon the *Cupola*, for, with it came the certainty, that I was but a short distance from home.

Scarcely had we re-entered Florence, when an accident befel me. One of our travelling companions was treasurer at the *Teatro del Cocomero*. It was now about six o'clock in the

* The famous cupola of *Brunellesco* is one of the greatest wonders in Italy, if not in the world. It exceeds in height the most elevated building in Florence, and is the first and the most beautiful object, that presents itself to the eye of the traveller.

afternoon and the doors already open. He desired to alight there, as the theatre was situated within a very few paces of our house. We accordingly stopped, and our friend, after descending from the carriage, turned from us, for a moment, to speak to the coachman. He then bade us farewell, for we had still waited for him, and the door was shut with violence; but a piercing cry soon recalled him to discover, that, having carelessly put my hand out of the carriage, it had been shut in with the door. It was immediately opened, and my hand extricated from its agonised position; but what then followed I know not; for I fell back in the carriage and fainted.

What my mother's feelings were when she saw me borne in, in the arms of my friends, and laid upon a couch in a swoon, from which I for some time resisted every effort to recover me, I never dared ask her, nor did she ever speak of them to me. Here let me pause. From the day of my birth to that upon which I fainted, constitutes a period in my life, to which my mind will always recur as to a state of comparative innocence; whilst, from the moment I recovered from my swoon to that in which I address thee, Silvio, are alike comprehended my years of folly, delusion, error and repentance.

CHAPTER XVI.

As the body bears within itself the seeds of decay and death, which imperceptibly hasten its inevitable doom, with each pulsation of the heart, so the soul of man, from the day of his birth, evinces a principle of perversity, which threatens to degrade him from the angelic nature, stamped upon his image, to the level of the brute.

The love of God was at this period but little in my heart, and my lips were closed to prayer. It was therefore, not from the exalted desire of pleasing God, nor from a high sense of duty,

that I made so rapid a progress in my studies. It was merely to gratify my extreme pride and self-love.

I had lent an ear to the discourse of a treacherous companion—the poison of whose words had entered my soul, and innocence fled—fled for ever.

"Can it be, that a youth, of your talents, believes in Jesus Christ? Know you not that it is only fools who hold such a faith? Renounce such absurdity, or who think ye will look upon you as a young man of spirit?"

Such, or to the same effect, were the words of my associate.

The devil always commences his temptation by flattery, and rarely does he fail of success by that means; for, few are they who do not overvalue themselves; fewer still they who suspect the praise of others to be exaggerated; and seldom do we meet with men, who, conscious of their own nothingness, avow themselves and their endowments to be alike the boon of Heaven, whose single breath is sufficient to dispossess them of its gifts.

"Must I then be pronounced an idiot," I reflected, "if I continue a Christian; and be deemed a man of spirit, only upon the terms of becoming an infidel!" I had no alternative, *and became an infidel!*

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as we renounce religion and the service of our Maker, a dark veil seems to intervene between ourselves and heaven; whilst, on the other hand, a path strewn with flowers seems to open to our view, disclosing in its vista a long series of years of enjoyment and worldly happiness.

A transgression of the eighth commandment was my first step in that path which threatens destruction.

It was usual with me, as I have already said, to visit my

father's counting-house, every Wednesday, after my noonday's lesson, whence, after having remained about an hour, I returned home. It chanced one day, my father was obliged to go to another of his warehouses on the "Ponte Vecchio" to seek for an article much in demand by customers. It happened that all the workmen were absent; and, thus, I was left alone in the counting-house.

Scarcely had my father closed the door, when the thought struck me, that I would open the casket in his bureau, before which I was seated. "I will merely open it;" thus ended the suggestion of the devil—for

> "Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
> "Angels!"

Not less rapid than the temptation was the warning voice of my guardian angel, who would have withheld me: *Nec oculus in carta, nec manus in arca!*" but the evil one triumphed over my better spirit.

I opened the bureau, and beheld a number of boxes, filled with rings, pearls, and other articles of value.

I shuddered at the sight, and felt as though I had already committed a crime. A perturbation, I had never before experienced, took possession of my heart and bewildered my sight. I closed the casket: but the next instant re-opened it. The feeling, that I had already sinned in looking into the bureau, urged me not to forego the actual perpetration of the theft. I took a gold ring, put it in my pocket, and again closed the casket.

The eye of a clear-sighted parent can generally read, in the countenance of his child, the first crime he commits. Not so my father! his feelings were too pure—too angelic! He knew not how to suspect in others what he had never dreamed of committing himself.

With the ring in my pocket I felt bewildered. I trembled from head to foot, and was unable to speak. I stammered, and became pale as death; but my father, suspecting

nothing, told me the hour had expired for my remaining with him, and, giving me an affectionate embrace, sent me home.

What a reproach was this embrace to my heart!—a heart, that had now for the first time abandoned virtue! But the devil, who is always at hand to re-kindle the torch until the crime be consummated, soon stifled this emotion, and scarcely had I left the warehouse, than my thoughts reverted to the intended disposal of the ring. I had no sooner quitted my father's presence than I seemed to acquire new courage. "I am a thief!" said I to myself, "and now I must collect all my powers to support my new character."

Returning from the warehouse, I now determined to proceed to the *Ghetto*—the Jews quarter at Florence, and entering the most obscure shop I could see, accosted a Jew, whose countenance appeared the most promising for my purpose.

"Have you anything to sell?"—was his demand, 'ere I could open my mouth.

"Yes!" I replied, "a gold ring."

"Come in then and we will examine it," said he, shutting the door carefully after him.

I took the ring from my pocket. He weighed it, re-weighed it, and then submitted it to the test of *aqua fortis*.

"How much do you want for it?"

"Give me what you will."

"It is not worth anything: the gold is bad—but I will give you a *paolo*."

I asked him for two, but no; it was not his method of dealing; at length I agreed to receive a paolo for what I knew was worth sixty!

This ill-omened *paolo* was spent the next day in trash and comfits; and I, well pleased with my first essay in this new game, prepared myself for a second throw on the next Wednesday.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first evil step having been taken, the second cost me scarcely a pang: and thus sin, which, at its first aspect, overwhelmed me with horror, had already become familiar and even pleasing to me. On the following Wednesday, I abstracted another gold ring, and presented myself before the roguish Jew. I demanded sixty *paoli* for it. He first offered me four; then five; and, at length, five and a half. I had become so expert a thief, that, indignant at his offering me five *paoli* and a half, for what I knew was worth eighty at the least, I refused to part with the ring.

"Return to-morrow," said he, as he saw me about to withdraw, "and then we will renew the bargain."

I returned home, sat down at my little table and commenced my studies. The theme, I was then engaged upon, was the panegyric of Americus Vesputius, and I could not have been in a better vein for my task. I began; and three hours after, upon my father's return, I had written an incredibly long exercise.

"My father!" I exclaimed, as soon as he entered, "come and let me read to you my panegyric of Americus Vesputius."

"I have no time at present;" he replied in a dry tone, quite unusual with him. My mother was in the room; I looked in my father's face. He was pale and serious; and when his eyes encountered mine, they were turned hastily from me. A few minutes after, he approached.

"Guido," he said, "carry these liquor glasses up stairs."

"Nay, father," replied I, "let my brother take them; for when I am interrupted in my writing, it is so difficult to resume the thread of the subject."

"No;" said he, in a higher tone, "it is my wish that *you* should carry them."

I made no reply, but my heart whispered "Thou art discovered, Guido!"—and too true a monitor did it prove.

From the first day, my father had missed the article I had purloined; and, knowing no one but myself could have had access to his bureau, he was at length compelled to suspect his own child. He watched my movements, and his suspicions were but too fatally verified.

My father now led the way up-stairs. I followed, but in doing so, I slipped into my sleeping apartment, and depositing my stolen ring between the mattrasses, soon presented myself with the liquor glasses in the room in which my father awaited me. He placed the lamp upon the table, bolted the door, and advanced close to me.

"Guido, what have you done with my ring?"—he asked.

"It is down stairs."

"Go then, and fetch it."

I obeyed—took it from its hiding place, and again ascended the apartment. My father, after closing the door, took from me the ring, which I offered with a countenance I cannot easily describe.

"I have then a thief for my son," he exclaimed; and, pale as death, he fell upon the sofa and burst into an agony of tears.

That my heart did not break at the sight of those tears; that I did not sink overwhelmed with the blow my mind received at viewing this gush of sorrow, was but another indication of God's mercy. I fell upon my knees—raised my hands to heaven. In vain I attempted to speak. Sobs choked my utterance, whilst tears refused to flow. At length, I could but murmur—"Pardon, my father! in the name of Heaven, pardon me! Turn not from your repentant child, and I promise never again to commit this fearful sin."

"My heart is estranged from you, and nothing but the most irreproachable and Christian conduct, for many long years, can ever restore to you that love which you have forfeited. But, I will pray to God to pardon you; and, as a proof of my paternal regard, I promise that neither your

mother, nor any living soul, shall ever know from me how much you are fallen. Now return quickly to your room, and continue your studies."

I endeavoured to kiss his hand, but he withdrew it with dignified severity. In sorrow and self-reproach, I then quitted my father's presence, and returned to my studies.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEFT is a sin so degrading to man, that it uproots all that is noble in his nature; but the robber who violates his own home, is of all criminals the basest and the most contemptible!

"Whoso robbeth his father or his mother, and saith—*It is no* transgression; the same is the companion of a destroyer."

The crime of which I had been guilty admits of no excuse. Neither the severity of my mother, nor the hunger I often experienced, could, in the slightest degree, have justified so humiliating an action, committed too against a father so worthy of my fondest affection. His exemplary sweetness and amiability served to aggravate my crime, and rendered me still more guilty in the sight of God; more odious in mine own eyes; more despicable in those of man; and most unworthy of so excellent a parent. Doubt not, O Silvio, that the confession of this act of villainy has cost me many a painful struggle with my self-love. But, thank God, my better nature has triumphed. God *knew* my crime: men *shall know it*. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy"—and may youth recollect for their instruction, that neither the pardon of my father, my own confession and sincere repentance, nor—by the merciful support of heaven—the consciousness of my never having again committed that fearful wickedness, can release my soul from the weight of humiliation that oppresses it: and

whilst memory brings to my mind the recollection of the deed, never—never can it aspire to regain that noble and serene feeling of self-esteem, which I possessed, before I became guilty and wretched.

Such are the fruits of irreligion! Such the effects of a head-strong spirit! Such are the flowers gathered from the path of Death! Such was Guido the *infidel*. Such Guido the *robber*.

"Ye have ploughed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies, because you did trust in your way."

Most men have within them a strong and sometimes irresistible propensity to a particular vice, which, whilst it possesses them, preserves them from being ensnared by any other. Thus, one man has to contend with cowardice—another with pride—this man has to struggle with gluttony, and that with anger. In fine, each has, at his left hand, some evil genius, with whom he has to wrestle all his life; and most true it is, that, upon the issue of this strife, depends either the happiness or misery of his immortal soul.

Theft was not my besetting sin. That it was not inherent in my nature, the horror, I ever afterwards entertained of it, most clearly proves; and, it is but justice to myself to add—since I have voluntarily divulged my own crime—that often have I gone out of my way to restore any little sum, when, in arranging an account with a creditor, he may have taken less than was due to him.

I must then attribute my fall to my having renounced my faith in Jesus Christ—to the vain boast, that I could stand alone without the aid of my Maker.

CHAPTER XX.

Not only did my father keep his promise of not revealing my secret, but, three months had scarcely elapsed, when he restored me to his affection, and I soon rose into renewed favour with him.

Had he disclosed my guilt to my mother, my fate would have been sealed. She would instantly have compelled me to enter into a Tuscan regiment, or have sent me to serve on board an American or English vessel.

"Such would have been your destiny, and I could not have averted it," said my father, the day upon which he pardoned me.

"Judge then, Guido, of the enormity of your crime, by the severity of the punishment it merited; then, reflect upon my clemency, and, may my forgiveness stimulate you to become an honoured and virtuous man all the days of your life."

But, although I was sensibly touched by this rebuke, the gentle tone of which perhaps offered the only chance of reforming me, it had not the same influence upon my heart, as had formerly the exhortations of Bertinelli. Upon committing any error at that period, I would go into the chapel, pray to God for his forgiveness, and implore him to preserve me from a repetition of the offence. But now, my father alone had pardoned me, God had not. God, who compassionates the weakness of frail mortals, and who Himself permits to the tempter a limited empire, that man may feel how poor are his own powers of resistance without the assistance of his Maker, forgives, with the mercy that only a heavenly Father can display, the sins of his creatures, and blots them out for ever, when they spring from the inherent frailty of humanity. But, that God, whose mercy is even greater than any crime which man in his weakness can commit, is a jealous God, and most severe is He to them who deny Him.

The desire to pray for pardon, and for strength to resist evil, was not yet awakened within my heart—a desire that is itself of heaven's own creation. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the father of light." Therefore, know I that God had not pardoned me, but willed thus to abandon me to my own presumption, that I might learn, by bitter experience, how little I could hope, from my own power of doing good, if I renounced Him.

It was about this time that I was first initiated into the rites preparatory to my receiving the holy communion, and it was not the fault of my mother, or of my preceptors, if anything were neglected, which could add to the solemnity of the ceremony, or impress me, more fully, with the necessity of its observance for my soul's welfare. I learned the catechism by heart, and responded unhesitatingly to all the questions therein contained. But my lips and memory were *alone* engaged in this repetition; and, though I might have appeared to listen with attention to the priest's exhortation, my heart unceasingly repeated the lesson of my perfidious companion: "none but fools believe in Christianity." I was exhorted to make a general confession of my sins; I obeyed, though with extreme reservation. But when my confessor demanded, "Dost thou, or didst thou ever associate with evil companions?" I replied, "No!" and thus did the arch-enemy record my first sacrilege in his book of darkness! With this deceit upon my soul, I yet dared to approach the altar of God, and, from year to year, I continued to receive His holy sacrament but as a mere act of ceremony.

But, I will not pass over in silence the remembrance of those moments, when my heart seemed to return to its former love of devotion and prayer. More than once, even at that period, have I turned aside from some favourite place of amusement, as though irresistibly impelled, to enter a church that stood near my path: retiring therein, into the most unobserved and obscure angle of the building, have I with bitter tears prayed God that he would restore me to His love, and grant me strength to re-

sist the hideous torrent, which was hurrying me onwards in its fearful course!

These moments, fleeting as they were, never failed to produce some good effect upon my heart: so true is it that man never prays in vain, when he seeks his Creator in the spirit of rectitude and virtue. But for these moments, the disorder in my soul would have turned into gangrene, which, when past remedy, ceases to give pain, and when we are upon the very brink of the grave, makes us believe that we are fast advancing towards renewed health. This, although these temporary devotions did not entirely re-establish within my heart the love of God, faith in Jesus, and a horror of sin, they were so far productive of good, that they kept alive and opened the wound my soul seemed to have received from its fearful dereliction; so that, stung by the thorns of disquietude which only God could have healed, my spirit became at once a prey to restlessness and contention. These were tokens of life, but the soul still languished. I felt the hope of salvation within me—I desired to be saved, but, fool that I was, I thought it a debasement to pray for God's forgiveness *through the intercession of Jesus Christ*; and scarcely had these paroxysms—for such I must call them—of devotion and prayer passed away, than I hardened myself anew in my presumption, and chose rather to endure the misery of my own conscience, than seek the mediation of the Saviour.

CHAPTER XXI.

One Sunday morning, my mother, having returned from mass, was occupied in superintending the arrangement of a collection of pictures, in her apartment. An artist, a friend of our family, was engaged in placing them to her taste, whilst my assistance was required, in carrying them to and fro.

While we were thus employed, my mother dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up, and gave it her. She thanked me. The next moment I perceived her silver snuff box had fallen from her hand. As I again sprang forward, to restore it to her, she smiled upon me for the *second* time in her life. Oh I shall never forget that smile; to describe it were impossible!

Her time was at hand! But a few short moments, and her hour glass had expended its last grain of sand! Heaven was about to open to her. She foresaw her approaching end, and feared it not! But, the smile she cast upon me seemed to say she loved me, that she had always tenderly loved me; and that if she had concealed her affection under a cloud of severity, it was but to preserve the soul of one, she so much cherished, in the paths of rectitude and virtue. But, now that she felt her life fast drawing to a close, it grieved her to leave her Guido behind, young and inexperienced, exposed without a guide, to the struggles of a life of sorrow and deceit.

Ah Silvio, what a smile was that! The natural love of a child—that yearning to its parent, so long repelled by the policy adopted towards me—now seemed to make amends for its previous absence, and rushed like a torrent into my breast. That smile has proved a ceaseless consolation to me in after years. It has assured me that the motive which dictated my mother's rigour was a just one, and that the bitterness which marked each hour of my childhood was ordained by heaven. Had the morning of my life been unclouded and serene, my mother's prophecy—which I trust in God was a groundless one—might have been fulfilled, and my life possibly terminated disgracefully. At the remembrance of that smile, heaven seems to open to me, and I behold the spirit of my mother, amidst the blessed, enjoying that eternal and never fading beatitude which emanates from the bosom of her God.

But, to return to my narrative, the weakness manifested by my mother was but the precursor of a fatal disease. She was seized with paralysis, and but two hours elapsed before she became wholly insensible; the greater part of this time

she spent in consulting with and consoling my father, who listened, bathed in tears, at her bedside. That he did not instantly send for a medical man, was perhaps owing to his having observed his wife for years to be in a declining state. He believed not that the hour was so near in which he was to lose her for ever. But, although he did not suppose my mother in imminent danger, still, a presentiment of evil predominated in his mind; this caused him to exclaim upon our leaving the house together in search of medical aid, "Guido, my child, thou hast no longer a mother!" Our physician was not at home; we therefore sought another, and returned with him immediately, but my mother was insensible. The sight of that beautiful countenance pale as marble, those brilliant eyes closed in unconsciousness, whilst her lovely smile of that morning was still fresh in my remembrance, were daggers to a heart formed, as was mine, to love her with all the devotion of which a son is capable. I rushed from the room, and shutting myself in the most distant part of the house, gave vent to the burst of grief which could no longer be controlled. Not one act of her past severity, at this moment, presented itself to my remembrance. My heart beat alone with anxious love for herself—that love, which at the moment of an eternal separation, becomes so intense—the anguish, with the breathlessness of feeling, we experience, when about to part for ever with a beloved object, by whose loss we feel suddenly deprived of that happiness which animates the heart.

Whilst I thus gave way to my misery, my mind did not remain inactive, but suffered itself to be carried away by these sad but appropriate reflections:

"That calmness, that resignation, even upto death, which when a mother watched over thee, supported thee on the bed of sickness, will, when she is departed, forsake thee; the bosom, that has given thee existence, will no longer sustain thy drooping head; whilst the sting of disease, which a mother's affection disarms of its venom, will now visit thee in its bitterest form! No sympathy can ever assume a look so

tender or so sincere as when beaming in the eye of a mother; and death itself, which has hitherto appeared to thee disarmed of terror, will now threaten thee in all its reality—a hideous skeleton!"

Just God! what a day of misery—of ruined feeling—of wretched foreboding, was that; and how truly have these forebodings been realized!

During the fortnight, that my mother survived her fit of apoplexy, she had but three brief intervals of consciousness. In the first she recognized her father, whom she had always tenderly loved, and to whom she had ever been equally dear. He called her by her name—Helen—and addressed her in the kindest and most affectionate terms. She opened her eyes, turned them towards him, and replied to him by a flood of tears;—happy are they who comprehend such tears!

After this burst of filial affection, she relapsed into her former unconsciousness, from which she did not awake until that moment which, with all the zeal, love and charity of his nature, her confessor—the celebrated Padre Canovai of the *Scolopi*—had so anxiously watched, expected, and prayed for. One morning, when we knew the good Padre was praying at her bed side, we were startled by the ringing of the bell; we entered her chamber, when he commanded us to send immediately for the sacrament.

My mother had lost her speech, but she was herself perfectly sensible. Canovai held one of her hands in his, which she feebly pressed or not, to indicate her responses to his interrogatories, and which, from having been so many years her confessor, Canovai knew well how to interpret. At the sound of the church bell, which is always rang as a signal that the communion is about to be administered to a person in extremity, our neighbours rushed out with torches to follow in the procession. Never have I, before or after, seen so large a concourse of people on a like occasion. More than a hundred gentlemen remained round the door of the house near the portico, whilst the vestibule, the two staircases, the hall, the gallery, and my

mother's chamber, were equally thronged. Such was the esteem in which my mother was held in Florence, that her dying chamber had now become a temple of religion, whither the members of our church had transported the reliques of their saints to aid the supplication, that God would be merciful to her, who was thus dying in the very odour of sanctity.

She received the sacrament, with perfect self-possession, and shed tears of resignation, gratitude, and faith. Her eye dwelt successively upon each of us as we surrounded her bed. She smiled upon all—her *third* smile to me—and thus she looked the last farewell of a christian and fond mother. From that moment, she scarcely retained any consciousness, and, three days afterwards, she exchanged a world of sorrow and trouble for a heaven of peace and happiness.

CHAPTER XXII.

How strange and mysterious are the operations of human feelings! Scarcely had my mother breathed her last, when a new page in the book of existence seemed to open to my view, in which I could read, as though it had been traced in characters of light, the delight that being must experience, who, for the first time, feels himself freed from a heavy yoke, which had well nigh weighed him to the earth; and escaped from the restriction of a curb, which would not suffer him to turn either to the one side or the other.

Mistaken sentiment, fatal liberty! He only is free, who, sheltered beneath the wing of the Most High, struggles with his own passions, and by the protecting shadow of that wing, finally triumphs over them.

That is not tyranny which springs from the mere power of a frail mortal like ourselves, who destined by fortune to occupy a more exalted station in the scale of humanity, walks forth

clothed in purple and fine linen, which "moths do corrupt," possessed of that treasure which "thieves break through and steal," whilst he thereby assumes to himself the poor and limited authority to mortify or kill the bodies of his fellow men. No—the tyranny is of *our own* creation. *We* are the tyrants of ourselves; *we* despise the heavenly reason that animates us, and impiously barter the soul's eternal welfare, in which lies *our only true freedom*, with the grovelling desires of the heart, which, scarcely satisfied, becomes sated and disgusted with its own enjoyment!

Behold me, now, become suddenly sole master of myself and of my actions. The feeling which induced my father to grant me such uncontrolled liberty was this. The close of the present year would terminate my stay at the "Scolopi," where I had been under the distinguished professor of eloquence Padre Mauro Bernardini. The next year I was to proceed to the university of Pisa, where I should be without check or restraint of any kind. His resolution was moreover seconded by a more reasonable motive; he wished to accustom me to my liberty, whilst under his own eye, in order that he might himself judge of the use I should make of it, when at a distance from him. That I did not abuse this liberty, was principally owing to the love of study, which allowed me but very few intervals of leisure; whilst a singular caprice of mind, that it is not easy to account for in the outset of youth, guided my bark from that rock, upon which so many are wrecked, when they first leave their harbour alone and undirected.

The infidelity of the wife of Menelaus, which was the cause of a long ten years' war, the destruction of a beautiful city peopled with heroes, and finally of the excessive misery of the victors themselves after their successful siege, had, even at my age, awakened within me a feeling of something stronger than indifference towards women. I despised them heartily; I should not much belie my sentiments if I said that *I then actually hated them!*

Each of my school companions had his exclusive idol of adoration, and not one of them would, for the world, have been

without his presiding goddess, on the subject of whose charms he might occasionally rave. Nothing was heard of but constant misery, ceaseless lamentation about indifference, faithlessness, ingratitude, deceit, the severity of parents, and I know not what else. I was the confidant of most of them, and whenever a fresh subject of despair presented itself, the unhappy sufferer in tears, and with the most sorrowful countenance, came to implore my consolation and advice. To each I applied a different balsam, according to the nature of his wound, and his peculiar disposition, which I knew well how to discern. With the one I adopted raillery; to the other I exposed the defects of his *innamorata*; to another I vaunted the peace I myself enjoyed, in not caring for the approbation of any woman; whilst the fourth I endeavoured to inspire with a contempt for the whole sex, assuring him that all were alike unworthy of his regard. But alas, my remedies soon ceased to be effective. Each wound opened afresh, my companions groaned anew, and I continued to ridicule, or scold them, as before.

Whilst my mind was thus harshly disposed against the gentler sex, I cannot, even at this period, comprehend what impulse induced me, to return a smile bestowed upon me from the window of a beautiful coquette, upon whose favour depended the happiness or misery of at least fifteen or twenty youths, who, night and morning, passed through her street, to offer their adoration at the shrine of her beauty, or in her absence, at her window. I was acquainted with nearly all of them, greater part indeed were my school companions. It however pleased this fickle fair one to elect me for her favourite *cavaliere*, which was the more remarkable, as, amongst her crowd of adorers, there were at least a dozen youths whose countenances eclipsed any pretensions I might have had to personal appearance.

But this apparent preference of me was but the result of caprice, on the part of this female tyrant. She wished to increase that flame, in my rivals, she had already kindled, principally for the sake of tormenting her victims.

In proportion as she displayed her partiality to me, so my appearance before her window became displeasing to the many candidates for her favour; but, as they had suffered themselves to become enamoured of her outward beauty, regardless of the extreme deformity of her mind, theirs was an undignified passion, which alike forbade them to withdraw in disdain from an unsuccessful contest, or to suffer Signor Guido to rank himself in the lists of an honourable rivalry.

But, although the coquette had this liberty of presenting herself at the window, whenever she felt so disposed, she was not permitted to receive any of the tender billets with which her lovers would have regaled her, each time they passed through the street. Egress from her house was inexorably prohibited by a good mother, who, although extremely infirm, would not suffer her daughter ever to quit her. Therefore this farce was performed by actors, who were *always* in the street, and by an actress *occasionally* at the window. One beautiful summer's evening, it occurred to me to select the road which led through her street, on my return home. The moon shone most brilliantly: it seemed almost to rival the sun's superior light. I reached her house, gave my accustomed whistle—that was the token of my appearance, each of us having a separate signal to intimate his approach. The window was instantly opened, and, from thence, this syren threw me one of the most beautiful roses I had ever beheld. I caught it, and carried it *not* to my lips,—I was not such a fool—but to my nose, when at that moment, a sudden blow, aimed at me from some one behind, sent my hat into the air, my rose to the kennel, and little signor Guido staggering to the earth. I rose, and beheld my assailant standing over me with closed and raised fists. His face was livid with anger.

"Take thy hat," he exclaimed in a trembling voice, "leave this spot—and shouldst thou ever again present thyself in this street, that moment shall be thy last!" He paused to recover breath, and then added, "Remember, Signor Guido,

thou owest it to our friendship alone that I do not crush thee upon the instant." I recognized him; it was Francesco Parenti of Ponte a Sieve—now Dr. Francesco Parenti. He was my schoolfellow, a high spirited handsome youth, and a staunch friend of mine; I had never dreamed of meeting him in the list of this coquette's admirers. I looked at him, but spoke not; surprise seemed to have paralyzed me, and to have deprived me of the power of instantly resenting the injury I had received. But, not the less surely, had my most evil passions been roused. I however took my hat mechanically and left the spot. Shame, at having received a blow in the sight of my fair one, and anger, that that blow should have been dealt by the hand of one so dear to me, for a time deprived me of the power of reasonably judging of what I was about to do. I did not walk—I flew home. I rushed into the kitchen, and seizing upon the first knife that lay within my grasp, I sharpened it against the stone used for that purpose. To supply the place of a sheath to conceal it, I enveloped the blade several times in a sheet of paper, and turned from my home to retrace my hasty steps to the scene of my degradation—I cannot say of my love. All this did not occupy the space of twenty minutes.

I reached the street—and, at the distance of a hundred paces from me, I beheld Parenti standing beneath the windows of the beauty. It was not jealousy, for I despised this woman, and hated the whole sex; but wounded self-love and abused friendship so aggravated my feelings at this moment, that, before shedding his blood, I felt as though I already tasted the sweets of revenge in the imagined spectacle of my friend slain at my feet. "This will reach his heart!" I uttered almost aloud; and drawing forth my knife, I thrust my arm forward as though to assure myself of my skill to perform the fearful act I meditated. Scarcely had I enacted this anticipated horror with my right hand, when an unusual sense of pain in my left made me pause to examine the cause; and I now discovered three of

my fingers had been severely cut, one in particular quite through to the bone. The blood at this moment began to flow in streams from the wound. My better angel once more removed the veil from before my eyes, whilst the evil one retired in shame to his abode—and I, who was but within a hundred paces of the friend, whom I had come purposely to sacrifice, now rushed humiliated from him, and walked calmly to the hospital of *Santa Maria Nuova*, where my fingers were bound up by the celebrated surgeon Ceccherini, one of my most intimate friends.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Praise be to Thee!—all glory ascribed to thy name, oh heavenly and beneficent Father!—merciful and Omnipresent Deity! Had I the voice of an angel, the fervour of the seraphims, with a heart purified like their own with the love of their God, scarcely were I then worthy to offer unto Thee the praises due to Thy great name, for Thy supreme mercies vouchsafed unto me. But since all that man dares offer to God, in exchange for his unnumbered benefits, is the gratitude of his whole yet short life, why, oh why, have I but now become warmed by its influence?

Wretched was my course when unsupported by faith, and undirected by the precepts of religion.

O divine hand of Providence! which withdrew me from the fearful precipice into which I had so nearly fallen, when upon the point of slaying my friend! With the blood of my fellow man upon my soul, I should have ever borne within me the arrow of remorse; I had become abhorred by men, the terror of myself!

Never can I doubt the miracle of Thy interposition: never shall I believe myself capable of virtue unsustained by Thee,

for I firmly believe that God will interpose miraculously even in favour of the sinner. By all capable of reflection, life must ever be considered as one continued miracle. The health we enjoy, springing as it does from a body frail as that of man's; the accidents we avoid in a world encompassed by peril; our desire of virtue, though the heart, which awakens it, is by nature so desperately wicked; are not these so many miracles of every day's recurrence? and is it not alike impious to deny or doubt them?

It would be impossible to describe the feelings that nearly overpowered me, when, the morning after my affray with Parenti, I met him, as usual, in school. I had arrived there half an hour before him. The instant I saw him enter, my eyes filled with tears, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to God and love for my friend.

As he walked towards the master's pulpit, which is the first duty of the scholar upon his entrance, to repeat his "Ave Maria," and to salute the Professor, Parenti bent his eye upon me, as though he expected to read in my face tokens of the hatred, aroused by his treatment of me the night before. His fine countenance seemed, already, to plead eloquently for the pardon he so much desired, and the half smile, which rendered his expression yet more beautiful, would have made it impossible for me to withhold that pardon. But, when he perceived that I returned his smile, that I still looked upon him with affection, his face resembled the sun suddenly emerging from behind a darkening cloud.

At the termination of the lesson he approached me eagerly, and asked me, in a tone of the most friendly sympathy, why I held my arm in a sling.

I gave him an undisguised relation of what had occurred to me. Scarcely had he heard me to a close, when he threw his arms round my neck, and, in a flood of tears, implored me to pardon him.

"In what a fearful peril have we both stood," he exclaimed: "Oh Guido! hear me, whilst I swear to thee," he

added, "never, never again will I return to that window, nor bestow another thought upon that heartless coquette!"

He kept his promise, and I followed his example.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I HAVE now reached the last scene, but one, of the first portion of my life: a new epoch is at hand! The government of Florence maintains, at its own cost, a seminary at Pisa, called *Il Collegio della Sapienza*, for the exclusive purpose of educating a limited number of Tuscan youths. Some vacancies occurred every year in this establishment, to fill which became an object of rivalry amongst the youth within its vicinity. The year in which I preferred my claim for this much envied distinction, three vacancies had occurred, and there were no less than seventy candidates. Notwithstanding this formidable competition, I presented myself, and passed my examination. I am ashamed to confess, that deceit and effrontery had more to do with my success, than any real superiority over the other candidates. I well knew that the lives of *Cornelius Nepos*, *Ovid's Tristia*, and *Virgil's Æneid* were the three books selected, to become the test of the student's acquirements. I did not fail to profit by this knowledge. Several weeks, before the examination was to take place, I prepared myself by learning by heart six pages of the commencement of each part of the *Lives*, of each *Canto*, and of each *Book*. At length I stood before the learned tribunal, of which Pignotti—the Italian Æsop—was the presiding judge. I commenced my ordeal by reading the first part of the Life of *Themistocles*, from *Cornelius Nepos*, in Latin. I then analized the construction of the Latin sentences, as the other candidates had done before me, and finally read it in Italian. I repeated the same process in *Ovid*, and from thence proceeded to *Virgil*. It was the first part of the second book, which had been selected for my

examination. Scarcely had I read the Latin, than, without availing myself of the intermediate facility afforded by construing, which had been resorted to by the others so much cleverer than myself, I at once rendered the passage in Italian.

Bernardini, Professor of Eloquence, at the *Scolopi*, was delighted at my success. He seemed really much interested in my behalf, and was so much deceived as to believe it to be the result of my superior knowledge. He asked the President if he were content with Sorelli ?

" Perfectly satisfied," was the President's laconic reply.

Bernardini smiled with gratified feeling, and tapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed kindly: " Go, go, Signor Guido, thou art already a member of *' La Sapienza !'* "

Behold me then installed within the college walls at Pisa, and one of the two thousand scholars, who, after the hour of study, regularly assembled at the " *Caffè dell' Ussero,* " on the banks of the Arno. Novice as I was, it would have been well for me not to have visited the Caffè, and even carefully to have avoided coming into contact, either in the school-room, or in the streets of Pisa with any of the older scholars. It was the custom of these young gentlemen, upon meeting with a new comer, especially if he should betray any symptoms of timidity, to seize him unceremoniously by the hair of his head, and compel the unhappy novice to promise to provide them with a certain number of breakfasts ; in failure of complying with which request, they gave him a sound beating, and he was even subjected to a repetition of this treatment, should he ever have the temerity to appear in the public walks, at the same time with the students.

It was my good fortune, that at this period, the Florentine biennial and triennial scholars happened to be my particular friends, and were themselves much respected by the older members of the University. I was, therefore, presented by them to the other collegians as a youth worthy their countenance. This was quite sufficient to ensure me a good reception. The assembled patriarchs of the party, to the number of

twenty four, surrounded me, and each inflicting upon my head a smart blow of encouragement—after the royal fashion, I presume, of creating knights, by the stroke of a sword—they took me under their protection, and themselves paid the customary breakfast for the novice. I commenced studying the law: but I was not born to be a lawyer; I detested the study: and therefore threw it up within a month. If I am asked why I disliked that profession, I will thus reply candidly.—Because, I found that, when the cause of the honest man was advocated by the honorable Counsellor, that of the rogue in every country, necessarily became the portion of the inferior advocate, who, himself scarcely less a rogue, from his defence of a cause contrary to his own sense of right, acts in defiance of every principle of honor and justice.

My constant neglect of study, however, exposed me to considerable hasard, for, it was the duty of the Professors at the University to examine those students, who were maintained by the Government of Florence, once or twice in each month—when, if it appeared that any one of them had failed thrice successively in answering the proposed interrogations, his name was erased from that of the community, and he was compelled to refund, to the Government, the sum of money which had been expended upon him during his stay at the college. The kindness of the Professors, who always seemed to reserve for me the least abstruse questions, and the friendship of the really talented amongst my companions, at whose side I usually placed myself, during the examination, to obtain from them the answer which I might have failed to give myself, preserved me from the odium of a dismissal; and for three years I remained a member of this learned community, without possessing the shadow of knowledge.

CHAPTER XXV.

My distaste for the study of the law begot, in my mind, a habit of indolence, that unhappily predisposed me to the vice of gambling. I joined a billiard party, in the first instance, merely as a recreation; too soon, however, this fascinating, but dangerous amusement, became an evil—a necessary evil. The law had disgusted me, and I therefore had no fixed object of pursuit. Idleness is the parent of vice; can it be wondered at, then, that play became my recreation....in short, my prevailing vice? From a perfect ignorance of the game, I became, by dint of great practice, extremely skilful. At this time I lodged in the house of a married couple, who had been my father's friends. The reason, that I did not reside within the walls of the seminary, was this:—during the invasion of Italy by the French in the last century, the College had been, like many other places, dismantled by them. As long as the French continued possessed by the demon of conquest, their presence in every town—in every village in Europe, that was overrun by them—proved the signal of extinction to the sacred lamps of religion and morality. The spirit of justice itself, at their approach, quitted its earthly habitation. They broke in pieces the shrine of Peace and Virtue; and raised in its stead a false image, that they affected to call the "Tree of Liberty".... a phantasm, from which they plucked the brand of discord and rapine. Thanks to God, who has freed them from that demon, and has, at last, liberated Europe from that dreadful scourge! —The Government of Florence, at the period of which I am speaking, had not the means, nor perhaps the inclination, to repair the damage the College had sustained, and therefore allowed to each member seven crowns per month to maintain himself as he best could, without its precincts. To this sum, however, my father, who was desirous I should have every

comfort, made a considerable addition ; at the same time, recommending me, most earnestly, to the care of those with whom I boarded. This worthy couple, indeed, almost supplied to me the affection of parents : but they dared not, neither would they have desired, to dictate to me the manner of spending my time, when not within their tranquil domicile.

They, however, manifested the greatest regard for me. Upon what they grounded their good opinion I know not, save that it has ever been my lot to be esteemed, so much beyond my merit, by all with whom I have been connected—and, indeed, I am often saddened by this reflection. It requires but little self-examination to convince ourselves, how little we merit the regard of man—and much less the approval of God.—The heart is an index that deceives not....that flatters not. It is the dwelling place of conscience, and conscience is our guardian angel.

I set out one evening to pay my constant visit to the billiard-room. Fortune, who for two years had encouraged me with her smiles, this night resolved to desert me. I was soon aware of it, and became much troubled. Disconcerted as I was, I could no longer calmly view my game. My usual skill took flight, and each ball now rolled without mark or effect. Before midnight I had lost every shilling which I possessed, and my companion begged me to throw up the game. I required him to continue playing with me, and to accept my word as the pledge of payment, should I still be unsuccessful. He again would have dissuaded me. I told him, that I had at my apartments a quantity of new linen, which I had received but the week before from Florence, and I only desired to play for its value. Still he opposed my request, representing to me the infatuation that I appeared to be in, and that probably I should repent, on the morrow, having lost so much. I still insisted, and now went so far as to declare, that I should be mortally offended, if he persisted in refusing me the chance of another point.

"I will give it you to-morrow," he again urged.

"This night or never; and, unless you comply with my request, I shall cease to regard you as my friend." I replied, passionately.

"Well, then," said he, "fix your own value upon the articles, and we will play for that sum: but if it chance that you again lose, I warn you that I play no more; and should you accuse me of injustice, remember, the injustice will be your own."

We re-commenced. I lost every thing; and at about three o'clock in the morning, I presented myself at the door of my lodging with my companion and the *pallajo*.* My kind hostess, who had been accustomed to see me return home every night before eleven o'clock, had awaited my coming with much alarm, strongly apprehensive that some accident must have befallen me.

"This is a fine time of night to make your appearance, Signor Guido!" she exclaimed, somewhat caustically, upon seeing me enter without any apparent signs of having encountered any disaster. "Pray, may I ask if anything unpleasant has happened to detain you?" she added. — "Nothing," I replied, laconically. "And who may these gentlemen be, Signor Guido?" she pursued, perceiving my companions. "My friends—and now suffer me to pass," I answered tartly. The unusual visit of strangers, and at so late an hour, so bewildered my curious hostess, that she followed, as it were, mechanically, to my apartment, unable to utter another word. On reaching the room, I opened my wardrobe, and emptied it of all the linen it contained. The two before mentioned individuals took possession of it, wished me good night, and left the room.

My hostess who, during this process, had remained immoveable, and pale as a statue, now exclaimed in a voice trembling with agitation as the door closed upon my companions :—

* The *Pallajo* answers to the English Marker at billiards.

"Signor Guido, tell me, I beseech you, the meaning of what I have just seen?"

"I have lost a debt of honor, and, as a man of honor, I have acquitted myself to my creditors."

"And the linen?" she enquired.

"That, too, has vanished in smoke," I replied, laughing.

"Good Heaven! what will your father say, when he hears of your misconduct?" exclaimed my sympathising hostess, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

The tear, awakened by the misfortune or sorrow of another, is in itself so lovely, so amiable, that it were impossible to look upon it, and not feel oneself overcome in turn by its influence. Silvio, thou wilt surely doubt me, when I tell thee, that the English, endowed with feelings at once refined and exalted, detest the sight of tears, and are taught, from infancy, to repress them, whenever, from Nature's impulse, they spring to the eye. Yes, it is even so. In excuse for this remnant of barbarism, they tell me, "that tears are but the token of weakness: that while *their* sympathy for 'another's woe,' is a profound sentiment, lasting and indelible; on the other hand, the poignancy of my affliction is dispelled by a flood of sorrow, and my mind presently resumes its natural tone of gaiety and hilarity." It is useless for me to contend with them. If I ever venture to engage in a controversy upon the point, I am overwhelmed by such a weight of philosophical argument, that I am compelled to be silent, having nothing to oppose to it but the intensity of my feelings.

Are the purest and most generous impulses of the human heart to be repressed by a theory as much open to the charge of selfishness and indifference, as mine is to weakness and shallowness? No! the heart is in itself indefinable: it is one of the mysterious links that connect us with an immortal nature, and delicious and holy are its native aspirations! How many tears have I shed, during the last fifteen years of my existence, in contemplating the fate of my now helpless .... my kind, my aged father, who is reduced to wear out his

last years in poverty and obscurity, whilst I am still unable to ameliorate his destiny to the extent it would be my exultation....my happiness to accomplish ? Has my heart slumbered, one moment, in remembrance, or has my affection, for that dear, that suffering parent, been lessened, by the outward, though silent tokens, of my sorrow ? Oh ! could the English but read that which is passing within me, how would their boasted reasoning crumble into atoms ! Yet they admire.... while they record a trait in the character of their King Charles I. Upon a gentleman presenting himself before him attired in deep mourning habiliments, for the death of his friend, Sir Charles Lucas, who had been shot, together with Sir George Lisle, in order to satisfy a cruel policy after the abandonment of the siege of Colchester by the royal party, the monarch paid to the memory of his friends a tribute, that not his own many and keen misfortunes had ever extorted from him ;—he *wept* their untimely fate. I marvel that the ancients, in their mythological devices, had never thought of erecting a temple sacred to a *tear !*

Well, Silvio, to proceed, then, with my narration. At the sight of the tears of my kind hostess, I wept also. This she perceived ; and immediately recovering herself, the affectionate creature dried her eyes, embraced me, bade me not despair, and offered to replace, from her own, my despoiled wardrobe— " That she might thereby spare Signor Gaetano Sorelli the sorrow of learning my misconduct."

" No, no, my kind, my faithful friend !" I exclaimed, quite overcome by this trait of generosity in one, whom I knew to be far from prosperous. " No, I will immediately write to my father, confess my transgression, and implore his forgiveness. The pain this avowal will cost me, may save me from again falling into so great a sin."

I instantly carried my resolution into effect, and read the letter to the Signora, who sobbed, as she listened to my penitential pleadings : I then sealed it, and went to bed. I rose next morning, and put my letter in the post. Three days

after, I received a packet containing wice the quantity of linen I had lost at play....and a letter from my father, in these words:

"My dear Guido,

"I pardon thee: therefore say no more of what has occurred. I have sent the linen, of which thou must stand in need.—Remember me especially to our friend, thy kind hostess: be wise and prudent.

"Thy ever affectionate Father,

"GAETANO SORELLI."

CHAPTER XXVI.

To render good for evil, springs from the suggestion of a soul, conscious of its immortality: it is an act apart from humanity: and perverse indeed must be that nature, which is insensible to the kindness and forbearance of him it has injured.

The concise letter of my father produced a result, that neither reproof nor castigation would have effected with me. The more apparent became the generosity of his pardon, the more guilty did I appear to my self-condemning conscience. Whilst my father, by his conduct, seemed elevated beyond the common feelings of humanity, I felt myself degraded to the meanest level, unworthy of my Creator, my parent and myself.

I read my father's letter to my hostess, who exclaimed with joy sparkling in her eyes:—

"How happy am I that you confessed your error to your father, for you will—I know—never again displease so kind a parent."

"No—never," I exclaimed, with emotion; "never will I again play for gain;" and I kept my promise.

It happened, about this period, that the Government of

Florence passed, from the hands of the French, into those of Ferdinand the Third, brother of Francis, Emperor of Austria. A proclamation was consequently issued, to the Professors of the University of Pisa, commanding them to instruct the students into the two codes of laws, namely—that of Leopold I, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and that of Napoleon. It was farther announced that, in consideration of this change of dynasty, those students who had applied themselves, for some years, to Napoleon's code, and who wished not to occupy themselves in this fresh application, were permitted to retire from the University, without either losing their degrees, or refunding, to the Government, the expenses of their previous residence at the College.

This was to me a most agreeable announcement. I immediately quitted the University, and returned to Florence, where, instead of Doctor Guido Sorelli, I became Signor Guido Sorelli, Professor of Languages. From this moment, I entered upon a profession, which has ever been to my taste, as, it appears to me, one of the few, in which dependence—when accompanied by a well-regulated mind—may assume to itself a dignity of feeling, which may alike conciliate the esteem of the learned, and command the respect of those, upon whom Fortune has conferred titles and riches.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I HAD not long exercised my profession, when a rich banker, of the name of Orelli, arrived at Florence from Zurich. He was a person of much consideration, and had visited our city for the purpose of finding out a Florentine, who was required to be not less a gentleman, than a competent professor of his own language, and who would be willing to exchange his native town for Zurich, where he, Orelli, resided. His choice fell upon me.

Endowed with extremely noble principles, Orelli thought proper to impress me with an almost mean portrait of the elegant city of Zurich, fearing that I might picture it to myself as a second Florence, and thus experience a disappointment, upon my arrival there. I replied to him, that, for myself, I had, during each year of my conscious existence, done little else than contemplate Italy's beautiful and serene sky, until I had even now become almost satiated with its loveliness. I assured him, that were I to see the bright firmament wrapped in clouds, and the eternal brightness of the sun obscured but for a season, I should cease to indulge in the wild chimeras, fancy so oft presented to my view: my visions would then return to the level of this world's reality; and I should then cast aside the veil of imagination, to comprehend mankind, to know myself, and, what was yet more important, to study the great end of our being. My oration seemed somewhat incomprehensible to the Zuricker. He ascribed it to one of fancy's sudden flights, in her own wild and beautiful atmosphere, and believed that my wings, yet too young, would not support me long in her bright region of immateriality. He, however, conversed with me, for some hours each day that he remained at Florence, to endeavour, if possible, to discover my disposition: and truly did he try me on every point.

"How can it be," he once said to me, "that a Florentine should choose to quit the beautiful sun of Italy, this happy climate, to go and bury himself amidst our clouds and snows? Can you make me believe, it is no sacrifice to pass from idleness, which has so peculiar a charm in this country, to indefatigable employment, to which you must positively submit if, in quitting Florence, you would still preserve the condition of a gentleman?"

My replies, which were at all times the suggestions of my heart, satisfied him: the more so, perhaps, that, having for the last five years been the favourite pupil of the celebrated Morrocchesi—the Talma of the Italian stage—I had acquired a command of voice, tone and feature, which, although a youth,

a Florentine, and one of the gayest spirits, enabled me to assume a dignified seriousness, that quite overcame the severity of the Zuricker. At the conclusion of my harangues, he was sure to exclaim:— "Well, Signor Guido, if you thoroughly understand your native language, and observe a proper conduct, your fortune is made at Zurich." He afterwards proposed my accompanying him to Naples, and from thence proceeding to Zurich. But, I was impatient to enter upon my new career: and therefore represented to him, that I should prefer going directly to my destination, in order that I might at once commence my occupation. He therefore gave me letters of introduction to Milan, and to every city through which I proposed passing in my route. After which, repeating to me his continual maxim, when speaking to me; "Skill, and good conduct!" he left Florence, and directed his own course to Naples.

It was fortunate, for my own safety, that I did not accompany the Zuricker. He was attacked by a party of brigands, not far from Rome, who took from him all he possessed, with the exception of a beautiful cristal flute, which, indeed, was the property of one of his travelling companions. Orelli, however, only viewed his misfortune in the light of a diverting adventure, and which was afterwards to afford material for amusing conversation. With the most perfect coolness and good-will, he merely demanded of the brigands to restore him his flute. To this request they graciously assented, having previously requested, in their turn, that he would play them an air on the instrument. Had I accompanied Orelli to Naples, I fear my adventures would have begun rather more sadly than those of Gil Blas, who contrived to satisfy the old mendicant assassin with the few réales he threw into his hat, notwithstanding the threatening manner in which the old soldier preferred his demand of charity, by pointing a gun at him from the hedge. The brigands would not have let Signor Guido off upon such easy terms....not until they had eased him of all his money and effects.

Nothing now detained me at Florence but to seek my father's blessing, to bid adieu to Cleofe, and to the rest of my family.

The moment had not yet arrived in which I was to feel that, in this last step, is alone comprehended all that sorrow possesses the most bitter and most painful. I had yet to learn, by the experience of after years, that such it was, to abandon my country, and separate myself voluntarily from my family, in search of fame and fortune in a foreign land.

"Neu malis alienos adjungere, quàm sanguine conjunctos retinere. Quis autem amicior, quàm frater fratri? aut quem alienum fidum invenies, si tuis hostis fueris?"

My extreme youth can alone excuse the heartlessness, with which I then separated from the best and dearest ties of nature. Every happiness was then, with me, in perspective: and that anticipation, which, in my estimation, constitutes the delight of every terrestrial enjoyment, presented every object, to my imagination, invested with a roseate hue. As the eye, in a vast expanse, cares not to dwell upon the prospect nearest in view, but, throws its rapid and eager glance upon that point which is scarcely visible, so does the heart ever forget its own present happiness, and yearn for that farthest from its reach. Heaven grant, that, whilst life's awful barrier still remains, which separates us from eternity, our eyes may seek but to contemplate heaven....our heart desire but its God.

During the brief period of youth, time seems *to stand still*, like the Sun, at the command of Joshua, on Mount Gideon! Clothed in the bright colouring, in which fancy and distance adorns them, every object maintains the same apparently ethereal and angelic nature, and each in turn is contemplated and desired by youth, as that alone necessary to complete his self-created paradise. But how changed is the feeling, when those

few moments have flown....vanished like a beautiful dream! Day follows day—weeks are completed—months—years circle in succession. Brief as his life may have been, man's years yet appear to him ages: and why?—because, each year, as it comes fraught with sorrow, brings him nearer to those objects, which, from afar, looked so beautiful....so heavenly! —because, each year has proved to man the *sadness* of reality, which, in withdrawing from his lovely portraiture the angelic veil with which fancy had invested it, discloses all that is mortal and perishable: the rose is withered—the thorn alone remains.

Upon my knees, I asked my father's blessing: with a tearless eye, I embraced my dear Cleofe, bade a *gay* adieu to the rest of my family: and, for the first time in my life, left my own sweet Florence with a mind all joy, and a heart all hope and happiness.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Behold me then at Zurich! I had now quitted the city designated by all Europe "the beautiful!" I had bidden adieu to a people, gentle in their feelings, whose language is worthy to be spoken by angels, who are enthusiastic admirers of all that is most noble and exalted, who are liberally endowed by nature with intellectual qualities, and who are yet modest in the possession of these advantages. Yes, I had voluntarily abandoned such a people, and, after a long, though not an uninteresting journey, I now found myself in a strange city, where, amid a population of eleven thousand, almost every individual seems to assume to himself the air and consequence of a prince,* whilst the country people, in the vicinity

* A further acquaintance, with the independent spirit and lofty bearing of the Zurickers, induced me to interpret, perhaps somewhat maliciously the Latin inscription on the town-house, "*Senatus Populusque Tigurinus*," in the Italian legend, "*Sono Principi Quasi Tutti*," "they are almost all princes."

of the town, are looked upon, by them, as mere peasants. My ears were assailed by a *patois* more barbarous, than I had imagined man could ever have invented, and which I neither comprehended, nor desired to understand. Such was the strange, not to say inauspicious commencement of my first voyage on the high sea of existence.

The last traces of my own beautiful country had faded into distance, whilst the well-remembered accents, which had till now struck upon mine ear, and vibrated within my heart, with all the thrill of affection, were now no longer audible. I was for the first time in my life, alone, solitary amidst a crowd, desolate, perhaps in peril. I was thus thrown on my feeble *self!* Yet this scene, far from inspiring me with fear, interested me....almost pleased me. So long as the soul remains enclosed within its frail tenement of mortality, *novelty* will ever continue the idol, before which man must offer his most servile adoration. It is the embodying of our ideal happiness...the realization of the heart's constant cravings....it is our present paradise. But, alas! how fleeting is that present! one moment gives it us. ..and it is gone. Indifference soon recals the heart, from its momentary consciousness of happiness, the desire of something new is again awakened, and hope and expectation once more supply the place of a transient reality. This too is attained—though, like the former, to be felt but for a moment—then cast aside as tasteless and unsatisfactory.

But how is it, that notwithstanding our repeated warnings from that unerring monitor, *experience*, of the vanity, the instability of human enjoyments, we are, yet, ever forming to ourselves, fresh schemes of future pleasures—of prospective happiness? It is, that in spite of reason—that divine spark of man's immortal nature—we take a malicious pleasure in awakening, within ourselves, chimerical and cruel delusions; and, in defiance of her better suggestions, we still perpetuate our creative dream, to the utter exclusion of the voice of reality.

But I repeat: the scene of Zurich pleased me. It was too

novel not to possess an indefinable charm for me: and I was then too young to be insensible to this governing—this overpowering influence!

CHAPTER II.

I WAS received in the kindest manner, in Zurich, by the brother and intimate friends of Orelli, who had been previously informed by letter of my expected arrival, and had already arranged for me to board in the house of a worthy bourgeois, named Holzalb.

Within the space of only three days, I had obtained fifteen pupils, and but a short time elapsed, before I found myself compelled to devote thirteen hours a day to the duties of my profession.

The first daily lesson I gave was from five till seven in the morning, to Orelli and his friend.

At this period of my life, I never slept more than five hours, and had every morning to walk a mile and a half, before daybreak, to the residence of my first pupils.

It generally happened, that, before my arrival, I had experienced three or four overthrows, owing to the extreme darkness of a winter's morning. But these slight hardships, so far from disconcerting me, or causing me to be dissatisfied with my present mode of life, seemed to add fresh excitement to the already buoyant feeling, caused by my success. The customary mode of remuneration at Zurich, was three crowns, or about twelve shillings English, for sixteen lessons. This was an adequate recompense, at a place, where two louis per month were quite sufficient, to secure a liberal and respectable maintenance: I was indeed perfectly satisfied, accustomed as I had been to the habits of my own country, where a single crown was the poor reward for twelve lessons!

It was not long before I found myself, for the first time in my life, the possessor of a *louis d' or !*

Avarice, one of the satellites, so actively employed by Satan in securing his victims, was, however, no demon to me. Yet, in the contemplation of this, my first treasure, I felt as if I were invested with the Ægis which was to protect me for ever from the sting of poverty...that enemy, which has always presented itself to my imagination, armed with more terrors than death itself: it seemed to promise me independence, in a world of slavery: it was to me like the discovery of a long-sought and precious mine, whose treasures promised to be endless; and now hope, for the future, sprang up within my heart; and, with it, came that proud....that exulting feeling, that not only for myself alone, but for my family, I might look forward to being enabled to provide a happy competency. Youth is the season of hope—it is its aliment, its beautiful, its ethereal support; and such it was to me.

The feeling of content, which springs from the acquisition of wealth procured by our own industry, is in itself a gratification superior to that felt in the enjoyment of hereditary possession. The produce of our own labour brings with it an unalloyed pleasure unknown to him, who, heir to wealth, knows neither its value nor its useful purpose; who is equally ignorant of rightly employing it as a means of ensuring his present happiness, and through its powerful aid of anticipating future beatitude by fulfilling on earth the divine character of father and benefactor to him who needeth.

Thou wilt then imagine, Silvio, that this *louis d' or*, thus obtained within less than two days, was at least gratifying to the feelings of the Florentine.

CHAPTER III.

It may be enquired, " what particular branch of knowledge enabled me to gain success as a teacher at Zurich ?"

I will be explicit, and acknowledge that I actually found I was engaged in a profession, in some essential particulars of which I was ignorant. But I must do myself this justice, to add I have ever been endowed with a love of truth; and scarcely did I become aware of my own inefficiency—which was not less severely scrutinized from my being my own and only judge—and the consequent disgrace in which I stood in case of discovery, than I bethought me of making an immediate and honourable retreat. Whether I carried my intention into effect or not, will shortly be seen.

I was one morning requested to call upon a gentleman of the name of Fuseli, a relation of the celebrated painter, and himself a celebrated literary character of Zurich. He was about seventy years of age, and was then occupied in making an elegant translation of Petrarch into German.

I entered the apartment, in which the good old man was seated, who, accosting me very graciously, told me he was desirous of reading Petrarch under my direction.

" Petrarch !" I internally repeated with dread: " Alas ! what a perilous moment for the unlucky Signor !" I knew Petrarch but by name: and now with dismay recollected having always heard him named as the most difficult of the classic authors. What was to be done ?

Fuseli was anxious to receive his first lesson, and requested me to spare him an hour that morning. From this, however, I hastily excused myself, alleging the extreme pressure of my numerous appointments as an apology, at the same time fixing an hour for the morrow, when I should be more at leisure to attend him.

"Favour me then by just solving this difficulty for me, now," said the old gentleman, still detaining me; and presenting the dreaded book before me, he added,—"to-morrow we will commence Petrarch from his first sonnet."

Escape was now quite impossible. Assuming, therefore, an air of extreme importance, to veil my secret misgivings, I prepared to solve what was equally a problem to myself as to my future pupil.

The proposed difficulty was:—

"Virgin! whose beauteous eyes with sorrow burn
"To mark *th' impress* on Him, thy holy One.
"Oh! from a sight so sacrilegious turn,
"And deign to look upon Earth's wretched son,
"Who, far from counsel human or divine,
"Thus humbly prays *thee* to vouchsafe him thine."

It was my good fortune to comprehend that the allusion referred to the five wounds of our Saviour; I immediately gave a French version of the passage, and, thus having established my reputation with Fuseli, I took my leave of him until the morrow.

That evening, I, for the first time in my life, opened a volume of Petrarch, a book which has ever since proved to me a source of the greatest delight. My present object was, however, to render myself master of the part in which I proposed instructing my new pupil on the morrow. It was, therefore, with no very sanguine anticipations of deriving either pleasure or amusement from my difficult task, that I commenced; having previously endeavoured to arm myself with a patience that I did not spontaneously feel—thus making a virtue of necessity.

I had hardly completed reading his first sonnet, when the charm of that great master of our poetry burst upon me, and filled me with an admiration, which my subsequent acquaintance with so many other authors has never diminished.

But, the influence this new study produced upon my young heart will be shown in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

Petrarch had now become the companion, the friend, of my solitary evenings. His presence, with that of his beautiful Laura, had changed my lonely apartment into a little paradise, in the tranquil enjoyment of which, I felt as though I could neither have envied the splendour of a court, nor craved the society of the most accomplished companions.

"Oh! why have I not earlier known thee?" was my repeated exclamation, even before I had reached the period of that sonnet, in which Petrarch thus anticipates the feelings of posterity:—

> "O Fortune, to my eyes thou bitter foe,
> Since thou to me a Laura hast not shown!
> Oh! would that later she had dwelt below,
> Or I had earlier an existence known!"

Insensibly my own heart became purified by the loftiness of his sentiments. My contempt for women gradually softened, after a contemplation of the character of the beautiful, the virtuous Laura; and I, too, pictured to myself a being who could realize my dreams of happiness—who could inspire me with a love independent of sensual feelings—such a love as man was permitted to feel in his first days of innocence.

The poetical compositions of Petrarch, written during the life of Laura, occupied my attention for many weeks. Meanwhile

my heart had selected its own—its exclusive Laura, though scarcely conscious of its choice.

The heart is a book, the study of which man too often neglects—and why? Because Truth, whose characters are alike clear and indelible, there presents to him a picture so little flattering to himself.

Amongst my pupils at Zurich I numbered several young ladies, all equally amiable and agreeable. But upon one, one only—though at first, scarcely aware of the nature of my own feelings—I dwelt with the eye of affection.

Young, surpassingly lovely, eminently talented; one to whom all the literati of Zurich offered their homage; dignified, yet inexpressibly gentle in her deportment; a great admirer of whatever was beautiful, and good; a zealous christian, yet humble, and so unconscious of her own merit! Such was the being, Pellico! such the character of the woman who became the Laura of my imagination—of my heart.

"The Laura," did I say?—Alas! yes, Pellico!—I loved a married woman! Ah, Silvio! could the stages of existence be so reversed, that age might anticipate life's bright and thoughtless morning, and that youth were its last, its closing scene! Then, indeed, how beautiful would be that brief season! arrayed in all that is most noble, and vigorous, impelled by *virtue's* dictates to act uprightly, and supported by *judgment* to direct us in our choice of good and ill!—But in what then should we differ from the angels?

Alas! Silvio, how can I extenuate the crime I have now confessed to thee? I can but remind thee that I am a Florentine, and I was, *then* indeed, a Florentine alike in feeling and in habit!—Florence, that misguided city where love has degenerated into the meanest, the most despicable of passions, the debasing influence of which sullies and poisons youth's best feelings. That city where a wife is sanctioned by her husband in selecting from among her circle of acquaintances, a favoured 'cavalier,' who is to be considered her future companion.

A custom so degrading to man, one which levels him with the lowest in the scale of creation, is actually tolerated by the Roman Catholic priests ; men who, entrusted with the awful charge of their fellow-beings' morality, are themselves hypocrites, and therefore maintain their victims in ignorance of the enormity of their sins. Not only do they absolve the adulterers, but, at the foot of the altar, side by side, they administer to them the sacrament, when an unconditional anathema should have pronounced their eternal separation.

Oh, shame on thee, Florence! most sinful, most miserable city! Thou, too, my birth-place! How canst thou hope Heaven will again smile upon thee, or re-visit thee, for thy comfort, with even one lingering ray of thy past glory? For ever in chains, for ever abject shalt thou be, for ever despised, for ever despicable in the eyes of those who now rule thee, and of those who may hereafter be thy rulers.

Oh, could you understand that, which mine ears have so often harkened in the foreign land in which it is Heaven's will I should sojourn, you would recognize yourselves an abject and sordid race! Yes, Florentines, you would recognize yourselves dwellers in a land, which, to the shame of its present inhabitants, recalls at every step the virtue, the courage, the refinement, the exalted mind, and the independence of their ancestors.

Oh Florence! thou the garden of the world! thou the Athens of Italy! how dost thou profane that revered title? thou shouldst be termed rather the shrine of infamy, at whose foot is alike sacrificed all that is noble and virtuous in thy nature ; where unblushing vice, not content with its own secret triumph, dares proclaim to the world its own villainy and guilt! Thou, the garden of the world? Thou, the Athens of Italy? Oh, most corrupt stream which, in its fatal course, alike poisons each spot over which it flows!

Oh, my own unhappy Italy, when, and how, dost thou hope to be cast upon the shores of life, from the dread Leviathan who encloses thee within its jaws of death? It is Heaven's power which has preserved thee living within the valley of death, and amidst thine infamy, by suffering thee to own a Pellico and a Manzoni for thy sons, as pledges of God's yet undying mercy!

God hath sworn it—"There shall be no peace to the sinner!"—and revolving worlds have never yet falsified this fearful oath. How then, canst thou, my country, hope to recover thy fallen greatness,—to re-appear Italy the noble, the beautiful—while thou slumberest in the fearful security of thy own base and despicable inclinations?

Virtue is a rock, against which all are cast away and perish who rest not their hope in her foundation. Scattered—no longer a nation—thou hast become a sport to all others, and an enemy to thyself. Thou mayst indeed fret at thy chains, but, shouldst thou yet be spared, thou shalt remain on earth a living phantom of thy former self; never canst thou, in thine impotency, shake from off thee the heavy yoke of slavery thou hast *thyself* provoked, until thou art once more become the noble, the virtuous, the CHRISTIAN Italy!

All thy secret conventions—the concealed stiletto, which, in the hands of some *few* noble-minded fanatics, and *thousands* of assassins, would still seek to avenge thy injuries—can do nought than draw yet closer the links of that *foreign* bond in which thou hast suffered thyself to become enthralled. Never again wilt thou behold thy country's standard waving proudly above thee; but, in its stead, the contumely of the tyrant will pursue thee, and thou wilt mark, to thy terror, the gleaming axe of the executioner.

Oh Florence! Oh my country! wilt thou never acknowledge that in thy crimes is thy slavery? Oh that thou wouldst truly believe in the Father our God, in Jesus the Christ, in the Holy Spirit—the holy essence of Father and Son!

Add to such faith good works: and, as the walls of Jericho

fell to the earth, at the sound of the seventh trumpet; and as the vast Assyrian army by the hand of the angel of the Lord became in one night a heap of slain, for presumptuously fighting against God's favoured people, so shalt thou be freed from him who oppresses thee; and the rod which has so long been thy scourge, God will of his own hand break in pieces!

Oh, Silvio! mine eyes have become two fountains of tears, and my heart is full of sorrow. How I have loved my country thou, my divine friend, canst judge by my apostrophe, which springs spontaneously from the heart of one of her most loving sons, whose affection increases even with her calamities; but God knows that I speak of it as it is

"In all truth,
And not through hatred or despite of man!"

Is not truth, from the lips of a son who adores her, more acceptable than flattery from strangers who hate her?—and that they do hate her, I can no longer doubt, both for what she has been, for what she might still become, and for what they never, never will be, who now oppress her.

Oh Silvio! can we love our country and not confess our wrongs? Can we love our country and suffer ourselves to remain blind to the hollow applause of those who caress her, that she may the more surely fall into their snare? Can we encourage the unblushing libertinism which pervades it, and yet ask and hope to obtain freedom; hope to become what we ought to be—Italians?

CHAPTER V.

For a period of many years I had almost religiously preserved my vow, "never to become enslaved by the charms of woman." I had hitherto held them in contempt

and disdained their power. But the time had now come when I was compelled to acknowledge that love is the aliment of the human heart; for so constituted is human life that, without love, it is but a negative existence.

The youth who, in search of an honourable existence, abandons, reluctantly, his country, and friends, if his heart be warm as that of the Italian always is, naturally looks around for some object upon whom to bestow the fervour of his affections. If he be disappointed in his object, he has no other resource left but to look back in anguish upon those from whom he has parted, and—unless he be truly a christian at heart—he in despair becomes reckless, or, with blighted hopes, sickens, languishes and dies.

Love had now become to me a necessity—it was not a choice. But, as in all that relates to the heart, the first impression is ever indelible, so the mingled feeling of hatred and contempt I had so long nourished for woman, operated so strangely upon my fancy, that, whilst I admitted my passion for one of a sex I could not esteem, it was some consolation to my pride, that I worshipped it in its most visionary guise—and sighed for an impossibility.

My Laura combined the loveliness of Petrarch's idol with that which the latter never possessed — the talents of Corinna.

Obstinately despising women, as I yet did, I could not be insensible to the charms of this admirable being. Had I been so, it would have argued little in favour of my taste or judgment. Still, though my whole soul seemed wrapt in the contemplation of her perfection, such was my pride, that it would not suffer me to acknowledge, even to myself, that I loved her. No;—thus I reasoned to myself: "My heart has at length found an object upon which it may bestow its ardent affections—a shrine at which it may offer up its disinterested tribute of admiration."—The conviction that my love was pure and wholly unalloyed with any sensual feeling, for a time, satisfied the doubts of conscience.

This was precisely the kind of love which, ignorant as I was of the holy spirit of christianity, seemed the most consonant with my feelings. I loved a being of this earth—beautiful, amiable and virtuous —whom I knew it to be out of my power to obtain. I adored and sought her affection with all the seeming truth and purity of devotion with which we pant for the angel's bliss in Heaven. But, oh ! just Creator ! keenly hast thou chastised me for my sin !

It was my custom to visit this lady every day, for the space of two hours, during which time we were engaged in the study of the Italian language and literature. Madame de Staël's Corinna was the book we selected for the purpose of rendering into Italian ; and Petrarch was the Italian classic, which we together read through several times, and which by frequently commenting upon, we knew at length by heart.

I fancy I hear my readers exclaim—" These were dangerous studies for two young people of opposite sexes, each enthusiastic, and each equally impressed with a strong attachment to poetry !"

Such observations would be just, in part, but not wholly so, as a review of the merits of the works alluded to will show.

Corinna, whilst under the inspiration of those talents with which she is so pre-eminently gifted, appears to us all that is noble and beautiful in woman. She is *then* an Italian ; but Corinna in love, is transformed into a trifling French woman ; into one of those numberless, senseless coquettes, who, in order to invest their romantic passion with the illusions of poetry, would select a window as the effective scene of their exit, from which they may point out to their faithless lover a cloud, which opportunely shadows the moon's disc. To such a woman, as I have described my pupil to be, and to myself, who despised the sex, the love of Corinna, far from awakening our sympathies, became to us almost a subject of ridicule. It could not touch the heart. Rousseau's Heloise had been perhaps a more perilous subject for our contemplation.

"Love to the exalted mind its lesson swift conveys."

But to such a mind, the love of Petrarch is like the sun's unrivalled splendour, whose beams penetrate into the deepest recesses of the earth, where it would seem

"Night ne'er again could smile itself to day."

Like that great orb, too, it is hallowing in its nature; for immeasurably elevated must be that sentiment which, whilst it awakens an earthly love, breathes into the soul the love of virtue. It was the talents, the modesty, the virtue of Laura, which combined to render her Petrarch's idol, rather than the

"Golden locks in which the zephirs sported;"

therefore, to a well-regulated mind, the study of Petrarch can never be perilous,—unlike the story of Lancillotto selected by Paolo to read with the beautiful but unfortunate Francesca.

It is however undeniable that, from the contemplation of Petrarch, the sentiment that now enthralled me, was awakening a passion which, in the first instance, I was not aware of, until its empire had become fixed beyond my control.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 17th of August, eleven months after my arrival at Zurich, I went as usual to give my daily lesson to my lovely pupil.

She knew it was my birth-day; and had prepared, in order to grace it, a bouquet of the choicest flowers, and three white cravats, which she herself had embroidered, as was the custom at that period.

This elegant token was accompanied by the sweetest smile, and the kindest expressions of interest for me, as though she would dispel, if possible, the sadness she naturally imagined I should feel in celebrating my birth-day, for the first time in my life, from home.

She said that "by the virtuous mind consolation was ever to be obtained, and the purest happiness ever to be enjoyed, though apart from the more immediate objects of its affection; and that when God willed our separation from an earthly parent, He Himself would supply that loved title, and be to us a Father, the tenderest, the most compassionate."

While she thus discoursed, her seraphic countenance beaming with the soft expression of the most affectionate sister, I had remained mutely gazing on her gentleness—her loveliness; but when she spoke to me of God, our mutual Creator, and I beheld those beautiful eyes filled with the tear of devotion and sympathy, I felt as though my heart would break. A voice from within, and not to be silenced, discovered to me the nature of my feeling towards her. It whispered me—"my peace had fled for ever."

I could no longer command myself: I seized her hand involuntarily, and pressing it with a fervour of which I was almost unconscious, I had the temerity to exclaim — "*Je vous aime!*" It was all I could—or dared utter.

Oh! whilst I live—whilst memory endures, never can I forget the sudden, the indescribable revulsion my words and my action produced, in the expression of that lovely countenance.

From being the pitying friend of a youth, separated from his home and his country, to seek an existence among strangers and in a climate so unlike his own; from being the gentle companion of a youth whom she had, until now, deemed amiable and noble

in feeling, she suddenly became the dignified asserter of her character as a woman of virtue, a faithful wife, a betrayed friend.

She raised her head proudly, and turned aside her face from me ; then, disengaging her hand authoritatively from the firm grasp in which I still held it, she rose from her seat, and, with a cheek pale as marble, quitted the room without replying a word.

Imagine, Silvio, the feelings of him she thus left alone! A tempest, dark and overwhelming, seemed to have encompassed my soul. I knew that my peace of mind was torn for ever from me. I felt—if indeed my heart, at that tumultuous moment, could be said to be yet susceptible of any definite feeling but despair at the loss of my happiness—that my own sufferings, terrible as they were, yielded to the bitter conviction that I had grieved, deceived—had sorely offended that noble and dear being, without whose esteem life would be to me but a blank. "Just Heaven! what have I done?" were the only words I could utter in the anguish of that fearful interval of solitude.

Dejected, humbled, overwhelmed, I now awaited but the appearance of the husband of my much injured friend, or one of the domestics, requiring me to leave the house. I, however, still lingered, and for the space of five and twenty minutes, which appeared to me so many centuries, I endured all the agony of anxious suspense.

My feelings had at length attained their highest power of endurance, when suddenly the door opened, and my beautiful pupil again made her appearance.

Conscience, whose bitter reflections so promptly punish those who disregard the laws of honor and virtue, had conveyed to my features an intense expression of remorse, of self-condemnation and sorrow, as I now bent my eyes upon those of my companion.

She had, however, recovered her usual calmness ; and looking at me seriously, but benignly, with an air of almost regal dignity, resumed her accustomed seat. A silence of some

minutes succeeded. At length I had the courage to address her.

"You are angry, madam."

"I am not angry," she replied; "but distressed and astonished."

At these words, tears rushed to my eyes.

"Nay, calm yourself," she said, in the sweetest tone, perceiving my emotion.

"How is it possible," I rejoined; "can you ever forgive me?"

"That will depend upon yourself."

"What are the conditions?"

"That you will again let me think of you as a man of honor and virtue—that you will become the Guido I once knew you—my respected friend," she added, in a tone of solemnity.

At these words, my heart revived. I rose—I spoke not; but, bowing my head respectfully, without once looking at her, I quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

Though somewhat appeased, the tumult of my mind had far from subsided. I quitted the apartment and the house; and finding it impossible, that day, to attend to the remainder of my lessons, I left the city, whose atmosphere seemed to suffocate me, that I might seek a fresher air in which I could breathe more freely.

I traversed the shores of the lake, overwhelmed with a torrent of reflection, and yet almost unconscious of my movement, though I must have accomplished miles during my walk! Indeed, such was the delirium of my feelings, that there were moments in which I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing. Everything seemed changed to me;—the

mountains, the valley, the trees, the lake, men, animals, the air—yes, even the air, and the sky itself, seemed that day to have assumed a different aspect.

But alas! it was not they—it was I—I alone who had changed! The utterance of that fatal sentence: "*Je vous aime,*" constituted a crime, that years of penance would not be sufficient to expiate: and from that hour my penance began! Evening had far advanced, and still beheld me wandering restlessly through the country. At length I sought my home—I entered my little apartment, and, with surprise, saw upon the table a small packet addressed to myself. I hastily broke the seal, and discovered its contents to be the three embroidered cravats and the little bouquet—my birth-day gifts—with a letter in these words:

"Signor Guido,

"The few hours, which have elapsed since our interview of this morning, must have sufficed to recall you to yourself, and to have made you reflect upon what has occurred. Your own heart must have already acknowledged, that the conduct which duty now imposes upon me, is to refuse seeing you again—yes, for ever.

"This step to which duty would compel me, you must be aware, could not be taken without awakening suspicion in the mind of my husband, to whose happiness I would sacrifice every wish and every secret of my heart. I will suppose him already acquainted with your conduct, and to have evinced sufficient forbearance not to expose you to others: yet, how, think you, in so small a town as this, could you explain the abrupt cessation of your visits to us? the real cause of which, were it discovered, or even suspected by your scholars, would effectually ruin your professional prospects at Zurich.

"I must leave you to reflect upon the situation, to which you have reduced yourself. I assure you my heart bleeds for you, when I think what must be your own fearful forebodings.

"Oh, Guido! what exalted hopes had I not formed of you,—you who had seemed to me so good, so virtuous! Did I not love you as a brother?—Why, then, did you deceive me? why mercilessly destroy the hope I had in you? Can I esteem you now?—You have had the folly to love me, and have dared to tell me so. No; it were impossible for me to esteem one who has not cared to respect the object of his love. Should I not have rendered myself despicable in your eyes, if, in defiance of every law, human and divine, I had lent an ear to the avowal of your unworthy passion? Just Heaven! how was I deceived in relying upon the exaltation of your heart; how changed to me is the "Guido" of yesterday from him I now contemplate! Oh, Guido! Guido! into what an abyss would you have precipitated yourself!—the just wrath of Heaven is suspended above you—one word, one syllable from me, and you are crushed to the earth for ever.

"What would Cleofe say to you?—your own Cleofe—she, who had formed so exalted an estimate of your character, were she to behold you returning to your native land in poverty, and that poverty the offspring of your own folly? Think you, she would still bestow on you that love, which she hitherto so deeply felt for you? Alas! methinks I see this part of my letter well nigh effaced by your tears: but, Guido! from what source have they arisen?—from the consciousness of your having offended a beneficent Being, from whose creative power so many channels of happiness have been opened to you on earth—such a promise of future bliss in Heaven! Do they spring from repentance at the indignity you have this day offered me, and to my husband, too, who has ever been to you a kind and faithful friend?—Are they derived from the feeling of no longer meriting the protection of Heaven, the respect of your fellow-men, or your own esteem?

"If these are the secret springs of your sorrow, prostrate yourself, I beseech you,—yes, this moment, humble yourself at the foot of the Cross: implore the pardon of the God of all

goodness—and I too will pardon you; yes, I promise you, I solemnly declare that I will pardon you. Oh, Guido! in pity to yourself, suffer not the youthful plant, from which so much is hoped, to be consumed by the never-dying worm of sin, that destroys inexorably; — but become once again a man of honour: be again to me the friend, the brother you once were. Alas! would that you may listen to my counsel. Although I have numbered but a very few years more than yourself, yet how much more of the world have I seen, how much better have understood the things which belong to it! But you have had much sorrow, and you are still young and inexperienced. Oh! that Heaven would bless me by turning your ear unto my counsel! would that I might be permitted, through His help, to guide you in the path of virtue. Then should I indeed hold my existence as Heaven's own gift, and resign it without a sigh, conscious it had been spent in the service of my Creator!

"V."

P.S. "I send you the three cravats and the flowers you forgot to take this morning. Be calm, and be wise. I shall expect you to-morrow at the usual hour."

CHAPTER VIII.

That Being, by whose power alone a morning of brightness and joy may succeed a night spent in mortal misery, had willed that tranquillity and repose should close my tempestuous and wretched day.

To comprehend the goodness of his Creator, man has but to feel himself the object of it. Never does God's bounty shine more triumphantly upon His creature than when, in the hour of His wrath, He showers the healing manna into the soul o

man instead of the fire, which had consumed him, re-illumining within him the hope which despair had well nigh extinguished, by a mercy which surpasses the imagination of man to conceive!

The letter of this most virtuous of women was a balm to the self-inflicted poisonous wound of the irreligious man.

Unsustained by his Creator, man is but dust: his thoughts —his works, but foolishness. Temptation assails him. His rebellious spirit, or, as he would vainly term it, his *philosophy*, arms him in his own defence. Scorning to fly from the evil, he presumptuously opposes his own unassisted strength to the combat, and thence ensues his shameful fall.

Left to himself, man is as incapable of escaping from the snare Satan spreads around him, as is the scorpion from the blazing circle in which his tormentors have enclosed him. At its first consciousness of the unusual and unnatural heat, the reptile cautiously moves round, in search of an escape from the threatening flame. He finds it not. With increasing torment, he extends his circling movement, but finds that he only approaches nearer the fatal object of his terror. Had he, in apparent humility of purpose, crouched immoveably in the centre, to await the extinguishing of the devouring flame, or to exhaust the patience of his persecutors, he had conquered. But no: the fearful element gains on him from without, whilst from within he has now to contend with the gathering of his own fiery passions; until at length, rushing in despair into the midst of the blazing pile, he inflicts upon himself a mortal wound from his own envenomed sting, and expires by his own poison.

Such is the irreligious man in the hour of temptation. Death encircles him on every side. His vain presumption in supposing himself capable of confronting it alone, without the assistance of his Maker, withers for ever *that* which is most lovely in his spirit—his hope of a blessed immortality! whilst the issue of this fearful conflict, never has been, or ever shall be other than defeat, shame, and death.

CHAPTER IX.

Such were my reflections during this eventful night which thus wore away in thought and prayer. Oh! how willingly does God accept the prayer of youth! how unlike is it to the prayer of maturity! Between the infant spirit and its Creator there seems an almost imperceptible distance. Every feeling is gratitude and hope, in the bright morning of existence. Every thought of the heart breathes love towards the Being, who supports, cherishes and acknowledges us for His own children. But, as age advances, how does that distance increase! It becomes *immeasurable*—until, at length, only, by the miracle of a Saviour's mediation, dare we hope, that beyond the dark cloud of sin which separates us from our heavenly Father, there is yet a brighter path that will lead us to the paradise of the elect.

Morning at length broke in upon my reflections: the hour of twelve arrived, and I once more found myself in the presence of my offended friend.

"Good morrow, Guido," she said, "advancing nearly to the door to meet me, and taking my hand, with that air of dignified affability which seemed to say

> "Honour and virtue, like twin sisters, crown'd,
> Dwell in my breast: no baser thought is found
> To live—where once that sacred tie is bound."

"You are well—you are tranquil I trust," she added: and without giving me time to reply to her questions which succeeded each other rapidly, she continued with more solemnity of manner, fixing her eye stedfastly on me: "Guido, we must forget for ever the events of yesterday, and let us pray heaven, that the great enemy of mortal friendship may never again step between us to sully the purity of a sentiment which might, otherwise, endure unchanged till death."

"Till death!" I repeated with all the ardor of a youth, who, prostrated for the first time by the enemy of mankind, feels himself yet re-animated to support the struggle.

We seated ourselves, as usual, at a little table, opposite a window which opened most delightfully upon the lovely valley of Zurich.

Our morning's study was Petrarch's beautiful canzone, beginning, "Italia mia."

Oh, Silvio! would that thou hadst been with us—thou, who (unlike myriads of our self-styled liberals, whose principal aim is their own aggrandisement), desirest the good of thy country alone, the welfare of Italy! what interesting, what encouraging sentiments wouldst thou have heard from my virtuous friend, who herself born free, generously desired to see the Italians occupy their ancient station amongst other nations; a people whom she pronounced, even in their present degenerate state, deserving the respect of nations, and worthy of a happier destiny.

"Alas, Guido!" she would often say to me, "your countrymen are slaves, only, because it is their will to remain so. Did they form but a united country, they would become, not in the slow course of years, but in a few brief months, the gem of nations, the ornament, the glory, the boast of Europe! And what prevents the accomplishment of this desired object? the absence of physical courage to support the sight of blood, which, alas! situated as you are, it is imperative upon you to shed, if ever you would hope to become free in your day." These and a thousand other things she said:

> "Much more she added, but its silence now,
> E'en like its utt'rance then, were eloquence."

Still more fascinated, I took my leave with a tranquil conscience, and at peace with heaven.

CHAPTER X.

Upon quitting the house, I walked forth into the country. With what different feelings, did I now pursue my way, to those which had agitated me yesterday.

The sun shone most brilliantly in a heaven scarcely less ethereal than that of Italy, whilst within my heart dwelt a paradise I could hardly comprehend. It seemed as though God once more smiled upon me, and thus already amply recompensed my desire to become virtuous, by awakening within me that peaceful spirit which man can neither give nor take away—which *the world* knows not, and which can never be tasted within its vortex.

I shall be asked :

" Did you still love the Zuricker ?"

" Yes :—I loved her still."

" In what degree :—More, or less than before ?"

" Neither more, nor less; but yet with a very different feeling!"

That love which craves the possession of some beloved object, was no longer my ruling sentiment. My heart dwelt not now in adoration of the golden locks and the graceful form of the beautiful Zuricker; but, beyond this mortal perfection, it bowed in worship to a spirit, which seemed but descended from heaven to teach man the love of his Creator through His creature, whose heavenly destiny I seemed able to foresee.

On earth, she dwelt but as a celestial vision, which, touched by the hands of the libertine or terrified by the sound of an impure thought, would have vanished for ever from amongst unkindred spirits, like the ignis fatuus at the pursuit of the fool, or as a dream is dispelled by the hum of an insect.

Never does virtue appear so clothed with celestial attributes as when it manifests itself in a beautiful woman! Its effect

upon all, within the influence of her power, is then irresistible! Even the evil one is compelled with man to admire, to render homage to its irresistible charm. When first Satan beheld Eve encompassed by her garb of innocence—

> "Her every air
> Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd
> His malice, and with rapine sweet, bereaved
> His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought;
> That space the evil one abstracted stood
> From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
> Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
> Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge."

What marvel then, that the love which animated me to-day was no longer the feeling of yesterday! But might there not be another cause for the change which had taken place in me? I was still very young. From my tenderest years I had ever loved virtue rather than evil, while, from the peculiarity of my education, I had, until a comparatively advanced age, seen or understood but little of the world. It is true, I had become somewhat infected by the universal contagion of vice, but my wound was but as yet superficial: the heart's blood had not been tainted. That heart, nurtured as it had been so many years by the hand of Providence, could not but betray some repugnance at the first immoral feast vice had presented to it. My senses were not so inevitably steeped in the oblivious gulf of iniquity, but that virtue's fragrant incense would oft interpose its salutary influence. The religious principles, which had been instilled into my early youth, and which had now only slept during the temporary delirium of passion, would soon awaken at the charmed voice of virtue, whose presence, like that of heaven's brightest orb, dispels the false illusions of life, by drawing from before our eyes the veil which had seemed to shroud us from eternity, and restores to us the truth it had hitherto obscured.

This then was the effect of my admiration of that virtue

which shone forth so brilliantly in my beautiful Zuricker. I desired but to approach within the sphere of such perfection, to become an object of regard to such a being, while that feeling of awe, which a beautiful and virtuous woman ever inspires in those who approach her, took possession of me—that heavenly guard, which an exalted mind sheds around it, making beauty appear yet more lovely from its own reflection.

Now that I knew how to appreciate her, in her presence I felt

> "Prostrate my spirit at her virtues shrine,"

and venerating that living virtue, as the enlightened Roman Catholic adores its memory, in the image of the living tabernacle which once enshrined it.

It was sufficient happiness for me to be in her presence; yet, when I quitted her, not a shade of sorrow clouded my mind. When distant from her, I felt that to survive a separation from a beloved object was

> "The lover's privilege
> Whose chain no longer mortal
> Bears a stamp divine;"

whilst during that separation I pursued my ordinary occupations, looking back in remembrance upon her image only as that of a guardian angel, who had left her heavenly abode to guide me through the Land of the Stranger.

Virtue, therefore, was the basis of an attachment, which was as reciprocal, as, by the support of religious feelings, it was destined to be lasting. Religion was, with my beautiful friend, a first principle, a basis which equally exalts our admiration of whatever is lovely, and raises our self-respect; a sufficient recompense to all who pursue the path of rectitude.

This period of my existence might be termed a paradise on earth; for in its enjoyment neither vice, nor the gratification of the senses had any share.

But is it difficult to remain virtuous in this world?

Not so;—nothing is more easy to those who sincerely desire it. Their prayer will be granted! Even were our Creator deaf to the prayers, the sorrows, and the importunities of His creatures—were this life but a dream, which death, in dispelling, should extinguish for ever—were paradise and the infernal regions but the imagined picture of the Poet, or the fabrication of an impostor's brain—even then, in a sphere so limited, and so polluted by mortal folly and iniquity, virtue would still be the god of our idolatry, the flower, the sweet incense of our existence; while vice would remain, its corruption, its destroyer.

There are doubtless thousands now—as there have ever been, and ever will be—who will resolutely deny the existence of that pure affection—that Platonic love, which I conceived for the beautiful Zuricker. By such, my conduct and motives will be harshly judged, from not being understood: and I myself, when recurring to this period of my friendship with my now sainted friend, grieve at having exposed her, as I must have done, to even the breath of human censure; the world's opinion is mostly uncharitable.

The longer I live, the firmer is my conviction, that women must respect the world's opinion—man may defy it.

Experience is not allotted to youth. God who orders every thing in His wisdom, causes the young flower to expand mid blindness and uncertainty—to what end, He alone knows! But He will be ever merciful to His helpless creation!

CHAPTER XI.

Had I not, at this period of my existence, been associated with two beings, who loved me for myself alone, with the purest, the most disinterested friendship, I had infallibly become a decided misanthrope. I was born with

a heart full of affection and anxiously soliciting the love of all those around me: but alas! the yearnings of my heart were thwarted even in the cradle; and love was denied me in that quarter, where the voice of nature calls most loudly for its exercise.

Immured within the four walls of a gloomy prison, thou, dear Pellico! couldst yet recall to thyself, at will, thy lost happiness, by dwelling on the memory of the bright hours thou hadst felt, the sweet enjoyment thou hadst tasted during the thirty years, which had preceded thy captivity. Thou couldst gild the gathered gloom with a beam of an imagined light, and people the solitude with the beings of thine own creation. Thou couldst exchange the bright wings of poetry for the holier garb of Religion—poetry—that illusive divinity, who, in the helplessness of misfortune, urges us to despair in the consciousness, that

> "That is superior woe, which, in our grief,
> Recalls the memory of departed joy."

Thou hast felt gratitude for the uninterrupted spring-time of thy existence, which God had so crowned for thee with flowers; and thou hast formed a miraculous haven in that tempestuous hour, when man, in the refinement of his barbarity, seemed to league with the elements for thy destruction, and, when, in the extremity of thy despair, thou hadst nearly found the instrument of annihilation in thine own hand. God be praised that He averted so fearful a consummation!

Such has not been my destiny! It is true, actual imprisonment is not the theme of my complaint: but my incarceration has been virtually yet more cruel than thine own. Exile, —what can be worse?—a voluntary, though necessary exile, is indeed a bitter imprisonment. *There* is the gloom of solitude, the stillness of the grave, the sterility of the desert. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

In whatever country the stranger may seek a home—be the climate milder and softer than his native sky; be the inhabitants more amiable, more admirable than his fellow-countrymen; it is not the superior luxuriance of nature, nor even the humanity and kindness of men that can reconcile him, if he be a man of sensibility, to a residence in a foreign land, nor prevent him from looking back upon the spot of his birth, with a sigh at his banishment, and the feeling that he is separated from all his natural ties.

"What findest thou in thy country thus to venerate?" demanded Xerxes of Themistocles,

> "Ay, all my Lord!
> The ashes of my ancestors,
> The sacred laws and tutelary Gods,
> The tongue in which my infant thought was clothed,—
> Customs which grew with me where I have felt
> The sweat upon my brow, and reaped the applause
> And mingled in the glory of the hour—
> 'Tis there my native earth, its hollowed trunks,
> The sky, the ruined walls, the moss-grown stones!"

Hence it is, that notwithstanding the hospitality and the respect I have ever experienced from the English, during my residence amongst them, and the admiration I have felt for their character, ever since I have become closely acquainted with them, I have never been able to dispossess myself of the feeling, that the plant, which had flourished vigorously beneath its native sky, languishes in a foreign soil, and assumes but a dwarfish growth in a clime less genial.

If I look back upon the years which have preceded my already protracted exile, how few hours of happiness reward my retrospection! If I dwell upon the present hour, neither storms nor tempests disturb it. But alas! what a sunless atmosphere envelops it, and what a hopeless morrow seems about to rise on me! If I look to a future—but no!—let me not seek to penetrate beyond a sphere, where all is im-

penetrably wrapt in mystery, but, leaving that future in the hands of my Creator, study to improve the present moment, in whatever relation it may be. Let me not sigh for the fruitfulness of Egypt, in this my present desart, but bowing the daily aspirations of my heart to the protecting eye of Providence, I will endeavour to walk on, in the spirit of faith, towards the promised land.

But to resume, my dear Pellico. The memory of the two angelic friends, who have illumined my path in a world, where a false glare supplies the place of a purer light, is the spell—the magic spell which enchains me still to my fellow-men : it is the link which still unites me to humanity—the talisman which has hitherto led me, and I trust ever will lead me, to love and compassionate my species.

Cleofe—my sister Cleofe—was the first being, who in my early days of innocence and suffering, presented to me the perfection of heavenly consolation, in her disposition of sweetness, indulgence and affection. Surrounded by a large family, and all amiably disposed, yet not one of them seemed comparable to Cleofe. She alone seemed created with that heavenly feeling, that would take to itself the thorn, in order that the object of its affection might possess but the flower.

In after years, the husband of my beautiful Zuricker was the second, who realized my visions of human perfection. But of him I will speak more at length, in the regular course of my narration.

CHAPTER XII.

There never has yet appeared on earth, nor do I think there ever will exist, a man capable of equalling woman in the intensity of love—that true, profound, disinterested and unchangeable sentiment, which, ever constant in affliction,

CLEOFE SORELLI.

Drawn on Stone by W P Sherlock

Printed by C Hullmandel.

sweetens every bitterness of life, and, amid clouds and darkness, always discovers some bright opening, through which may be introduced the sweet sunshine of hope. Thousands, ay, thousands are the objects to which the life of man is directed—innumerable the spheres, round which his destiny revolves. But in one—only one should be the course of a woman—in one only sphere should she consecrate her powers. Affection is that sphere. Affection should be the rallying point of her existence. Forsaking that, a woman is degraded from one of her best attributes, unobtrusiveness, and ceasing to be what Heaven and nature had created her, she becomes despicable in the eyes of wisdom—and after fluttering for a while before the dazzled eyes of the multitude, whose applause can but little satisfy a noble mind, she dwindles into an object of derision and dislike.

In infancy my affections were equally bestowed upon relatives and associates; but it was not so with Cleofe at that period. Though feeling a proper regard for every member of our numerous family, the full force of her love was concentrated in one individual—and that was her brother Guido. And why was I the especial object of her tenderness?—Because she saw me in the days of my innocence *persecuted* and *unhappy*: and this is woman—this a woman's heart—this the tabernacle of true affection!

Cleofe was in person about the middle height, and nature had moulded her figure in the most symmetrical proportions. Her ample brow was shaded by hair dark as ebony, whilst her black eye spoke eloquently from beneath her yet darker eyebrows the exalted feelings of her mind.

The mouth, which seems to contend with the eye in marking the expression of the human countenance, was in Cleofe a perfect feature; and her voice,

"Breath'd a music such as angels speak."

Endowed with an ardent adoration of her Creator, with an

enthusiastic reverence for all that is beautiful in nature, possessing a lively genius, and unequalled among the "*dilettanti*" of Italy, both as an "*improvvisatrice*," and as a perfect musician, Cleofe added to these the rare virtue of an unwillingness for display.

Although I was extremely young at this period, Cleofe was never permitted to console her young friend and brother by word or action.

But the day arrived on which Cleofe was free to tell me and prove to me that she loved me, and to evince, by every action, how much dearer to her was my happiness than her own. A volume would be insufficient to relate her innumerable instances of friendship for me; one or two of which I will however relate.

I had been but a year at Zurich, when, on the eve of Easter-Sunday, I received a letter from my father; it was without signature, and terminated with these words: "I cannot write any more — I am deprived of light." It was from *Il Bargello* — the prison at Florence — whence my father dated his letter; and I farther gathered from his expressions that he was confined there for debt, whilst he had to fear, that not only was he to be deprived of his liberty, but that accusations were about to be preferred against him involving his honor. I did not hesitate a moment.—My excellent father imprisoned and his honor attacked!—My resolution was soon taken. I hastened to the friend who had in his possession the little fortune I had realized during my sojourn at Zurich. I threw my father's letter before him, and begged him to dispatch immediately to Cleofe all the money he had belonging to me. This my friend opposed; he represented to me the imprudence of thus suddenly depriving myself of the savings I had accumulated at the expense of so much exertion, by giving up which, I should be exposed, in the event of sickness, or some unforeseen accident, to the humiliation of imploring succour in a foreign land, or compelled to suffer the privations of poverty.

But these words were scattered to the winds. I persisted in my request, and he, at length, promised me to write immediately to Florence to procure my father's release.

It is here necessary that I should inform my readers, that, by one of those contradictions of nature, which humanity so often evinces, Cleofe had become the affianced wife of a man, in my estimation, the most unworthy of herself. It would be but wasting time to sully my pen in attempting his portrait. His character is the very reverse of that I have described Cleofe's to be.

Humiliating and melancholy contrast! On the one side, a creature born to adorn humanity by her celestial and endearing virtues; on the other, a being without one quality to render him tolerable in the eyes of his fellow-men!—It was seldom I ventured to express my contempt of this individual, so unfortunately dear to Cleofe, for it is always somewhat hazardous for a third person to interfere on a subject of such delicacy. But with Cleofe's exalted mind, Reason easily asserted her powerful sway; and, although she was still biassed by her inclination, I generally succeeded in making her sensible how much she wronged herself in loving so unworthy an object; and our conferences always ended by her promising me to discard him at their next interview.

I have read of a reptile, whose looks exert such fascinating power over its destined prey, that the wretched victim becomes incapable of withdrawing its eye from the fatal influence; impelled by a mysterious attraction, it approaches nearer and nearer, and, at length, falls within the expectant fangs of its destroyer!

Such was the influence possessed by that man over my sweet sister—my only—my best friend—an influence beguiling as that of the serpent upon Eve. Her very soul seemed enervated by his contagion: her very resolution faded into uncertainty at his appearance.

This contradiction in Cleofe is a problem which I can only solve satisfactorily by the following interpretation.

Love is a feeling begotten *within* ourselves, and bearing no relation to any thing apart from ourselves. *Love* is the extatic dream of the soul. It is the offspring of the heart, and is adorned by it with every imaginary loveliness, and invested with its own virtues and inclinations. *Love* is, indeed, a second *self* of the soul; and that tangible form which we imagine so much the object of our admiration, is nought else but the shadow of that beautiful ideal image of our own heart's creation. Thus it is that, in the absence of the beloved individual, the soul ever converses more freely with its own idol; and, though seeming to mourn that absence, it finds more happiness in the enjoyment of its own creative image, the actual presence of which is ever disclosing something of reality, and, consequently, dispelling the beautiful illusion. But, as every dream of life is evanescent, and, like approaching shadows dissipate at the touch, *Matrimony*—which is the dawn of reality—opens our eyes, and discloses the truth.—Association gradually divests the loved object of each fantastic attribute with which imagination had clothed it, and displays it, however amiable it may be in disposition and feature, in the ordinary guise of mortality.

It was at this period Cleofe received a letter from my banker at Zurich, informing her that her brother had desired the whole of his property to be deposited into her hands, for the liberation of his father, Signor Gaetano Sorelli not having specified to his son the sum for which he was imprisoned.

This intelligence threatened to involve Cleofe in some difficulty, from her limited powers of action in her present situation. At that time women of any standing in society seldom appeared alone in the streets of Florence.—Cleofe had no mother: her father was in prison; and she dared take no step, nor, indeed, scarcely harbour a thought, without communicating it to her betrothed lover.

The consciousness that she possessed the means of liberating her father, whom she adored, came to her associated with the image of him who had procured her so great a happiness, and

that individual was her brother, who in pursuit of an honorable livelihood, was compelled to pass his days in a strange land, a friendless exile.

She, therefore, resolved upon appropriating only what was necessary for the accomplishment of my principal object, and purposed to remit immediately the whole of the remainder to her exiled brother. She rejected the idea of distributing amongst my brothers, as I had requested, a portion of the surplus that might arise, after effecting my father's liberation, and of retaining for herself the yet larger sum I had destined for her. Finally she decided upon concealing the whole transaction from her affianced husband, who would have compelled her to accept a gift in which he might participate.

The conflicting interests of father, brother, and lover produced a powerful contention in the mind of Cleofe, and it grieved her the more from the certainty she felt of her inability to content them all, whilst from one, if not two of them, she must look for actual displeasure.

In this delicate and responsible situation, and from which she expected such painful consequences, Cleofe sent for one of her aunts.

Upon her arrival, she gave her to understand that an affair of great importance, involving the interests of her father and Guido, compelled her to apply to the banker Orsi, and accordingly solicited her aunt to accompany her thither.

On arriving at the banker's, he repeated the orders to consign to her her brother's property, which exceeded, by two-thirds the sum she would require in the liberation of her father. For an instant Cleofe enjoyed the consciousnesss that she was at that moment free to execute that pious duty: in the next she shuddered at the reflection that, even at that moment, Guido was probably without support.

"You will not betray my confidence, Signor Orsi!" she exclaimed suddenly to the banker, and, scarcely waiting for his promise, she related to him every particular of her position with regard to her father, to her brother, and to her lover.

" My dear Signora," replied Orsi, " it is doubtless your first duty to pay the sum intended for your father's enlargement; but your second, and one equally imperative, is to consult the welfare of your brother, by not revealing, either to your father or lover, the circumstance of your possessing the remainder. With your permission, I will retain it in my hands, and should you have the courage to desire me to remit it to my correspondent at Zurick, I will write to him without delay, to restore it to Signor Guido."

" I thank you for your counsel," replied my dear sister, " and, I pray you, return it immediately to our Guido. I shall know how to keep my secret from my father and lover."

After the first delirium of joy and gratitude, at feeling himself once more at liberty, had subsided, succeeded the desire of knowing the particulars of his emancipation, as is natural with one, who, though released from actual danger, still knows himself to be poor and unsupported. My father therefore begged Cleofe to relate to him the circumstances of my interference, and also to tell him *how much* I had advanced for his relief.

" My dearest father," replied Cleofe, " you are absolved from your debt; you are restored to your children; and Guido is your liberator. Remain satisfied with this conviction, and, I beseech you, suffer me to preserve for ever silence on this subject."

My father was too good to refuse his acquiescence in her wish, although he remained persuaded that his son Guido had rendered him much more assistance than she was willing he should become acquainted with.

It was a less easy task to persuade or secure the concurring silence of Cleofe's intended husband. He *insisted* upon a detailed explanation of the whole transaction. Cleofe hesitated; and at length, through her noble and spirited refusal, the diamond was separated from the clogging ore. The gem assumed its proper value, and shone forth in its native light, as though ashamed of the veil which had so long eclipsed its lustre: it

blazed forth with redoubled splendour, like a star, which, issuing from a long obscuring cloud, appears to move on its sphere more smiling and lustrous than before.

CHAPTER XIII.

To assert that Cleofe, though now free from infatuation, did not feel most acutely her separation from him who had been so long her idol, would be to deny the truth, and, perhaps, to wrong my sister.

Love, as I have already said, is the most exquisite and beautiful illusion of life. An exalted mind creates for itself an object little less than divine, and out of its own imagination invests it with every perfection.

> "Love refines
> The thoughts and the heart enlarges: hath his seat
> In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
> By which to heav'nly love thou mayst ascend."—

But, how seldom does reality accord with the anticipation of our dreams!

In its first creation, how beautiful a vision is that of love, sporting in the ethereal regions of imagination, until reduced to the level of a sad reality in this vale of tears!—Woe to the lovers, when they awake! Too soon compelled to sink from an eminence, to which the heated and rarified atmosphere of love had enabled them buoyantly to ascend, those who are even the most favored find that they are but yoked to human frailty, whilst the great majority awake to misery and to bitter repentance!

And to misery did poor Cleofe indeed awake from her long, happy illusion.

To have remained indifferent and unmoved at her sudden change from the bright cheerfulness of hope to a state of gloomy despondency—to have contemplated, without a heart-rending effort, the transformation of her lover from an angel to a demon, would have ill-accorded with the acute and high-toned sensibility of my beloved sister.

This disappointment fell most heavily upon poor Cleofe, and the first consciousness of her misery had well nigh broken her heart.

Happily for her, her mind was attuned to the love of all that is most admirable in this world—virtue and religion. The first taught my sister to detest vice, even though she beheld it in the object of her idolatry; and to shelter herself behind the ægis of that self-respect, which defies all the assaults and revilings of the wicked.—The second led her to resign herself to the will of her Creator,—a will ever blessed with mercy and good-will to man.

Thus, to benefit her brother, whom she loved with the love that angels bear to each other, did Cleofe triumph over a deeply-rooted, though unworthy attachment; and rarely, indeed, will it be found, that, with such noble efforts, and with such exalted resolution, the triumph of victory is not secured—the applause of our own conscience, aud that peace of mind which *no* earthly possession can *alone* supply.

CHAPTER XIV.

One morning, going, as usual, to give a lesson to my fair Zuricker, I found, what had seldom before occurred at my visits, her husband seated beside her. She greeted me with a mute inclination of the head. A beautiful smile played upon her lips, and a peculiar expression in her eyes told me that her

heart was glad with some good news which she longed, yet hesitated, to communicate to me.

Her husband received me without the least token of acknowledgment, whatever might have been the favourable opinion with which he regarded me; but it was impossible to interpret, from the expression of his countenance, whether gladness or sorrow were his prevailing sentiments, as he stood, immoveable as a statue, with his eyes fixed searchingly upon me.

Had it not been for the slight glance I had obtained of my fair friend's countenance upon my entrance, I should have suspected, from his almost stern aspect, that he was inclined to be sceptical upon the motive of my visits to his wife, and that he doubted whether my feelings toward her were as truly platonic as I had persuaded myself they were.

I, however, advanced and offered my hand to each: but, scarcely had I taken my usual seat, and prepared to commence my lesson, than, drawing from his pocket a bill of exchange, from the banker, Donato Orsi—by which I was again put into possession of two-thirds of the sum I had remitted to Cleofe—he addressed me thus:

"One-third of your gift has been sufficient for the release of your father, Signor Guido Sorelli; and these hundred louis are once more your own. If you will permit me, I will take charge of them for you, and place them together with the hundred and fifty belonging to you in my possession."

"What hundred and fifty?" I exclaimed, hastily.

"Those," he replied, calmly, "you had previously consigned to my keeping. I warned you, that to deprive yourself of all you possessed, was an act of extreme imprudence. But youth is little calculating, and you had evidently decided upon not heeding my advice. Still, as your protector and your friend, I could not submit to seeing you run thus headlong into jeopardy; and, as my arguments were powerless when opposed to an act of filial duty, I eagerly obeyed an impulse of Heaven's inspiration, which was to supply from my own coffers the sum you demanded, and to the same amount of your de-

posit in my hands. Two-thirds of that sum have been returned to me. This now belongs to you as part of a gift, which I trust you will not feel humiliated in accepting at my hands; for, believe me, the consolation of having served one we esteem, is a recompense which even more than counterbalances the benefit conferred. But, Signor Guido, permit me to say to you, that, although this first step of a generous indiscretion has not been visited upon you with any very ill effects, there is nothing so perilous in life, as abandoning ourselves to each impulse of the heart, unconfirmed by parent-reason, and prudence. An unreserved obedience to such suggestions is sure to involve us in error. But do not misunderstand me, in supposing I would regulate your actions by the cold calculations of reason *alone*, which, unillumined by the softer impulses of the heart, possess in themselves an austerity or unkindness, degrading to our nature, and the perfection of its sentiments. Signor Guido, my sincerity must be an excuse for the severity of my counsel; I now wish you good morning!

He shook my hand, and with the same serious, nay, almost severe expression on his countenance, he quitted the apartment, before I had time to utter one word of grateful acknowledgment.

CHAPTER XV.

My visits to Madame V.... were, with the exception of Sundays, paid uniformly every day from eleven o'clock until one, and, very frequently were repeated from three in the afternoon until five.

Alone, or in the society of others, the pleasure I experienced in her conversation was always the same, for, in either position, it never deviated from the character of unreserved confi-

dence in which we had, from the beginning of our friendship, placed the purity of our principles—the elevation and glory of our sentiments.

Whence did it arise that, notwithstanding the power I had of seeing her twice daily, every day her presence became insensibly more necessary to me? How came it that the hours which intervened between my visits, now seemed to drag on so much more heavily than usual, and, at length, became so insupportable, that, as a solace for the temporary absence of the original, I ventured to ask for her portrait; a request to which, had she acceded, must have been alike concealed from her husband and every living soul!—There are pages in the history of the human heart, which man may, for a while, refuse to look into; but though he shrinks from the contemplation, not the less surely is there inscribed the terrible truth.

Had then my love forsaken the pure and elevated temple of Platonic affection?— Yet, how could it be so? Far from veiling from myself the secret feelings of my heart, I seemed to concentrate all my powers in the desire of penetrating the motive of every thought and action, whilst I made it a point of duty to display before my fair friend the result of each, in order to obtain her sanction, if I were right, or submit to her correction, if I deviated from her standard of virtue in thought or word.

Nevertheless, although she did not visit my singular request with the resentment it merited, and conscience with her iron sceptre had not yet chased from my bosom its indwelling peace, a secret misgiving had come over me, presaging that happiness was about to wing its flight from Guido for ever.— Perhaps this was one of those problems, the solution of which was alone to be obtained in the lapse of years;—and in the lapse of years, indeed, have I found my solution.

CHAPTER XVI.

Foscolo, the Greek, who in "Le mie Prigioni" is styled the friend of Silvio Pellico, had, at this period, just escaped from the fury of the Milanese populace, who eagerly sought to sacrifice him on the very spot where he assumed the character of an orator of a liberty, which they were either incapable of understanding, or, more probably, doubted his sincerity in advocating. He sought refuge in Zurich, bringing with him letters of introduction to the mercantile house of my friend.

"Are you acquainted with Foscolo, the Greek?" said my friend, one morning.

"Only by reputation," I replied: "but I am most anxious to know him personally."

"I can procure you that pleasure this very evening," said my friend; "come to me at six o'clock, and we will pay him a visit together."

I was enchanted at the prospect of becoming known to a man, who had maintained so pre-eminent a station among the literati of Italy—to him who was at once the friend and the rival of Monti—the idol of the most beautiful women of Italy, whose tears he had so often caused to flow by the simple power of his celebrated letters of "Jacopo Ortis."

It was striking six, as I knocked at the door of my friend. After hastily despatching a cup of tea, we very shortly arrived at an elegant little villa, situated on the brow of a gently slooping hill, and which had for its title "La Deliziosa."

Foscolo was at home, having been previously prepared by my friend, that he would be accompanied that evening by a young Florentine, in whom he was very much interested.

We were ushered into his presence, when, scarcely heeding the salutation of my friend, and his introduction of me, Foscolo hastily advanced, and with his whole soul outwardly beaming

in every look, and in every gesture, took my hand cordially in one of his own, placed the other on my head as if in the act of benediction, and then softly drawing his fingers through my thick black hair, he exclaimed:

"Behold an Italian head! Thou art heartily welcome, my Florentine friend!"

I respectfully kissed the hand which still retained mine. I seemed unable to speak; indeed, I do not think that Foscolo heard the sound of my voice that day. I stood before him, as if contemplating a vision which had just alighted on earth, but had not yet thrown off its ethereal attributes.

It was a brief visit—but he begged of me to repeat it the following morning at eleven. I intimated my acquiescence, but in what manner, whether by word or gesture, I cannot now recall, and we took our leave.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS punctual to my appointment with Foscolo on the following morning. He received me with much courtesy—but, immediately after, with great abruptness, begged me to describe to him the present posture of my affairs, together with my future prospects of advancement.

On hearing these words, I could not but think the request inquisitive and exacting, from one to whom I had only been introduced yesterday. It reminded me of the coarse freedom of the Bernese salutation, "How do you live?" so unlike that of the German address, "How are you?"

Not wishing to satisfy so blunt an inquiry, I replied, somewhat drily, that, "although I was certainly an exile from my native land, yet, thanks to heaven, fortune did not compel me to solicit aid from every stranger who arrived in the

town, and that I felt endued both with youth and energy sufficient to open for myself an honourable career, with no other assistance than my own efforts."

Judging of the effect of my words by the lowering of Foscolo's red brow, I saw that he did not relish my answer. Perhaps it was more caustic than the occasion required. It might have been, that, what I then interpreted as an unbecoming freedom, was but the expression of a *paternal feeling*—an affectionate anxiety for my welfare—a *tender compassion*, which a man thoroughly acquainted with the world might be supposed to entertain in beholding a young man of ardent temperament entering the fields of literature, abandoned so early to his own immature judgment, and exposed to the caprice of fortune and to the treachery of man, with no other guides to direct him, save a poetical fancy and a dangerous imagination.

If these were really the motives which dictated his enquiry, and which I now believe them to have been, I acted very improperly ; and my disrespectful, nay, impertinent reply, must have stung forcibly the sensitive mind of Foscolo, the most irascible of men. My conduct was puerile and vain : and I was impelled to it by the silly gratification of venting the spleen that had been aroused by a question, the innocent familiarity of which, I did not appreciate.

How sadly deficient did I prove myself in the respect I owed to one who was my senior by many years, and so greatly my superior in talent. It was a virtual admission of my own incapacity to govern myself, of my irascibility on a slight offence, and of my subjection to a false pride. I was like the wasp who dared to bury its sting in the lion's skin ; and it was not long ere I was taught to pay most dearly for the infliction of my venom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In our subsequent intercourse, Foscolo carefully refrained from putting similar questions to me.

He, nevertheless, observed me most closely. He became a spy upon all my actions, and seemed to endeavour to penetrate the very secrets of my soul.—Silvio! did you ever know aught of Foscolo save his sublime genius? From your mention of him, I should deduce that he was esteemed by you as a being of all perfection. It might be that an intimate association with the exalted spirits of Milan had purified the grosser nature of the Greek, and rendered his character, for the time, not less divine than his genius. But the less ethereal, less balmy atmosphere of Zurich dispelled the illusion, and he stood forth in his naked weakness a wretched contrast to his previously assumed garb of worth.—The first victim of the change was myself.

With his penetration of mind, it required but little observation to perceive that there existed between Madame V. and myself an intimacy, which exceeded the prescribed limits of friendship. This was sufficient: he had now discovered the vulnerable point in me through which he might succeed in poisoning my peace of mind.

Gifted with that magic power, which equally attracts within the circle of its fascination the hearts of friends and rivals, Foscolo too often made a most ungenerous use of this advantage. Concealed beneath the smile with which he habitually greeted me, I little knew how much the wound I had unintentionally inflicted upon him, still rankled in his bosom, but supposed that his regard for me was continually increasing. Very soon, that affability of manner, which is so peculiarly graceful in men of genius, so entirely won my

affections, that I had no longer any secret unparticipated by him. Every feeling of my soul was laid open to his view. Never did the confidence existing between a parent and his child, or that of brothers, exceed that which subsisted between Foscolo and myself. On the subject of my attachment for Madame V. (which he admitted to be truly platonic) he gave me the most enlightened, the most excellent counsel.

How eloquently would he describe the purity of platonic affection, and then draw a parellel between it and a less heavenly sentiment! With what celestial tints did he paint that love whose essence is eternal and never fading paradise! and then, by a way of contrast, present to my awakened perception the stem of that rose, which, begotten in the garden of matrimony, even when blooming amid the atmosphere of attainable human happiness and virtue, was still encompassed with thorns and briars! He would conclude by vividly describing the horrors of that headstrong uncontrolled passion, whose path leads inevitably to the chambers of death!

The more I listened, the stronger did my affection for him increase. Each word he uttered fell upon my ear like the sweetest balsam quelling the turbulent feelings of my youthful heart, and while prescribing to me the advantage of a wholesome discipline, he taught me to love—to pursue the paths of virtue. Alas! that beneath the rose's soft and fragrant umbrage there should lurk a viper, which was imperceptibly stealing onward to pierce me with its fatal sting! Alas! —How degenerate is man—and the world he inhabits!

CHAPTER XIX.

A TEDIOUS interval of six months intervened between the projection and maturity of Foscolo's plan, which was intended

to effect my destruction. He regularly presented himself every Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, at my friend's house, that being the customary hour at Zurick for taking tea. The family party, on that day, is augmented by a select circle of friends, who meet for the purpose of conversation, which is maintained until about nine o'clock, when the company separate. At these weekly assemblies, those only are admitted who are on the most intimate footing with the family. Foreigners are especially excluded, unless possessing high birth or extraordinary talent, and then only when they are temporary visitors, and not become residents at Zurich. My friend's doors were generally closed to me at five o'clock; but on Wednesday, of course, my admittance at that hour was utterly proscribed. The recurring approach of this day now began imperceptibly to fill me with sorrow; and when its dawn broke, I felt a weight upon my heart.

The two hours of that morning, which, like every other day of the week, I spent with my sweet friend, far from soothing my irritated feelings added only to their bitterness. How often has it happened, that day, after the first words of salutation on my entrance had been exchanged, that I have seated myself, as usual, by the side of the open window opposite to her, and, with my eyes fixed upon the magnificent vale of Zurich, have remained for the whole time speechless, until the unexpected and unwelcome warning of the clock reminded me that my permitted stay was over, and caused me then to lament my moody silence. Rising from my seat, I pressed her hand without speaking, unless it were to utter a scarcely audible, "Farewell, until to-morrow!" frequently indeed, with a tear starting to my eye!—What was the source of that tear? sorrow, jealousy, or love? Alas, it was all three!

CHAPTER XX.

The delicacy of my fair friend's conduct on these occasions, was incomparable, and worthy of herself. Too well did she comprehend what was passing in my breast without needing my confession; and never did she endeavour to disturb a silence which any other woman would have resented as uncourteous.

Her usual occupation was embroidery; and this she quietly pursued during my stay. While I remained in my fit of silence, I never once lifted my eyes to her face; she was however, always ready to beam upon me one of her most heavenly smiles, and to reply to me in the accents of kindness, whenever I chose to proffer the most insignificant remark. So lovely did her ingenuousness appear, so mild, so placid was the expression of her countenance, that I often thought my silence had not been displeasing to her; yet when I found that she herself was not inclined to break it, my spirit would become bitter and discontented. Eminently virtuous and noble herself, she could readily sympathise with my heart's disquiet at feeling myself so much her inferior in those qualities. She, whose glance was sufficient to divine the innermost secrets of my soul, found it no very difficult task to read that which actuated my obstinate silence, and, possessed of that knowledge, she attempted all the consolation that sympathy, entreaties, and, on one occasion, tears could effect. But she soon became convinced that these produced no other result than to sear the wound already rankling within me. She therefore adopted the noble course of supporting me by her unalterable forbearance, and returning a thousand acts of kindness for each proof of my waywardness.

When Thursday arrived, I felt more at peace with myself, and exhibited a demeanour rather more complacent, which

she always acknowledged by a kind, courteous and dignified return without once adverting, in the way of reproof, to my conduct of the preceding day.

Friday, I had fully recovered myself and was careful of observing the demeanour a gentleman should never forget, under any circumstances, in the presence of a lady.

Saturday, a period so far removed from the odious Wednesday, was to me an epoch of perfect happiness, when I could sometimes forget there had ever been or would return so hated a day in the calendar.

Sunday rose upon me with a kind of indefinite enjoyment in which I felt, as it were, suspended midway between the regions of good and ill.

Monday beheld me again encompassed by an atmosphere of clouds.

Tuesday brought to me that anticipation of misery

> " Which is a greater ill
> Than oft appears in sad endurance;"

and the succeeding day was—*Wednesday*.

CHAPTER XXI.

The varying dispositions of my mind, when in the society of my friend, may be easily imagined—changing almost with the hour. Each day my manner, my conduct, and my words were stamped with the assumption of a different character. But while I displayed my gradations, from suavity to abruptness, from that to a harsh bearing, and finally to absolute rudeness, my sweet friend ever observed one undeviating line of conduct, uniting, at once, the dignity and humility of friendship, with sympathy and pardon. Often when I have

presumed to doubt the purity of her regard for me, she has concealed the sting that my unworthy suspicions had inflicted upon her; and recurring only to the nobler qualities of her friend's heart, she has wept over the contemplation of that agony, with which she rightly judged I must be torn, unshielded by the protection of experience, or a true knowledge of myself and the world, and not even possessed of the power of curbing the untameable and violent feelings of my too ardent temperament. Yes, then has she shed for *my* sorrows the tears which are ordinarily awakened but for our own, or which might have arisen in her from a more selfish source aroused by my too cruel suspicions of herself. Such was my Zuricker. I shall never behold such another being!

It was in one of these moments of high excitement that I besought Madame V, to let me have her portrait. This noble creature, who looked more to the purity of motives than to the mere appearance of the actions they inspired, did not hesitate to brave the prejudices of the world—prejudices, which it is, however, the policy, if not the duty of woman to obey—and deemed it prudent to acquiesce in my demand. She dreaded that a refusal might cause such an alienation as would lessen her influence over me; while, by a compliance, I might be rendered more docile and submissive to her authority. She was not deceived.

Zurich, at this period, could boast of citizens of such strict integrity, that their simple affirmation was accounted as worthy of belief as the most solemn adjuration. It was to the house of one of these men, an artist of great celebrity, that Madame V. repaired. She explained to him the object of her visit, representing at the same time the extreme peril she should incur if any living creature were to become acquainted with her errand. The artist promised inviolable secrecy, which he religiously observed, and in a very little time his skill enabled him to transfer to his ivory her very image.

"Guido," she said to me one day, presenting at the same time a packet; "your request is granted. From the

value of the gift you will appreciate the esteem and friendship I feel for you; you must be sensible that, in the hands of thousands, this pledge of my sentiments would become the instrument of my utter ruin. I give it you as to a beloved brother; and believe me, dear Guido, this moment is one of the happiest of my life—perhaps it may prove the *last happy moment* I may enjoy in life. Guard it in secret, and may its possession be useful to you; and when I shall have passed away from existence, should my departure ever weigh heavily upon your thoughts, think on the counsel my image points out to you, and accept it as the behest of a being freed from her load of mortality and weakness, who will then be above you, and may love and watch over you."

"But may I enquire what this packet contains besides the promised portrait?"

"I have added another gift, which I beg you will accept and cherish for my sake," she replied; "do not open it until you are alone within your own chamber—this you must promise me."

"I do promise," I replied.

On quitting her presence her heart seemed to revel in a sea of joy at witnessing my satisfaction. I was indeed happy in the consciousness of being freed from the darkening shade, which hatred, suspicion and jealousy had cast over my mind.

Whilst hastening to my apartments, my mind was eagerly revolving within itself what it could be that rendered the packet so very bulky. Every thing but the truth presented itself to my imagination; and I was much surprised on breaking the seal to find the portrait accompanied by a Bible. It was in French: the book, she too well knew, I had never read in any language. I hastily turned over the frontispiece and opened a leaf wherein she had placed three beautiful flowers, and had marked a passage which I shall presently transcribe. I was almost startled on beholding her *costume* in the portrait to be entirely that of *mourning*.—A long black

veil thrown over her fair hair, descended in ample folds to her waist. She was seated in a kind of pavilion hung with black; at her side stood a table covered with a black cloth, on which lay a book bound in the same sombre hue. Her eyes seemed to rest on me with an expression of sorrow and affection, of warning and compassion, which the pencil may impart but the pen cannot express; *while her forefinger pointed to the following passage in the open book:*

"Come unto me all ye that are heavily laden; and I will refresh you, saith the Lord."

Sweet is the recollection of those hours of peace and perfect happiness, which I was then permitted to enjoy! They soon, indeed, passed away, but their grateful and soothing influence still continues to refresh my heart.—Oh beautiful rainbow of my existence! Thy brilliant hues reflect the glory of that heaven whose gift thou art. Thou hast filled my soul with an overflowing love and gratitude towards my Creator—with benevolence and charity towards my fellow men. Though the sun of thy splendour has long set, and no cheering Aurora has since appeared to announce thy return; though no more than the reflection of thy fading rays remains to illumine the clouds of darkness and tempests which, at thy disappearance, encompassed me, and still encompass me around; and, although, having now arrived at a high point of life's acclivity, panting exhausted with continual strife with an endless contest against worldly obstacles and my own weakness, my lyre has lost its harmony, and my voice become untuneful, yet thy benign influence inspires me ever to offer up my languid though heartfelt hymn of gratitude to the Most High—whose emanation thou art, and to whose bosom thou hast returned. Oh God of mercy, shall such happiness ever again be mine? Thou, in Thy infinite wisdom, alone knowest!

CHAPTER XXII.

After a month of undisturbed serenity, I found, in returning home one morning from giving a lesson, the following letter addressed to me lying on the table.

"Sir,

"The doors of Madame V. have been closed against me, and I am forbidden ever to appear again in her presence. Like the oak which takes root in a rocky and tenacious soil, such am I, and not even the thunder of heaven shall precipitate me from my proud eminence ere I involve in my downfall, the tender shrub which has flourished in my vicinity. Before I explain myself further, you will understand me. *Never to behold her again! but to share the curse that has fallen upon Foscolo!*—such will be the ready whisper of your heart — and *I* confirm the irrevocable sentence. Approach her door again, and your ruin, together with her's—that of thy gentle friend—shall be but the work of a moment. You are both in my power, as you well know. Therefore mark my words well. What I have threatened I will perform. In your dilemma you must choose between two paths which are before you. The one is to submit to the same destiny that has overtaken me; the other, honour will readily suggest to you, if you are a man of courage. I shall await your signal.

"Ugo Foscolo."

CHAPTER XXII.

How withering is the effect of malice !—If the malevolence of man cannot equal the thunders of Heaven in causing our instant and utter annihilation, it, nevertheless, but too often succeeds in destroying that, which is one of the brightest jewels of life—our peace of mind—a treasure that borrows much of its radiance from the genial sunshine of human kindness.

As soon as I had finished reading the above letter, my heart seemed to shrink within me. It seemed as if I had been awakened from a celestial dream by the rude chilling atmosphere of an earthly existence. I felt as if I had been wandering, like our first parents, in a paradise all purity and joy, and was thence suddenly, without a warning, expelled by some gigantic power, to be driven into an abyss to rise from which, all my subsequent efforts have been unavailing—a useless strife, which has but renewed my anguish.

My peace of mind, the prospect of independence almost within my reach, for which I had so assiduously and so successfully toiled—and, what was of far more importance, the happiness and reputation of my virtuous friend, which I would have purchased with my heart's blood—all these were crushed in a moment by the superior power of a slanderer, whom I had unhappily armed for my own destruction.

Two nights before my reception of this hated letter I had fallen into a deep sleep, when I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by a repeated knocking at the door of my apartments. I rose hastily, and to my eager question of "Who is there ?" was answered by a voice which seemed to issue from the concealment of a mask, "It is I—Foscolo—open the door quickly."

Exceedingly surprized, but wholly unsuspicious of treachery, I leaped from my bed, struck a light, and enveloping myself in a large cloak, opened the door, exclaiming, "What can have led you hither at this hour?"

"Await my return at the foot of the staircase," said Foscolo to the servant, who had accompanied him with a lantern; and then, turning to me, he continued in a low tone, "pardon me, dear Guido, for disturbing you at this unseasonable hour, but the most imperative necessity compels me to require that you should listen to me for ten minutes; I will not detain you longer."

Saying this, he closed the door, and seating himself near me, bent his eyes for some moments upon the ground. When he again raised them, I saw they were filled with tears.

"Guido," he began, "you behold in me the most miserable of men! You see before you a fearful example of weakness where you have been used to look for unconquerable strength. I am in truth an humbled—a degraded man!—Guido, I have ever been the favourite of that lovely sex, on whose faith, however, I have but little relied. Undazzled by that fascination so lovely in woman, I have never sought their intimacy, so, that from afar, I might be the better able to worship without idolatry the virtues they really possess, and not become bewildered by that ideal perfection, the *couleur de rose* of the imagination, which is too generally the offspring of an excited fancy rather than the stamp of nature's hand. Will you then credit me, Guido, that a fair creature usurps at this moment so powerful an ascendancy over my mind, that, for weeks past, happiness and sleep have been alike strangers to my pillow? Unendowed with the brilliant talents with which I have invested the Theresa of my Jacopo Ortis; possessing neither the fire, the grace, the ingenuousness, the energy, nor the freedom of an Italian; there is yet within the atmosphere she breathes an inexplicable fascination—a magic *all her own*—an irresistible enchantment. But my resolution is taken, and I have seen her for the last time. To confront a passion, whose indulgence is dis-

graceful, would be the height of moral cowardice. To fly, is to conquer; and the more hasty the flight, the more assured and glorious the victory. In a few hours, I shall quit Zurich for Basle, whence I shall proceed to England, to try there my fortune in the paths of literature. But, as I know myself too well, to be convinced that, were my departure accompanied by a doubt of her virtue, for whose repose I have thus sacrificed my prospects, I should never again taste happiness, or pardon myself for having ever in my life cherished an affection for a woman, who was unworthy of it; and, as uncertainty is still more intolerable than the saddest reality, I will employ in my necessity a painful though salutary remedy, and deprive my wound of its poison by enduring present agony that I may procure a future recovery. Guido, I therefore now demand a signal proof of your friendship for me: I expect it from your exalted mind. I adjure you, by the hours of apparent happiness you have passed with me—by the tranquillity I have restored to you—the warnings, the counsels which, for your sake alone, I have bestowed on you—by my happiness—by your own—lastly, by the happiness of her you love — take from me the uncertainty into which the confidence of your own bosom has plunged me. *Is* the love she bears you *pure* and *innocent?* Dare she *without trembling* bare her heart, and unblushingly expose its nature to a husband who adores her?"

"Yes, pure as an angel's love is that she entertains for me!" I exclaimed with great emotion. "But stay, Foscolo; do not depend solely on my asseveration which may appear partial. Select any one of these letters you please: you will thus be able to judge of the purity of the soul enshrined within that lovely frame." As I spoke, I opened a small casket, and drew from it a bundle of letters. He selected one from the number, and eagerly ran his eye over it in silence. "I am satisfied, and I thank you for it," he said after a brief pause. "But it is now time for me to leave you, and for you to return to *repose*." His lips here assumed the bitterest

smile, as he added half jestingly, "I marvel I can recollect that word after its reality has so long abandoned me! Good night, Guido!" and, extending towards me one hand, he touched the lock of the door with the other, and disappeared in an instant.

An undefinable feeling of sadness took possession of me, as soon as I felt myself alone. I laid myself down on my pillow—but sleep had forsaken me. At length, day began to dawn, and I rose. It was Sunday, and I was consequently unable to communicate my uneasiness to Madame V.... from whom a single word would have sufficed to raise my depressed spirits and tranquillize my mind.

For one long day, therefore, I was abandoned to the solitary companionship of my thoughts, and these were gloomy enough, in spite of all my endeavours to repress their saddening influence, and I was equally unable to penetrate the cause of them.

There exists in the heart of man a mysterious hiding-place, unfathomable by human investigation, whence issues, at the approach of evil, that still—unearthly warning of Providence, which, alas! is generally unheeded: and it is only when danger has overwhelmed us that we become conscious of our error in turning a deaf ear to its guidance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Every word of Foscolo's letter recalled vividly to my memory the scene of Saturday night, and I became fully conscious of his unheard-of, unexampled malice! In our youthful days, when a disposition to trust is as natural as our inclination to love, how wretched is the first check we experience—the first lesson we are taught—by becoming the victim of

treachery and deceit! How changed becomes the scene of our fancied Hesperian happiness, doomed for ever to wander in a dreary labyrinth, where, unguided by Ariadne's silken clue, we fear at each step to encounter, alone and unprotected, the giant Centaur.

The detection of a crime as unexpected by us as it is revolting, is rendered yet more painful by the consciousness that our betrayer is *human*, and that being *human ourselves* we may chance to fall into the same temptations, and become at length equally degraded. We feel already guilty though yet unstained by the crime, knowing that we are but the fruit of a blighted tree, whose growth is in a blasted soil.

Unable to decide upon what plan I should pursue—almost paralised at thus beholding myself threatened with danger on either side, I resolved to meet that, which seemed the least appalling—and, braving Foscolo's menaces, that same morning I once more sought my gentle friend. I found her with a countenance even paler than usual, but strongly marked with agitation and excitement. She exclaimed as I entered:

"Have you seen Foscolo?"

"I have." I replied. I then detailed to her the scene of Saturday night, and: "Here," said I, "is a letter from his hand."

A smile of proud indignation, though not unmingled with uneasiness, passed across her features as she hastily ran over the lines.

"Yes, too truly I foresee that we are indeed lost, dear Guido," she ejaculated; "he swore to me he would be revenged—and too well, alas! has he kept his word. Vile creature! He would destroy one who has never injured him, because I have dared to repulse his proffered love, as became the wife of the most generous of men, and as might have been expected from one worthy of the friendship of Guido. But it is fit you should know all. Yesterday, he sought out my husband's father, and detailed to him the history

of my acquaintance with you; the tenor of our correspondence, and the circumstance of the portrait, with which your incautious confidence had made him acquainted; and with the eloquence of which you know him so capable, he persuaded the good old man that my friendship for you was likely to endanger the character and honour of his family. My father-in-law, in the highest indignation repaired to my husband, and, accompanying him to my apartment, expressed before him the severest censure upon my conduct. I defended myself, and exculpated you with the energy dictated by a consciousness of innocence; and I concluded by revealing to them the odious proposals made to me by Foscolo on the previous Saturday morning. This appeared to satisfy—I may say *it did* satisfy my husband, who, himself the soul of honour, with difficulty suspects others of treachery. Not so his father. He insisted upon your quitting Zurich; seeing him firm in this opinion, I then boldly replied, that *I* for one would never consent to your banishment; and quitting them abruptly, I shut myself up in my own apartment. My husband, ever delicate and affectionate in his conduct towards me, left me for some time to my own reflections, until I requested that he would come to me. Without an instant's delay he was at my side. He told me that his father was still extremely irritated against me for having carried on a correspondence with a young foreigner, however pure might be its nature; that he still insisted on your quitting Zurich; and that if you did not acquiesce voluntarily in taking that step, he would compel you by an appeal to the burgomaster. Indeed, not all that my husband could say in extenuation of our *imprudence*—such was his own expression — had the least effect in calming his father's irritation."

Madame V. then proceeded to dilate upon the tender interest her husband had displayed for her during this, her most severe trial, and to assure me of the tears they had shed together for the cruel destiny of one equally dear to

both, whose prospects and welfare were assailed by an infamous calumny which threatened to undermine his character as a man of honour. She also assured me that her husband, convinced of my innocence, had promised never to forsake me, and to co-operate with her to the extent of his power in exculpating me from a foul accusation, and in requiring justice to be done to my character. She concluded with these words never to be forgotten by me :

" Guido, I feel that a cloud is hanging over us, which I much fear it is God's will not to disperse. An irresistible presentiment tells me that on my devoted head it will burst; but, again, a serene hope animates me with the assurance of your safe return to Italy, to the bosom of your family and to the affection of your sister. An attachment founded on virtue, far from becoming weakened, grows with absence; and the memory of your friend, whether in existence or in the grave, will not be less dear to you in another land. Submit to the dictates of prudence, dignity and courage. Prudence will suggest how indispensable it is that your visits to us should cease for some time. Dignity will teach you to feel your own worth, and not to expose your own reputation and life to the unlicensed wrath of an adventurer, who has himself nothing to lose in the contest. And courage will animate you, when oppressed by man, to raise your looks to heaven, and ask of God resignation to His will, which, although inexplicable to mortal comprehension, never has designed aught but for the good of His creatures."

" I will endeavour to obey you," was the only reply I could utter. I then rose from my seat, and kissing her hand with emotion, hastily quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"How shall I address you?" such was the commencement of my reply to Foscolo's letter, written immediately upon my return home from the interview with my friend. "I know not how to designate an individual, who, by the blackest and most dastardly act, has ever forfeited his claim to the title—to the dignity of a man. By me, then, you shall be nameless—but, to your conscience alone will I refer a task to which I am unequal, should that day ever break on you, when you will be enabled to shake off the death-like torpor in which you are at present plunged. Do not imagine that I am about to overwhelm you with my just indignation or reproaches. No, I would only speak of *myself*, and that but for a brief moment.

"It is needless to repeat to you, who and from whence I am. You already possess the history of my past life and the secrets of my heart. But I would tell you, that which in your blindness you have not foreseen, nor yet, perhaps, even imagined.

"Know then, that the prospect of that sweet independence, which in a world of bondage had presented itself so alluringly to a young man of twenty summers' experience, has in a moment, and for ever, vanished from him as a dream; while from the impetuosity of his temperament—of which you too fatally know him possessed—never dare he hope to look with resignation on the indigence which awaits him. Know then, that the contrast of a mind exulting in its own individual freedom, and now compelled to the humiliating necessity of imploring succour to support a miserable existence, is about to become his fearful penalty, during the fulfilment of which he may scarcely know how to bless his Maker. Know

that the dutiful son and affectionate brother, unable longer to administer to the support of his aged father and family, must endure the consciousness that those he loves are languishing in misery, and, perhaps, expiring in wretchedness, himself powerless to save or comfort them; while the wandering existence, to which alike hopeless fate condemns him, denies him the only though sad consolation of participating in their grief, wiping away their tears, or mingling with them his own. Know too, that though, in his entrance on this world's stage, he may have possessed in common with his fellow-creatures a mild and amiable character, yet, after so fearful a revulsion of feeling, life will become distasteful to him; and, rendering him unjust, he may imbibe the hasardous sentiment of estimating all mankind through an equally despicable medium: deprived of his self-esteem, he may alike hate himself and his fellow-men. The relentless scythe has razed the young blossom at the very moment of its expansion, and it will wither, even though the arm of its destroyer were stretched forth to restore its languishing existence. Know then, that you have ruined me for ever, hopelessly, irremediably!

"Man may injure; he may kill the body of his fellow-mortal; but *his* is not the gift of life; and as he looks on the bleeding work of his hands, he feels within his heart the fearful recoil of a sated revenge — it has returned, in retribution upon himself, from the consciousness of his impotency to carry it beyond the grave. 'He that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him.'

"Alas! How have I injured you? When yet a stranger to you, I had admired your works, as we venerate that which is beautiful on earth; and, from the moment of our first acquaintance, have I only looked on you as one of those heavenly visions staying its flight in this valley of tears, to show to man how his nature may become ennobled, to teach him to what a degree of perfection he may yet elevate himself. Great God! how have I mistaken you! You are, indeed,

fallen in my eyes from your pinnacle of light into a fearful abyss of darkness! and your talents—your talents?—alas! what a fatal gift have they proved to you—made subservient to a base endeavour to sully the purity of a virtuous mind, and, frustrated in your attempt, to revenge in calumniating and sacrificing innocence! Go — I envy you not their possession. True, they may open to us on earth a bright and flowery path; but, alas! how often have they proved the fatal inlet to Pandora's box, whose pestiferous contents have alike poisoned all within the influence of their baneful atmosphere.

"But not satisfied with having thus helplessly ruined me with the world, you would even seek my life's blood: and, to tempt me to the gratification of your unnatural thirst, speak to me of *the laws of honor* as your plea.

"But here let me pause; and ere I ask *your* meaning of the word, let me tell you *my* definition.

"Honor forbids me to submit to the imperious prohibition, you would impose upon me, to abstain from visiting the friends of my own selection. Honor commands me to respect a family, who have lavished every kindness upon me—who have been to me a brother and a sister, during my sojourn in the land of the stranger. Honor teaches me, that, were I to accept your challenge, the publicity that must inevitably result from it, could not fail, in so small a town as this, to ruin, irremediably, the reputation, and destroy the happiness of my dearest friends. But Honor commands me to assure you that, on the faith of a gentleman, I accept your defiance for the first hour we place foot on any ground beyond Switzerland. Alas! why am I not now master of my own actions? I would then prove to you, it is an easy thing to lay down one's life; and that it requires even a smaller effort when it has become valueless by the consciousness of a sullied reputation—the knowledge that our best friends are calumniated, and a spirit withered within us, and no longer able to exert the power which had nearly acquired a happy independence.

"I will defy you to inflict upon me a heavier injury than that you have already done—and I now leave you to your own conscience.—In *that* alone shall be my revenge. You will one day understand what it is to be thus left to yourself, when conscience shall commence to you her appeal. Vainly will you endeavour to fly her society; she still will pursue you; and, like the worm that dieth not, never will she cease to gnaw your heart, until she has imbibed the last drop of your life's blood, and dried up every channel of happiness—if that, indeed, has still its dwelling place in your bosom.

"GUIDO SORELLI,"

P.S.—"I have purposely addressed you in French....a language foreign to us both, for I would not trace the characters of my divine tongue on a paper destined for your hands. I thank God that it is at the hands of a Greek I am thus overwhelmed. Had it been an Italian who had thus injured me, it would have broken my heart."

CHAPTER XXV.

My reply to Foscolo, brief as it may now appear in perusal, cost me an entire day's reflection to compose, and a quire of paper to transcribe. But that it was so, is easily acounted for. A mind, agitated as mine was at that period, would naturally become the sport of every successive impulse of the heart; and, not until the first ebullitions of feeling had evaporated, could reason hope to claim her share of attention as a third party in the conflict.

It wanted but an hour of sunset, when I had traced the last sheet of my quire, which bore rather characters of fire

than a succession of reasonable words, when I was startled by a light tap at the door of my apartment, and presently beheld the figure of my landlady enter, bearing in her hand a small basin of soup. She advanced towards me, and while the tears stood in her eyes, she implored me to break my fast, which I had not done the whole of that day.

Convinced, from my manner of refusing both breakfast and dinner, that mine was mental suffering rather than a corporeal malady, by a conduct at once delicate and compassionate, she abstained from questioning me on the subject, but thinking only of administering to my comfort, she resolved to compel me to accept her courtesy by a gentle violence.

This simple act of sympathy, from a human creature, affected me exceedingly, occupied as I had been the whole day, in dwelling on the coldness and perfidy of my fellow-beings. From a feeling of gratitude, therefore, rather than from any inclination I had for the proffered nourishment, I accepted the soup—though I declined her pressing solicitation to take something more. I felt gratified in seeing the good creature leave me with a countenance much relieved of its sadness.

As she quitted the apartment, I burst into tears, and throwing myself upon my knees, prayed long and fervently though more in the language of sighs and sobs than of words. What a sea of troubles, my dear Silvio, seemed at that moment to encompass my soul! By degrees (although *how* I could not comprehend) every feeling of anger, every thought of revenge, faded from my heart. I became almost cheerful, and, though still with the confused consciousness that I was actually destitute of all human succour, wouldst thou believe it, Silvio, I experienced a species of exultation at beholding myself thus prostrated from the pinnacle of visionary happiness which my own hands had erected. "Behold thee, Guido, without other hope than the mercy of thy God!" thus a voice seemed to whisper to my heart—"Mark, that for an end, inscrutable to thee, but that thy sorrows may turn to thy good, he has sent the whirlwind to tear up thy ground on the very eve of thy

harvest. He has withdrawn from thee a good which thou didst not deserve, in order that thou mayst know that it is a God who gives, but it is a Father who takes away that He hath given." At the recollection of a name so tender, coupled as it was with the sweet consciousness that it is indeed in such a relation our Maker stands towards us, if I still felt joyless, I became resigned and tranquil.

I brushed away my tears, rose from my knees, and resuming a seat at my little table, re-perused the epistle which had occupied me during the day, and which now seemed to inspire me with a horror of myself for having written it. I therefore extracted from it the substance of the preceding letter, and tore the remainder into a thousand pieces.

Having dispatched my letter to Foscolo, I again breathed a short prayer to Heaven, imploring God that peace might once more illumine the home of my two friends—that the relentless arrow of a cruel enemy might be pointless; and that I might submit cheerfully to His Heavenly dispensations. I then threw myself on my bed, where kind nature soon closed to my perception a day of the most intense and bitter misery, and which was destined to form an epoch in my existence, that materially influenced my future career.

CHAPTER XXVI.

My sleep that night was uninterrupted and tranquil. Nevertheless, a certain consciousness of misery did not even then forsake me; and, accordingly, when I awoke in the morning, I did not experience that wretched and forlorn state of feeling, which overpowers one's mind after a temporary oblivion of a great misfortune.

I renewed my daily avocations, and on that and the succeed-

ing days, pursued them with calmness;—but it was the calm of utter hopelessness, emanating from a mind conscious that it has nothing more to lose. Saturday evening came, and as I sat alone in the apartment, I was startled by the entrance of the husband of Madame V. I soon became aware that I had over-rated the apathy of my present feeling, in supposing myself insensible to any future calamity, for, at his appearance, a cold shudder came over me. I felt as though I had but yet seen the lightning of the storm, whose flash was the warning of the tempest that was to overwhelm me. I fixed my eyes upon him, unable to wish him the "Good evening" that courtesy demanded. He held out his hand to me, and soon relieved me from my agitation.

"I come," he said, "at the desire of my father, who is anxious to convey to you his extreme sorrow for having doubted your honour, and his still deeper grief for his angry reproaches, which you so little merited. This letter, addressed to you by Foscolo, will explain the rest."

"Signore,

"For several weeks past, my mind has been agitated by doubts of that doctrine we are all taught to believe, 'Man's free agency.' His *free-will* has seemed to me a mere fable. Amongst the crowd of evil spirits, who, since this world has become accursed, have by their presence poisoned the atmosphere of human existence, one so malignant has of late set its seal upon my heart, that, from the hour of my enthralment, I have lost all controul over myself. I have marked the precipice before me, but vainly have I struggled with the mysterious power that impelled me towards its fearful brink. The gulf has yawned beneath my feet, without my being able to withdraw one step from inevitable destruction. Irresistibly have I been compelled to take the fatal plunge; and then, and not until then, after having endured the tortures of humiliation and debasement, upon whose rocks I had fallen, did the demon loosen me

from his grasp, and unveil my eyes to the extent of the danger. I feel that the wrong I have done to myself is light in comparison with the remorse I suffer for what I have done to you and to our mutual friends. The man who has thus debased himself, can retain no other virtue than that of confessing his degradation. But if the little wealth which I possess could compensate for the ruin of your prospects through my conduct, speak but the word, and it shall be your's. Happy were it for me, if, by accepting the offering, you could become the instrument of lightening my soul from its inevitable load of eternal remorse.

" But, too well do I know you, to hope for such a result, and too clearly have I deciphered your heart, not to be aware that time only, and religion—should *that* ever hereafter become with you a ruling principle—could induce you to grant a pardon which, perhaps, in your spring-time of existence, not even the counselling voice of an angel would succeed in obtaining for such an offender. If, therefore, in this or in any other land, you persist in your resolution to seek at my hands a just satisfaction, I am ready at your bidding. But I solemnly swear, that, if I am compelled to draw my sword, it shall be in defence of my own life, not in attempting to injure yours.—Adieu.

" UGO FOSCOLO."

P.S.— " I quit Zurich at eight o'clock to-morrow for Basle."

" Artful villain," I indignantly exclaimed at the conclusion of the letter: " like the crocodile, you pretend to shed tears on your mangled victim ! After having plunged the point of your steel into my breast, what consolation can I derive from your now breaking your deadly weapon."

" Compose yourself, Guido," interrupted my friend mildly; " do not prove unworthy of yourself, or of the esteem of

your friends. Rembember there is but little merit in navigating a bark upon a tranquil ocean. Remember that the voice which, for a time, allows the turbulence of the angry billows, is that also which stills the storm and restores the waves to the hue of serenity — He, who bids the darkness arise, can equally disperse its shadows and command the light to dwell upon the earth. The man who has never suffered knows not how to suffer. Learn then this great lesson, and stand forth an example for your fellow-men. Learn too, how to pardon, and you will be dear to your God. Yes, Guido, we look for nothing less from you than your forgiveness, and its verbal or written assurance to him who has done you so great a wrong. It is good for you to accustom yourself to pardon injuries. Though a great effort, it is an impulse which springs from above; its reward is peace on earth. But, if man obey not its dictates in youth, seldom will he listen to it in maturity. Foscolo is as wretched as that man must be who feels conscious of having betrayed hospitality and calumniated innocence. But we are all mortal and all equally liable to forget our Creator and the dignity of our nature. Who among us dare boast that, unsupported by God, he could walk forth harmless, from the ordeal of a like temptation. Tremble then, Guido, at his example, pity him, forgive him, and support with manly forbearance the consequences of an error which is now—and for ever irreparable. Every act of your resentment would but gratify the weaker feelings of your heart, without in the least enhancing Foscolo's remorse, while the consciousness of your generous pardon would perpetuate in him the memory of his wrong to you — a sad but necessary memento, though it may prove a shield to preserve him from the degradation that would follow a repetition of so culpable an act. Should my entreaties prove unavailing to you, Guido, I have only to add those of my wife, who, through me, supplicates you, by all the influence she possesses, to listen to me. Write but two lines to him,

and, and if you think me worthy the embassy, suffer me to be the mediator between you."

I took up a pen, and wrote as follows :

"Foscolo,

"I thank God, I now no longer entertain the shadow of resentment towards you. I hope I may as easily forget the cause of it. To a mind sensitive as yours, it may perhaps be a less difficult task to pardon than to endure the consciousness of being the object of another's forgiveness ; but the more you may shrink from submitting to such a humiliation, the more complete is the reparation you tacitly offer to him you have injured. Forgive me then, that I have *forgiven you*, and forbear to wish me evil. I thank you for your proffered gift though I cannot accept it. Were I to do so, I should depart from a principle I have always been guided by—never to receive presents even from those I love, unless merited by my own services. In this instance moreover, by acquiescing in your proposal, I should deprive you, an exile, of the means of present support, and betray a want of reliance on God's providence. Pray, do not then from this moment be concerned on my account, for I am happy in the conviction, that, if the Almighty causes us, at times, to be forsaken by our fellow-beings, it is but to manifest His glory in the midst of our sufferings, and, when we are most guilty, to show the mercy of a Father. Be comforted, then, in the assurance that I am tranquil, and resigned to the will of my Maker ; and accept my earnest wishes, that God will never forsake you, nor withdraw from you the light of his guidance in your future progress through life.

"GUIDO SORELLI."

I put this letter into my friend's hands. He ran it over

in silence, with tears gathering in his eyes. He arose, pressed me warmly by the hand, and, without uttering a word by which I might interpret his feelings, he left me alone in my apartment to my own reflections.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the blasted trunk of the mighty oak, when stricken by the lightning's power, how often may we note a solitary sprig still green and vigorous, which seems to indicate that the noble monarch of the forest still retains its vitality. But to those who know the destructive extent of the lightning's power, and are conscious that the oak cannot, like the fabled Phœnix, spring renewed from its own ruin, the tender germ, will appear only as the sad memento of those days when its noble parent stood forth towering in the pride of its superiority.

Scarcely had Ugo Foscolo quitted Zurich, when I renewed my visits to Madame V., who, from the very peril that had threatened us both, had now become dearer, more interesting—indeed more necessary to me. But our renewed intercourse, which was to me a paradise, increased the sadness of my poor friend. She was too generous, however, to suffer her own sorrow to weigh against my feelings of delight. Having seen that my happiness and her own welfare and peace of mind were no longer compatible, she at once formed her resolve; and generously sacrificing her own feelings, adopted a system towards me, which she was convinced would, at its maturity, procure me substantial happiness, though it would indeed exhibit a different form and other hues from that which had recently been so ruthlessly and irreparably destroyed. The days of calmness, of confidence, of happiness and love had

now set to me. Another dawn had broken in upon me, disclosing to my heart a reality in all its sad colourings. I bent my brow with the superstitious feeling of one awakening from a terrible dream; and never from that moment did my noble friend behold that brow unclouded or uncontracted by anxiety, even in the serenity of a smile.

Zurich was too small a city to permit the knowledge of the late unfortunate circumstances being limited to the parties immediately interested; and it may be easily imagined, that, in spite of every precaution used to prevent scandal, vague, though mischievous, rumours, soon began to circulate.

The more vague and mysterious the rumour which becomes current, the more is man's imagination excited to analize its features. Each interprets the circumstance according to his own individual feelings, whether of friendship, jealousy, hatred, envy or indifference. Seldom does it admit of a favourable colouring—such is *human* nature.

Although I was fortunate enough to be on good terms with every one, I now became the subject of whispers, and, not unfrequently, of mute tokens of curiosity between those I encountered in the public walk, the street, the concert room, or at the assemblies.

I soon became conscious of this treatment; and though these people really wished me no harm, I could not but resent their conduct, and became solitary and miserable, not knowing which way to turn, nor upon whom to vent my vexation and my grief.

Madame V. was doomed to listen patiently to the daily enumeration of the fancied insults I received: and to my reiterated complaints of the wanton cruelty of her countrymen—

"Guido," she would mildly reply to me, "though my countrymen do not act with generosity to you in this instance, believe me they do not bear you the unkindness you imagine. You have received too many proofs of their estimation of your talents and character, to doubt their good-will. You

cannot surely forget their preference of you, as a professor, over all competitors that have presented themselves at Zurich. No, Guido, men are, for the most part weak, but they are not evil. It will be for your own misery, if you should so picture them. Their conduct towards you will be materially influenced by the good or evil motives you attribute to them. But, admitting even that all were debased, it would be better to blind one's-self to such a conviction, lest life might soon become too burdensome to bear. Remember, it is your lot to dwell among men. Do not forget that man is so constituted in this world, that peace of mind is only to be obtained in this sterile desart, by cherishing that counsel imparted to us by divine lips, 'love thy neighbour.' When man ceases to love his fellow, he will soon hate and despise himself; for there is no human virtue which does not originate in love or sympathy for our fellow-beings. Deprive man of love and forbearance and he sinks to a level with the brute. Suffer not, my young friend, this gall of misanthropy to mingle in the feelings of a heart which came forth pure and generous from the hands of its Creator. At one-and-twenty years, you should not curse the world. How many sweets in existence, which you are well fitted to enjoy, would be thereby denied to you? and how many opportunities of doing good to your neighbour would be lost to one, predisposed to acts of kindness by the natural feelings of his heart?—Suffer me then to teach you the secret of rendering yourself contented. But will you attentively weigh it in your mind, will you profit by my counsel?—If so, remember then, that, in order to pass through life tranquil and unruffled by collision with your fellow-men, who all differ in some particulars from each other, the foundation of your own self-respect is based upon love and tolerance for others. Then you will be invulnerable to every shaft that may be levelled at you; or like a giant when looking on the pigmy beings breathing war against him, smiles at their vain effort to wound him, and generously turns aside that he may not crush them by a single, though

involuntary movement. Fie, Guido, that you should give so much importance to mere *shadows*....that you should place in their power the peace of your mind!

> "Reason not on such as them;
> But glance....and pass them by."

Have I succeeded in convincing, in calming you—are you restored to peace with your fellow-men?"

When she concluded, she fixed upon me a look which seemed to reflect the rays of that heaven which inspired her with such divine sentiments, whilst the benignant smile that illumined her countenance bespoke the joy she felt in interpreting mine....in beholding her efforts crowned with success—though not a word from me in reply had assured her of her triumph—finally, in her assurance, that not merely calm, I was as it were beatified, and truly in peace with all mankind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How seldom are the will and the power in unison with each other! The spirit may be willing, but the flesh is ever lagging, and too often rebellious. As the sweet words of my friend fell upon my ear, a tide of harmony seemed to pour into my soul: it was a harmony that would have attuned the feelings of the savage to humanity. An unearthly peace took possession of me; but no sooner had they ceased, than my mind seemed as though once more wrapt in the silence of the tomb. From this moment each interval of calm became to me the harbinger of a tempest, whose fury fell more poignantly upon my heart, from its abrupt contrast with the hour of sunshine, until at length life itself became to me an insupportable burthen. Time wore on, and my frame, in consequence of the mind having undergone so long a struggle,

now gave tokens that its human weakness was unequal to support a farther contest. It was then that my sweet friend, who had watched my welfare with the anxiety with which man's guardian angel looks on the being intrusted to his protecting vigilance felt the necessity of a last sacrifice. She armed herself with courage, resolving rather to die than to swerve from her resolution. With so obstinate a character as mine, the gentle creature felt assured that, to attain her object, it would be necessary to proceed with extreme caution, though, at the same time, with ingenuousness. But as she soon perceived that dealing with me ingenuously, availed her not, she had recourse to stratagem—and succeeded.

Florence and Cleofe now became the constant theme of her conversation with me. This she persisted in for several months. But, while thus recalling my native country and the image of my sister to my remembrance, I might have fancied myself transported thither, and once more in communion with my dear Cleofe, still she failed in producing the desired effect—that of awakening within me the irresistible desire to re-visit, and dwell again in my own land, and to embrace its dear inhabitants. No—I could have sacrificed a thousand Florences, and even Cleofe herself to have retained her alone, whose presence had now become so necessary to me. She had now exhausted all her powers of eloquence and soft persuasion. These had contributed but to render me yet more firm in my resolve, which was to die in my youth at Zurich, rather than exist far from her, either in Florence, or elsewhere. She at length perceived that, in order to save me, artifice was her only resource. She therefore submitted to the necessity of employing it, and, for the first time in her life, spoke to me in a tone, which was not the impulse of her heart.

My struggle had now lasted eighteen months, when one evening upon my return to my apartments, I found lying on my table a packet addressed to me. On opening it, I beheld within it an elegant gold chain, a bouquet of flowers, and a letter, the contents of which were as follow :

"Dear Guido,

"There is no virtue the attainment of which has not been purchased by a sacrifice; and no sacrifice has ever been made, but at the expense of pain. *Virtue* is the smile of the soul; *Pain* is the sorrowing of humanity. But since the practice of the one is indispensable to all who desire to make this short existence the pathway to that "peace which passeth human understanding," we must nobly resign ourselves to the visitation of the other, acknowledging it as a maxim, that "it is the will of the Eternal that unalloyed happiness should not dwell on earth: nor that there should be true peace save that which emanates from virtue." But if we navigate the frail bark of our mortal nature with righteousness as our rudder, and with faith as our anchor, we may defy the storms that are constantly agitating the sea of human existence.

"So far have thorns out-numbered the flowers in your path from infancy to boyhood, and even now at your entrance on the wider field of manhood, that perhaps in comparing your journey with that of many of your fellow-travellers, you may be tempted to murmur against the justice of that Being, who, in His inscrutable judgments, gathers from the clouds on the one hand, and from the milder heaven on the other, the materials of those elements which are to compose our happiness or misery. Let me beseech you, to close your eyes on external objects, but for one moment, and turn them inwardly upon yourself. Examine your own heart; then ask yourself—Had I the power, would I exchange my destiny with that of the greatest ones of the earth? Never! will be your heart's response. The sorrow I have borne, has shed a soothing melancholy upon my soul, which I would not now part with for all the excitement of the short-lived joy of a fading existence. My misfortunes in teaching me the vanity of *this* life, have prompted me to aim at the attainment of *one* far more beautiful, should it please the fountain of goodness to render me worthy of it. Had I known naught else but an unruffled ex-

istence, might I not have been dazzled by such perpetual enjoyment, or from its very monotony have become insensible to so great a gift? The clouds which so thickly and darkly overcast my horizon, have been my monitors: they have taught me by their warning appearance to think, to reflect, and to hope. Clothed in the wings of faith, I have been enabled to penetrate their intervening obscurity, until, arriving at the confines of a celestial serenity, I have gladdened my heart with the contemplation of the goodness of the Great Infinite. Would I exchange my own being for that of another? Oh! no. It would be rebelling against my God, and digging the grave of my own destruction. Sweet to my heart is the *dependance* in which it has pleased God I should dwell; for, too probably, riches would have proved to me the snare into which the fallen angels would have allured me to my ruin. My *exiled existence* is not without some countervailing advantages; for, had I still dwelt in my native place, and among my own kindred, I might never have so clearly observed the bondage of my unhappy country, and never offered up my anxious prayers for its emancipation. I can rejoice too in the very *limitation* of my talents; for, though they are not such as in my foolish presumption I might have coveted, yet their possession is a gift from Heaven, which enables me to appreciate what is truly beautiful in this state of existence. The *neglect*, the *persecution*, the *hatred* and the *injustice* I have suffered from my fellow-mortals have, through God's mercy, benefited my mind and heart. They have induced me to seek a source of enjoyment, far removed from the sphere of man's limited power. Their asperities have, by collision, softened the ruggedness of my own nature, and have by the power of contrast, enabled me the better to discern—to cherish virtue. My *faults*—my own *characteristic weaknesses* are, I might almost say, dear to me. They have constantly served to humble me; and, by proving my own nothingness, they have made me sensible of the power and goodness of Him who can raise me from my present debasement to the number of His elect, and to His kingdom in heaven. Would

I then change my own state of being for that of another? Oh! no. I thank thee, my Creator—my heavenly Master, that Thou hast made me *that I am*, and taught me *what* I may be, provided I depart not from Thy precepts, and resign myself with cheerful submission to Thy dispensations." Such I anticipate, dear Guido, will be your heart's response? Be it so then.—Let me add yet another reflection. As God employs human agency in the trials and chastenings it is His will we should undergo, so does He equally avail Himself of His creature, man, in making him the instrument of happiness to His fellow-mortal.

"Hitherto it has been His decree that I should have been a source of sorrow and unquiet to you; but He has at length listened to my prayer, and chosen me to be henceforth the instrument of your good. Another dawn is about to break upon you, whose opening promise is the harbinger of so bright a sunshine, that you will, in gratitude to your Maker henceforth bask in calmness beneath its rays. But, remember, Guido, that that God, who is preparing for you so brilliant a destiny, requires that man, in obedience to His inspirations, should at once choose the path He points out to him, and even abandon those he best loves, and thereby walk in his way with the faith of Abraham. To be brief, then, Guido,—*this* is *no longer* a land for you to dwell in. It is God's will that you should quit it.

"You must feel how well I know you, and you will not deny that when, from dwelling on a fatal spot, the youthful mind becomes embittered by misfortune, it is no longer capable of acting with energy, or judging of its present or future welfare. To become the slave of circumstances, and obstinately sacrifice oneself to one's own infatuation, is the mark of a depraved mind. You are born with a soul above this weakness! Do not then, by your actions, contradict the nobleness of your character; but, in the first days of your youth, make that effort to which Heaven itself directs you. Do you fear that God will abandon you? Oh, no!—your first step shall no sooner be taken, than Heaven will interpose its aid to guide you; and,

after a very brief period, it will prove to you that man — man alone works his own destiny upon earth. Reflect, Guido, that what I write is the inspired offspring of long and ardent prayer. Listen, then, to the voice of Heaven speaking through me in warning, and neglect it not, lest it make itself heard to you in dread command. Listen, in gratitude, to a Father's counsel, rather than await the fiat of a God who will deliver it to you amid the terrors of Sinai.

" Guido, let us no longer deceive ourselves. Our ardent sentiment of friendship is displeasing to Heaven. That it is so, we must ourselves feel convinced from the little happiness it has ever afforded us. Of our own free will, then, let us separate ; and let us learn, as becomes true christians, to forsake the object dear to us, at the sound of Christ's invitation — " follow me ;" and at the sight of the Cross, at the foot of which, when we shall have breathed our last, we shall awake to eternal life in the Lord. The many and severe trials experienced during your expatriation, you will acknowledge, on your return home, to have been productive of much good. You will have learned how to know mankind and to understand your own heart. The germs of virtue and talent which are already springing up in your character, will grow luxuriantly beneath your native sky, and obtain for you the esteem of your fellow men, and the love of your God. The presence of your much-loved sister Cleofe, will amply compensate for the loss of one, who in spirit will still be with you in her morning and evening orisons. Separation and distance will sanctify our mutual sentiment ; and, in the consciousness of having sacrificed a deep feeling to the will of our Maker and to the love of virtue, the tear which will, perchance, sometimes start to the eye in reflecting upon our long, though necessary, separation, will yet fall, deprived of half its bitterness. Return then to your paternal roof. Apply diligently to study, and endeavour to exhibit to the world, every succeeding year of existence which the Almighty may grant you, some signal proof of your increasing talents and worth.

" Guido, I offer this not merely as the counsel of a friend,

who anxiously prays for your welfare, but as a solemn command. Refuse to hearken and to profit by it, and you will forfeit my esteem. The continuance of that, is the price of your obedience. You know me too well to suppose that I could cherish one whom I could no longer esteem.

"If, however, deaf to my entreaties and to my commands, you should persist in remaining here, offending both God and man, know then, ungrateful Guido, that I must speedily be sacrificed by your obstinacy, for I feel myself unequal to support any longer the consciousness of being an object of slander throughout the city.

"Leave Zurich, and you will save me—remain, and I am lost.

"Till death,

"GUIDO'S FRIEND."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"*Leave Zurich, and you will save me—remain, and I am lost!*" These fatal words I repeated with frantic energy, at the conclusion of this memorable letter, during the perusal of the earlier part of which I had continued perfectly calm.

After a burst of anguish, I buried my face in my hands, and remained for some time motionless, unable to pronounce a syllable or shed one tear to relieve the oppression at my heart. Oh! Silvio! could I describe to thee the despair with which the memory of that moment even now almost overwhelms me, after the lapse of so many, many years, hardly could thy sensitive mind conceive the misery I endured on that fatal night. Alas! to feel intensely and acutely, to suffer without the power of expressing what we feel, or the cause of our suffering, is the common lot of humanity. To those stricken, what alter-

native is presented to their choice, if unsustained by religion? Either to suffer the heart to sicken and wither in the morning of youth, or, by striking with the stern axe of despair at the root of those tender affections, the cultivation of which would make this earth another Eden, to render it an unfruitful desert, and thus drag on the remainder of an existence chilled by indifference, and at last sink into the grave unloving and unbeloved!

Yet, the more I analyze my own character, the more I am persuaded that

> "In myself alone there lies the cause of woe;
> We check the soul, in each its heavenward flight,
> To rove in the pale—the fancied light
> Of Pleasure's wordly name!"

How erroneously we accuse the temperament we receive at the hands of nature, as being the cause of our errors! There are few evils in man's existence, from which he may not extricate himself by the exercise of reason and religious discipline.

"Then I have lost her for ever!" I exclaimed, after a long silence; "and with her have I lost all that is, and all that ever will be dear to me on earth! Well, be it so. But I must not now abandon myself to grief: tears must not be shed here at Zurich. Extreme misfortune must be met by the extremity of courage. We will part without a tear; and, in the absence of him whom she will never again behold, let her cherish the memory of one, who has shown himself deserving of the tenderest regard, of the esteem, the friendship, and the affection of a beautiful and virtuous woman."

During the whole of that night and part of the following day I occupied myself in writing farewell letters to my pupils, and in making my personal adieu to Orelli, Sperli and Fuseli, all of whom expressed the greatest astonishment and sorrow at the abruptness of my departure. "I have long anticipated this!" said Orelli, holding me affectionately by the hand and

with a countenance, though tearless—for he was too much of a Swiss to weep—much paler than usual, while his choked utterance betrayed the emotion he would have concealed. "But go," he continued, "it is perhaps better that it should be so; and, after the lapse of a few years, we may see you return among us a happier man!"

Thus commenced my last evening at Zurich; and now, having obtained my passport, taken my place in the diligence, and arranged every thing for my departure on the morrow, nothing remained for me to do but to take a last farewell of her, the dearest to me of all Zurich's inhabitants.

When impelled by imperious necessity to a course of action at once perilous and inevitable, how often does a supernatural strength seem to lead us on to its accomplishment! We appear, as it were, gifted with the eagle's wing, endued with the recklessness of insanity, scarcely aware of the peril we are about to confront, or conscious of the desperation by which we are animated; until, at length, when past the trial, we look back marvelling that strength, so limited as our own, had been able to extricate ourselves from such a difficulty.

> "Like he who long on treach'rous waters cast,
> Looks from the shore he has so lately won
> O'er the dread deep—while panting from the past,
> He trembles at the perils he has run."

Transported, *how* I know not, thither, nor by what invisible power, I found myself at the door of my friend. I opened it and entered her apartment. She was seated in a corner of the room, occupied in writing. A lamp stood before her, whose light shed so unearthly a hue over her usually pale countenance, that, at the distance at which I stood, she seemed to me more like a beautiful spirit than the lovely being of mortality she was.

"Guido!" she uttered involuntarily, starting at beholding me at so unusual an hour.

"I have obeyed you," I said calmly: "I have bidden adieu

to my pupils, I have obtained my passport, and to-morrow, at eleven, I quit Zurich!"

"To-morrow!" she repeated, vehemently: "Oh God, what have I sacrificed!" and drooping her head, she buried her face in her hands.

At these words, together with the tone in which they were uttered, a flash of lightning seemed to glance through my brain, which, more fearful than the darkness in which I had been hitherto involved, seemed to display to me the reality of my position for a moment, but to disappear and envelope me in a yet deeper gloom.

"How!" I exclaimed, no longer master of my emotions, "are you, then, surprised or grieved that I have obeyed you? Could it be that you knew me so imperfectly as to doubt, for an instant, that I would a thousand times have sacrificed my happiness to have preserved your reputation, which is even dearer to me than your life? Should I have been worthy of you, had I refused to understand the concluding part of your letter."

"Fatal interpretation!" she exclaimed, interrupting me, "alas! what has it cost me!—Oh, Guido, when I paused to glance my eye over those gloomy characters, how did my heart reproach me for having traced that which it had not dictated! No, Guido, those are the first and only sentiments, amid the many your friend has conveyed to you, which have found no echo within her own heart. How could you believe I heeded the whispers of the vulgar crowd which encompassed me?—No! —Mine is a soul, which, conscious of the integrity of its affection for you, would have defied the censure of the whole world. But be it so— God's Will be done!—This fatal step has cost me much of what is to me dear on earth; but it has obtained from heaven *your* happiness, and I thank God for it. Pardon me, Guido, for having but this once deceived you. Well have I judged you. Rather than separate from me, you would yourself have been the sacrifice; and no argument would have

dissuaded you from your purpose. Nothing, therefore, remained for me but the employment of this innocent artifice : I trusted in it, and am not deceived.—And now, Guido, I must confess to you, that I did not for one moment anticipate your resolve would have been so fearfully sudden! It has fallen upon me like the thunderbolt, prostrating, though not overwhelming its victim, who, though from afar, had watched the gathering tempest gain nearer and nearer upon her, still was reposing her trust in the beautiful ether which still opened upon her head from above. But the Cross should be to us the Cross of sacrifice! From henceforth I embrace it in faith and hope; and I bless God that He has called me to the burden! —And now, dear Guido, with this last embrace, receive my long farewell and my blessing."

Thus saying, she bent forward and kissed my forehead; then, suddenly starting from her seat, she glided into a little cabinet adjoining the room in which we stood, the door of which was always open.

What were my feelings when thus left alone, I will not attempt to describe. With a hesitating step I approached the door of the apartment, perhaps with the intention of quitting it; but an irresistible feeling brought me once more to the very threshold of the cabinet. I there stood motionless, for then I beheld her on her knees before a crucifix, in deep and silent prayer. To break in upon her devotions, for the brief satisfaction of listening once more to the sound of her voice, seemed a sacrilege. Once more I sprang towards the door of the apartment—opened it—and closed it upon myself for ever!

CHAPTER XXX.

I HAD no sooner descended the staircase and reached the outside of the house, than I felt, as it were, a new creature. I seemed to breathe anew; my heart beat with recovered pulsation, while its first echoes sprang to my lips in the ejaculation of "God, I thank thee!" At each step, which carried me nearer to my own apartments, a celestial calm took possession of my mind; each fibre of my frame seemed to be endued with increased vigor, and when I stood within my own little domicile, peace—I might say a species of joy—animated me. Oh, the goodness of the Lord! oh Providence Divine, how lovely is thy heavenly peace! Oh, how unlike to that which the seekers of worldly vanity weary themselves to obtain!—But had I deserved it?—No: certainly not; for, the difficult sacrifice I had made in separating myself from her who was then, and has ever been, dearest to me on earth, sprang not from the suggestions of duty, religion, morality, or virtue.

My obstinate determination to perish in the flower of my youth, hating and despising all mankind, rather than quit her I loved, might well have forfeited for myself both earthly peace and eternal beatitude. An inevitable necessity, arising from a merely *human feeling*—respect for her reputation—had dictated this my last effort; so that, submitting to this necessity, undignified as it was by the concurrence of my own free and generous will, I performed a sacrifice which, to those who knew not the impelling motives, bore the semblance of consummate virtue and rare magnanimity. Oh, how many actions, apparently pure and disinterested in themselves, when dragged forth into the glare of the day of Judgment, shall appear stripped of their celestial garb, and stand bare in their native grossness and deformity!

It was, then, a pure and comforting ray of divine mercy

that had shed the peace I felt within me. It was part of the recompense of my sweet friend's noble and magnanimous sacrifice: it was the reflection of her virtue which had illumined my soul and whispered me that her prayer had been heard.

But although the fever of my mind had thus miraculously subsided, I was still too much excited to think of repose; besides, I was unwilling that the last few hours I was ever to spend in Zurich, should be wasted in the forgetfulness of sleep. I therefore once more seated myself at my little table, and beguiled the hours of the night in alternately reflecting, and committing to paper the feelings awakened by my actual situation.

Morning dawned; I perused the following lines—the fruit of the night's vigil.

THE ADIEU.

My dream is past! the vision o'er!
I awake as from the dead!
Oh, happiness! thou art no more,
Alas! where art thou fled!

Oh! what relentless, iron hand
Hath snatched the veil aside,
Revealing not one kindly strand
To stem life's troubled tide?

That veil which o'er earth's bosom thrown
With soft delusive power,
E'en clothes the weed, in folly sown,
Like Nature's sweetest flower.

Its shadowy folds how oft reflect
Reality's impress,
And happiness is gaily deck'd
In sweet illusion's dress,

Till, like the dreams which sportive play
Around the slumb'rer's head,
Each wings its flight at opening day;
And morn beholds them dead!

Oh blindness that I had not known,
At whose imperious nod,
The brightest visions soon have flown!
Thine, truth!—illusion's rod!

Yet, in my dream, a form so light
Entranc'd my eager eyes;
It seemed as though some spirit bright
Had left its native skies,

Embodying in its earthly mould
Its own ethereal love:
'Twas angel's form, as we behold,
In visions from above!

'Twas such a form as Raphael might
Have dreamed his guardian saint,
Or pictur'd as th' ideal bright
Each heart alone can paint.

She spoke, and in that voice's tone
The echoes from on high
Seem'd stealing o'er the sense, for none
E'er heard such minstrelsy.

Like Lethe's stream, her presence taught
Forgetfulness of woe;
The heart forgot the past, and naught
Of dark presage would know!

But that it was delusion's cheat
My heart would sometimes guess;
I clung still fondly to Deceit,
And welcom'd happiness!

Oh! sweet it is to fly oneself,
To feel oblivion near;
A waking dream is life itself,
Unsullied by a tear!

But soon—too soon th' illusion's o'er,
And life resumes its sting;
We wake more deeply to deplore
How vain is fancy's wing!

So thus, sweet saint, when 'neath thy sun
Such Heav'n it was to me;
My own forgetfulness was won
In contemplating thee.

I knew that though my heart was fond,
Nought thou couldst be to me;
But still I revell'd in our bond
Of sweetest sympathy.

How little joy, alas! can now
The present give to me!
My heart in silence seems to bow,
It dare not speak of thee!

But may life's stream for thee e'er glide
Unruffled by a storm,
Reflecting in the tranquil tide
But thy lov'd virtue's form!

Oh! still live on the joy of those
Whom destiny hath blest,
To breathe thine atmosphere's repose,
Near thee to find their rest.

Enjoy that peace whose holy birth
In heav'n o'er man descends;
That peace, from which alone on earth
Our happiness depends!

Encompass'd by her lovely beam
Vainly will storms arise,
And threat'ning vapours, which oft seem
To emulate the skies.

Should e'er the light of Heav'n appear
Less beauteous to thine eye,
With her thine inmate, thou wilt wear
A soul's serenity.

Then, Fare thee well!—the hour hath told
Its warning voice to me!
I go, where sorrow doth unfold
The path from joy and thee.

Oh think!—but ah my words are naught!
So distant now we dwell,
That but the buoyant wing of thought
Can ever break that spell!

I go, but oh! 'tis bitterness
To feel an object nigh
Endowed with angel's loveliness,
Then lose her thus—ah why?

Two hours before my departure, I received from her the following letter:

"Guido, dearer to me than ever!

"Never did virtue's altars teem with sacrifice but that a celestial flame consumed the welcome offering, in token of its acceptance by the Deity. So does each noble action carry with it its own recompense, in the peace derived from the consciousness that we have done that which is pleasing to God.

"From this hour, dear Guido, must be dated the commencement of your happiness—a happiness of which, in its very dawn, it has pleased God to select me to be the instrument—a happiness not yet enjoyed, but, when felt, inalterable and all your own.

"Your early life has, by the wisdom of Providence, been so attended with visitations of sorrow and misfortune, that your mind, subdued, though fortified by these trials, will enable you to meet without surprize, dread or despair, any event that may befall you in your future career. Depart then, dear Guido, with the assurance that God blesses and protects you.

"Return to your country and to the bosom of your family, to whom your long absence has rendered you yet more dear; but recall not Zurich to mind without blessing the hour in which God had conducted your steps thither as to that beacon, whence He has been pleased to reveal Himself to you, less as a Judge than as a Father of mercy.

"Let literature be your occupation and your delight, remembering that

> "It forms our pleasure here below,
> And opens the gate to heav'n."

"Abandon your diffidence in your own talents, and do not hesitate to aspire to the glory of a poet's fame. You have faculties, which, should they never conduct you to the summit of fame, will yet guide you to so high an eminence that you will leave thousands far behind you.

"The beams of the sun of your own Italy will warm you into an admiration of the works of your Creator, which will inspire you—for they are too beautiful not to bear the stamp of goodness—with love for Him, and good-will towards man.

"Your young mind, nurtured amid storms and in the frozen atmosphere of a northern clime, will then melt into a deeper love for that Being,

> "Who bids the ready smile succeed the tear!"

"It will suggest to you images, which your fancy will embody for the instruction of others; you will feel as one who, having long contemplated the gathering clouds, sees with brighter glory the re-appearance of the azure sky!

> "He knows not peace—her joys to him are vain
> Who has not dwelt amid war's troubled reign!"

"In the society of your loved sister, and in the bosom of your family—which Alfieri so truly designates the true and only inlet to happiness—the dark colourings of this scene of sorrow will present themselves fainter and fainter to your retrospection, until at length the roseate tints of a sweet serenity—so long concealed from your view, which could never have been enjoyed had you remained here— will stand revealed.

" Guido, I know you so well—so truly have I read your character, that I dare venture to predict that you will attain, by a path of little difficulty, the christian's haven in peace with your God. But, my dear friend, I pray you, neglect not what I am about to add, and receive it in kindness.

" You will return to an enslaved country, which, indeed, after many centuries of servitude, has now, for the first time, become aware that she is in bondage. This consciousness may be hailed as the peaceful dawn of liberty; but the day that opens with a serene firmament is not always passed without a storm.

" The independence of Italy is inevitably secure ; but no less certain it is, that the basis of its triumph, like the contest of opposing religions, must be founded on the bones of its martyrs. How many of her sons have already fallen in the struggle! but many, many more will yet become victims, ere the people are made sensible of the heaviness of their chains, and discover at length that *they* are not slaves, but that *theirs* is the true sovereignty.

" But, Guido, I warn you to avoid faction. You are not born for strife. Nevertheless, do not suppose I hold you pusillanimous because I counsel you to eschew a political or military career. You are born to promote *peace* in every form, and to encourage every domestic virtue.—You are born to feel and to teach that the heart is worth the conquest of a thousand worlds ; and that happy is the man who dedicates the fleeting hours of an uncertain existence to the government and the welfare of his own heart.

" Follow undeviatingly the noble path in which Providence

has placed you. To each individual hath God assigned his part in this drama of life. To each part is attached its attendant duty, which, if *religiously* fulfilled to its close, will secure a Paradise of bliss, equally to the humble subject as to the magnanimous Sovereign.

"Heed not those who may deride you for avoiding a career of strife and danger, to pursue the *only path* you are born to enter upon. Should they deem you weak or deficient in courage, mind them no more than you would the croaking of a raven. Leave them to struggle amid the billows of existence, whilst you will continue, in your unobtrusiveness, not less dear to your country, nor less desirous of her welfare, than the lofty Lombard spirit of him whom Virgil met in Purgatory:

> "Still o'er his land a fading glance he throws,
> Like the fierce lion crouching to repose."

"If you would ever preserve virtue's path, cease not to love your Maker above all things, and let your life be one continued prayer. This you will be able to do, when you are in a crowd as when you are alone—in business as in repose—in joy as in sorrow. Be mindful not to court applause for your virtue, or you will find it not less hazardous than the scandal awakened by the shamelessness of vice. Do not be influenced in doing what is right by the false pride of presenting a good example to others. *That* example is the best, which consists in the silent exemption from evil.

"Give freely to your relations and friends, when it is in your power. But would you remain at peace with men, look for neither gratitude nor recompense at their hands. My dear Guido, it too often happens that those we benefit, thereby become our enemies. But be not discouraged by so melancholy a truth. If your reward be ingratitude, the Author of all goodness who has inspired you to aid the un-

deserving, is Himself not unmindful of your actions, and will recompense you a thousand-fold.

" With these few lines, dictated by the spirit of truth, from one who loves and honours you, you will, with a lighter heart, quit a city, whose inhabitants have not understood your character. But, if in future life, you should feel sometimes disposed to hate my countrymen for their conduct to you, recall to your remembrance the characters I here trace, and bless God, that from a mass of mankind, amongst whom *He* had declared it a special grace to meet one friend, you have found *two* in this small city, in my husband, and myself.

" It will not be very long now ere the world and I shall bid each other farewell. It is now several years that I have felt myself slowly, yet sweetly, gliding from this abode of sorrow and separation. But so long as I am still permitted to remain on earth, you will continue to be an object in my mental vision ; you my friend, next to my husband, the dearest. You shall be—disdain not the title—my dear disciple ; and when at length, through the merits of my Saviour, my spirit wings its heavenward flight, I will—should the consciousness and memory of earthly things be still be permitted to me—pray at the throne of the Eternal, that the *Peace of God* may be ever with you, during your pilgrimage upon earth !

" Upon your arrival at Florence, salute Cleofe for me. Tell her how dear you are to me, and fail not to write me an account of your journey, which I augur will be a happy one. Direct your letters for me to my husband, who will himself convey them to me with the seal unbroken. He begs through me, to assure you of his inviolable friendship, and to promise, on his part, as steadfast an interest in your welfare, as though you were akin to us. And now, Guido, prove yourself worthy of your friends and of yourself, by courageously completing a noble sacrifice. Implore a Blessing upon a city that must ever be dear to you, and then depart

from it with a smile on your lip, and with serenity in your heart. For ever,

"YOUR FRIEND."

"P.S.—My husband begs me to add, that he proposes remitting to you an annual interest of twenty louis for the three hundred belonging to you, in his hands. To this he has permitted me to add a small sum, which I have set apart from the very handsome allowance with which he furnishes me. At Florence, where so small a sufficiency is required to live comfortably, forty louis, added to what you may acquire by teaching and literary undertakings, will constitute a respectable annuity, and enable you to live at your ease, and on equality with your friends. Let my husband and myself together, and for ever, hold a place in your affections. Go, commence your journey, and may God prosper you — Farewell! until we meet again in paradise."

After another ejaculatory "thank God," which sprang so spontaneously and so sincerely from my heart, that I felt as though it were immediately wafted to the throne of the Eternal, I prostrated myself on the earth, and kissing that dear land, I humbly prayed through tears, rather than in words, that God would bless and protect that nation so lofty, so free, so invincible, so hospitable; which, though divided in different cantons, still continued one family in peace and unanimity. I prayed that, if the blood-hounds which surround her, should again attempt—as they had done—to seek her destruction, they might themselves be humbled in their pride.

I then left that dear little chamber—the witness of so many pure and innocent delights, and the tabernacle of so many salutary griefs. I then sought the apartment of my good landlord Kerez, and, embracing the assembled family whom

I left in tears, I quitted the house, and, accompanied by several of my pupils, whom I loved with the affection of a brother, and by some of my most intimate friends, I reached the place of departure.

We took another and *a last* farewell; and I entered the vehicle, which was to bear me thence for ever, with a tear in my eye, but with my heart at peace with my fellow-men and resigned to the Will of my Maker.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

"And now a fairer sea invites my sail,
And sets my spirit to the fav'ring gale!
My bark moves kindlier on—and leaves behind
The memory of an ocean long unkind."

Dante's Purgatorio, Canto II.

It was within an hour of sunset, and the serene beauty of the firmament seemed to reflect a deeper azure, from its contrast with the thousand vermillion clouds, which — suspended aloft in the air—formed, as an attendant train, a semi-circular arch, apparently immoveable, round the great orb of day.

But two steps more—and behold me at the summit of the Appenines! What a delicious prospect! What a paradise on earth! The Arno with its valley; and Florence—that city, which, so modest in her divine beauty, stands like the emerald amidst the brightest gems of Europe, encircled from without

by lofty mountains, which, gradually sloping towards her, terminate in gently swelling hills of perpetual verdure; while the surrounding villas, rich in their luxuriance, seem to look on her with the admiration of idolatry!

Oh spectacle of unparalleled— of unspeakable beauty, where Earth appears to rival the Heavens, and seems to demand of them, "Am I not more beautiful than you?"

On beholding thee, the heart of the stranger yearns to thee in admiration! How then must that of thy own sons bound towards thee!—Beneath the magic influence of thy serene and temperate atmosphere, men, whose diseases had baffled human skill in their own country, awake to renovated health and vigour. Like the flame, which, after languishing for lack of nourishment, blazes forth anew when supplied with aliment, so do those infirm of health revive almost without the aid of medicine, in a brief period, to the enjoyment of restored power, and either return to their own land, blessing God for His mercy, or, as too often happens, re-commence an unholy existence.

Beneath thy magic influence, thy children enjoy almost uninterruptedly the precious gift of health!—It is the hand of the Creator visibly resting on the head of His creature; and where is the bosom—which encloses not the heart of a brute—that beats not in sincere and holy thankfulness for so great a blessing?—Yes, there the heart of man enjoys a perpetual holiday; and if, in life, there be a balm for the broken heart, it is only while dwelling in thy heavenly climate that its efficacy can be experienced.

Who will deny that Heaven ever smiled upon thee, and still continues to smile on thee, oh blessed Land of my fathers! Divine city! Parent of Dante, of Boccaccio, of Petrarch, of Machiavelli, of Galileo, of Amerigo Vespucci, of Giotto, of Michel Angelo, and of other lofty and sublime spirits, who, though Rome had indeed fallen from her high pinnacle of glory, still showed to her countrymen, that, while writhing under an inevitable yoke, their souls still triumphed

in the consciousness, that, like Minerva beneath the disguise of the mortal Mentor, when in servitude to Azaël, *they* were the instructors of their ignorant and savage task-masters.

Many and varied are the bitter draughts which life's chalice presents to the christian's lips, ere he can exchange this state of suffering for that of uninterrupted felicity; but there is not a nail that binds me to my cross so painful in endurance as the necessity which compels me to dwell far away from Thee oh Florence! my country!—Cruel necessity! thou art the spear in my side!

To thy imagination, Silvio, I refer the portraiture of my heart's joy, as I descended the Appenines—and to all who love their country and their kindred, I leave to judge of my feelings upon re-entering my native town, after so long an absence, and on beholding myself once more in the arms, and pressed to the bosom of my family. Words are inadequate to their expression.

CHAPTER II.

The delight experienced upon awakening for the first time beneath an Italian sun, is beyond the poet's fancy to conceive, or the brightest dream to depict to the mind. Italy is a spot where the Atheist, in despite of his own hardened obduracy, is compelled to acknowlege that, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work."

In this beautiful country the hand of a merciful and bountiful Creator is made to appear so manifest, that the most callous must be impressed with reverence in contemplating His glorious works, while the good man will feel a double reliance on the Great Dispenser of those blessings; and his

heart will swell with gratitude when he reflects that great and wonderful must be God's love for mankind in making men the objects of such endless, exquisite and harmonious enjoyment.

When Absence has for any length of time hidden from us the countenances of our nearest kindred, in the first ecstasy of return, our recognition of their well-remembered features is generally indistinct. It is not until having slept a night's tranquil sleep in the paternal mansion, that we can fix our eyes steadily on the sweet faces of those so dear to us, and begin gradually to recognise those individuals we so tenderly love, and by whom we are so tenderly beloved—those who had tabernacled in their bosom so much of our own *self*, and who, by their presence, now restore to us what formed an entire drawback to our happiness, when absent from them.

After enjoying the exquisite happiness of embracing one's kindred, and receiving again a parent's blessing, the first impulse of a well-regulated mind is to re-visit the temple of the Creator—to seek again those altars, at whose shrine he was first presented spotless at the invisible throne of the Eternal by those, who, next to his Maker, were to be on earth his most faithful friends, and who, when he was helpless, and unconscious, and hardly yet capable of other expressions than piteous lamentations, prayed that *peace* might be his future lot amid the tumults of the world; *purity*, where all is impure; and, finally, *eternal life* beyond the reach of the fell destroyer. At that altar, where in the first days of innocence he had prayed to his heavenly Father — at the foot of that altar, whose steps had received the tear shed in youth, in affliction, when not yet polluted by deadly sin—a tear which, though long since cancelled to the eye of man, is still visible to God; at the foot of that altar, whence had ascended the prayer of man in the days of adolescence—a prayer ever audible to his Maker, though its utterance be unheard by his fellow-mortal; at the foot of that altar Penitence pleads so strongly

in opposition to the just wrath of a Creator, that the anger of the Lord relents into mercy: and the sinner feels, in his heart, that God forgives him—that God loves him.

CHAPTER III.

To seek out some of my friends, to encounter others in my path, and to receive those who had come in quest of me, was my occupation for the remainder of that day. It was to me a day of Paradise! Life possesses some few moments of the brightest happiness, sufficient alone to prompt us to acknowledge it to be the gift of a Divine hand. But to appreciate those moments, and to feel them to be really the gift of heaven, it is not less imperative that man should, next to God, love his fellow-mortal.

He who knows not the sweets of friendship, is like the vine unsupported by the poplar-tree; he is as the ivy prostrated on the ground—as a meadow unadorned with flowers—a ring from which the gem has dropped—a day without a sun—a burthen to himself and a stumbling block to others. Friendship is a natural craving of the human heart; its possession is as delightful as it is necessary to us; and innumerable are the advantages which result from it, when it is founded in faithfulness and truth. That spirit of benevolence and that sympathy of feeling which it awakens within the soul, and whose tie is yet *closer* than those of blood and relationship, is as refreshing to the heart, as, in the summer hour, is heaven's dew to the thirsty flower and the spring in the desert to the parched lip. It is like the expression of the angel's countenance, who, while he offers to the lip of mortality its destined cup of bitterness, sweetens it by his compassion and encouragement.

How sweet it is, after a long separation, to feel oneself in

the presence, but, perhaps, more than all, to listen once again *to the voices* of those we love !

It was evening : and it had been arranged, that I should accompany my sister, Cleofe, to the *Teatro della Pergola*, where I should hear, for the first time, Rossini's charming opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.

I was so anxious to reach the theatre, that Cleofe and I had proceeded thither before the commencement of the overture. This day was destined to prove one of entire festivity to me : for, upon entering the theatre, we found it splendidly illuminated, and saw displayed other tokens of festal magnificence. I asked, " What event were they about to celebrate that evening ?" and was answered, " that the grand Duke, who had just recovered from a most dangerous illness, was then expected to present himself before the public."

Ferdinand the Third, brother to Francis Emperor of Austria, and father of Leopold II. the present Grand Duke, was a most amiable Prince, loving and beloved by his subjects, affable, pacific, and always more mindful of the interest of others than of his own. His actions obtained for him the applause and admiration of mankind. Holding a position at once so exalted and responsible, Ferdinand yet displayed in his rule more of the Father than the Sovereign ; while his subjects, who looked upon him with the affection of children, were themselves gay or sorrowful in proportion as they beheld him joyful or sad.

For three successive days the churches of Florence had been thrown open, to receive the pious orisons of his subjects for the recovery of their Prince. God had accepted their prayers ; and Ferdinand was at this moment about to reappear in public, the object alike of heaven's blessing and of his subjects' love.

Every heart now beat with emotion, in expectation of this anxiously looked for moment. But the tumultuous shout of applause and joy, which rang through the assembly, and the unanimous waving of handkerchiefs at his appearance, were

but faint tributes of affection compared to the tears I beheld stealing down the cheeks of several of my acquaintance, *who were actually members at that time of the society of the Carbonari.*

" But, is not the Duke your enemy ?" I asked in an under tone of one of them ; " why then these tears ?"

" Our enemy !" he exclaimed ; " can you believe, Guido, that in our society we ever hold the virtuous as our enemies ? Oh no—you know us but imperfectly if you judge of us thus. Ferdinand is a man, and a Prince, endowed with the rarest virtues, and naught else does he need attain to qualify him to become a brother Carbonaro."

I smiled. With our short colloquy had also terminated the echo of that lengthened applause, which in its vortex had fortunately rendered inaudible the voice of the Carbonaro, a name, which was one day to become the terror of all the Italian Princes. Silence was now obtained ; after which the charming Mombelli sang " *Di piacer mi balza il cor,*" with a tone and expression so sweet, that

" Sooth'd into sweet forgetfulness,"

I experienced the whole evening, that, however man may declaim to the contrary, life has in it some moments of enjoyment, not more alloyed with the bitterness of human existence, than the drop of dew is mingled with dust when descending from a sandy hillock pure, round, and unbroken into the plain ; and that, at the termination of a day of such happiness, it is possible to close our eyes in a tranquil repose—blessing God—and by Him blessed !

CHAPTER IV.

One day of happiness ! but one day did I say ? Oh no ! that more than one day's joy is permitted us here below,

the two succeeding years of my existence can testify; for during that period, not one adverse gale arose to interrupt my bark's tranquil course in its sea of undisturbed navigation.

A native of Florence, the beautiful; a returned exile, and rendered, from my long absence, still dearer—if that were possible—to my father, to Cleofe, and the other members of my family; a witness of their entire happiness, which was ensured either by their own means or by those I was enabled to add to the common stock, and by the health we each individually enjoyed; valued by my friends, far beyond my merit, and with whom, from the fact of my having resided at Zurich, my nomenclature became "Guido, the great traveller;" considered a prodigy by many of my fellow Florentines, most of whom knew me by reputation, and many of them personally, from my having frequently performed in public and private theatricals as an amateur—the favorite pupil of the celebrated Morrocchesi; invited, respected, courted by all; loved by the greater part, hated by none. Oh! how were it possible to have felt otherwise than happy!

Oh! bright dream of days gone by!—Sweet vision of departed joy!—At thy retrospection a tear will start in my eye. Alas! is it a crime to offer that one last sacrifice upon thy fair altar? Oh no. Thou wert happiness! and that happiness came from God! Thou wert then His glorious work. Is it therefore unnatural or unreasonable, that the exile should now prostrate himself at thy shrine, with the mental ejaculation, that "his actual situation is *misery*," and that, though resigned to it, one tear and one sigh should fall from his eyes, should escape from his heart?

The well-filled purse, that I had carried with me to Florence, and my annuity of forty louis from Zurich, together with my professional engagements to teach the French language, contributed to make the first six months, after my return to Florence, glide away in that sweet

indifference as to worldly anxiety—that uncalculating happiness—that repose of feeling which is lulled by the consciousness that our coffers yet evince no tokens of nakedness—a nakedness, whose appearance makes the possessor start back in affright—a sight, which is the warning lightning of the falling thunderbolt—the first knock at our door by that hag whom men call "*Poverty*."

But, that I might not experience the slightest interruption to the happiness, which heaven willed should be my portion for the two succeeding years, and, when but little more than a hundred sequins remained in my coffers, it chanced that, at a brilliant fête given at one of our beautiful villas in the vicinity of Florence, I was introduced to an English captain, whose name I cannot now recall, but whose handsome countenance will ever be present to my remembrance.

Scarcely had the usual salutations passed between us, than the Englishman requested me to read a splendid passage from Shakspeare's tragedy of "*Romeo and Juliet*," translated into Italian—if I remember rightly—by that excellent and learned man, Leoni of Parma.

Although I then knew nothing of Shakspeare, of his *Juliet*, or of his language, I had already sufficient confidence in myself to hazard any new attempt. I therefore immediately commenced reading the proposed passage, persuaded that the favourite pupil of Morrocchesi must awaken interest in his hearers, even though his task had been to declaim from so insignificant a work as Bertoldo.

The passage was magnificent; and I, obedient to the precepts of my excellent master, having suffered my eye to precede the perusal of each verse in order that my mind might become prepared with the sense, felt during this reading so imbued with the spirit of the great poet, that, losing sight of all surrounding circumstances—even of him from whom I had received the inspiring book—I became as it were, identified with the hero. I felt myself a "*Romeo*."

So vociferous was the applause of the group of hearers that

surrounded me, that every angle of that spacious villa rang with its echoes, while the Englishman, with his eyes fixed upon me, stood immoveable, applauding me by his silence alone—a silence, however, whose eloquence spoke to me in promise, and whose realization was worth to me the crash of a hundred voices, which, however flattering to my self-love, was ephemeral as the notes of a *Catalani*, or a *Billington*, which have no sooner created a momentary delight, than they are lost in empty air.

The Englishman invited me to breakfast with him the next morning; and then told me that some friends of his, an English family, then residing at "Schneider's Hotel," wished to see me that very day, as they were desirous of commencing with me a course of Italian literature. We accordingly sought their hotel, and I was then introduced to this most charming family. They fixed an hour for my re-visiting them on the morrow, and begged me to specify to them the terms of my professional attendance.

The Italian masters at Florence—even those of the lowest pretensions — had always demanded from the English, in consideration of their wealth, eighteen pence per hour as the recompence for their instructions. Hitherto I had looked upon this remuneration as sufficient; but at this moment, imbued with an extra sense of my own importance, and conscious that I was considered as the Professor the most in fashion and request, I took still farther advantage of the liberality of the English, and demanded half-a-crown for each lesson. I pause not to descant upon the justice or injustice of this my proceeding; estimating the English as a rich and generous people, I imagined not for an instant that I was wronging them. This is my only justification—and now blame me who will!

"Very well," was the reply of the mother of my future pupils; and so far from manifesting her astonishment at the exorbitance of my demand, she requested that I would devote an hour, each day in the week, to the instruction of her two daughters.

The English, who are to be met with on the continent, generally throw off that cold and chilling reserve, which so characterizes their demeanour in their own island ; and thus they communicate to each other all the useful information they have procured in their travels, towards the attainment of "comfort," a word that admits of no translation in a foreign language, but which is as necessary to an Englishman's happiness, as the watch-word to the security of an encamped army.

Only a few days had passed away when my pupils—satisfied with their master—introduced me to several of their acquaintances, and these latter again to others ; so that, before the expiration of a month, from the time I had given my first lesson in *Schneider's Hotel*, Sorelli was pronounced to be the first Professor of Italian in Florence.

This reputation, whether merited or not, never procured me an enemy, nor awakened towards me any feeling of envy or persecution ; in a city too where the wrathful Alighieri assures us that in his day, "the cup of envy o'erflowed from its excess." On the contrary, such was the good feeling the other Professors evinced towards me, that when their own pupils were sufficiently advanced to commence reading Dante or Petrarch, they always assured them that there was but one teacher at Florence who was thoroughly versed in the knowledge of those two classics, and that he was by far more capable of continuing their studies than themselves.

CHAPTER V.

It was about this period that the celebrated German author, Francesco Grillparzer quitted Florence, bequeathing to his printer, Marenigh—also a German—the last offspring of his

muse—the tragedy of "Sappho." Marenigh was acquainted with my father, and having heard from him that his son Guido, "the great traveller, who had actually resided at Zurich," had returned to his native country, he requested to see me.

I accordingly repaired to his house. The good German received me most kindly, and after having addressed me a few flattering words, he stated his object in desiring particularly to see me. This was that I should undertake the translation of Grillparzer's divine Tragedy, — as he termed it — into Italian, of which he was to be the publisher.

Until now, one of the peculiarities in my character had been to regard authors as offsprings of the skies, who had but lighted on this nether world; whilst I, in comparison, was indeed but an humble son of earth. It was sufficient for me, either when at Florence or at Zurich, to understand that such a one—alas! often younger than myself—had published a work, in order that I should regard that individual—whether his work were good or execrable—as holding a rank in my fancied class of supernatural beings. This singularity may perhaps afford a solution to the problem, why this Guido was never the object of envy or persecution in the city so constantly prolific in her production of literary sons.

The confidence in my ability with which Marenigh had offered me the translation of Grillparzer's "Sappho," opened to mea new page in the volume of life. I seemed to trace there the assurance that my talents were not limited to the dwarfish estimate by which I had hitherto measured them, and that if there were giants in literature, I might, at all events, take my stand amongst men, as having already attained an unusual growth of intellect, and might perhaps ultimately rival the most gigantic amongst them.

"Yes, I will undertake the work," I replied to Marenigh, fancying myself already three inches taller than I was but an hour ago; and, with a cordial shake of the hand, we parted. As I stood alone without the door of my new friend, I felt as

though I were another being—it was the inebriation of *self*.—During dinner, I recounted to the family my conversation with Marenigh. To those loved beings, with whom I was an object of so much affection, this intelligence seemed a harbinger not less beauteous in hope, than that offered by the rainbow ....no less a promise of joy, than that which we welcome with the first smile of spring; and caresses and applause were unsparingly lavished upon me.

It was the month of May! As soon as our beautiful Italian sun had risen, I sprang from my bed, and, furnished with paper and pencil, the tragedy of Grillparzer and the first volume of Dante, I took my path towards the Cascino. I arrived there just as the sun was gilding the hills with his magnificent beams, arraying nature in one of her gayest smiles. On my right, flowed the gentle Arno; and beyond it, towered in celestial beauty that hill called in pre-eminence "the Monte," to whose crowned temple the surrounding hills seem to bow in submissive adoration. On my left, stood woods of undying verdure, composed of lofty trees, upon whose branches fluttered myriads of warblers of the gayest plumage, and who, from January to December enliven the groves with one perpetual song.

My first care was to endeavour to seek inspiration, in my new attempt, from the perusal of the feelings of the "Divine Florentine." I therefore opened Dante, and recited aloud the three first cantos of his "Divina Commedia." This afforded me the inspiration I sought for—at least I imagined it had. Opening, therefore, Grillparzer's tragedy, I translated, on the impulse of the moment, in blank verse three scenes of the first act. Here I paused, for I had always a superstitious reverence for the number *three*.

Surprised at this feat—for I had never supposed myself capable of accomplishing such an effort—I re-entered the town, and passing the Square of *Santa Trinita*, it occurred to me that I would call on my friend Vittorio Silerio, who resided there, and who, in those days, occupied a dis-

tinguished rank among the literati of Florence. Vittorio has unluckily since married a woman without fortune, and much his junior in age: and now in him can no longer be traced—I fear—the noble spirit of the past. The reason is obvious. Poetry and poverty may journey on amicably hand in hand together, so long as poverty is the single spur to the poet's Pegasus; but when she also clings to the dear objects of the poor poet's mortal love, and he is compelled to woo the inspiration of his muse to satisfy the cravings of worldly necessity, poverty ceases to be the noble spur to her flight, but becomes the tormenting goad—the "Peretta"*—which the Italian, ill-taught by the barbarians of old, attaches to his race-horse, to urge him to reach the appointed goal. Poverty, in the former case,

* The *Peretta*, is a piece of tin, cut in the form of a pear. To the centre is attached a fine cord, and from the end of the cord depends a ball covered with small iron spikes, not any of which, are however sufficiently long to penetrate the skin of the race-horse for which they are destined. The number of the *Peretta* should not exceed eight The noble courser is conducted to the starting post (la Scappata) from whence, without saddle or rider, he is to run in company with other racers two miles, on a level road covered with the softest and finest sand. —As the race-horses approach "la Scappata," the grooms who conduct them withdraw the ball from the little hook which had confined it to the centre of the Peretta. The sagacious animal, who would have run equally well without this incentive, feeling himself pricked, becomes irritated, and in proportion as this irritation increases, so does he feel more acutely the inconvenience of the disengaged ball, which goads him more or less according as he moves with increased or diminished violence. Arrived at La Scappata, he no longer suffers himself to be restrained, but drags the bold groom, who now having entirely freed the Perettas, holds by a kind of curb; until at the sound of a given signal, he withdraws the bridle from the mouth of the animal with the velocity of lightning. Scarcely does the racer feel himself at liberty, than maddened by the goad, he flies impetuously onward: while the greater his speed, the more violently does the Peretta strike upon his sides, until, having gained the winning post, he stops to take breath, stoops once more to receive the rein of his tormentor, and becomes again tame and obedient.

enables the poet to despise the riches he had not succeeded in attaining. He feels himself superior to fortune. Poverty persuades him that the *fortunate man* was *never* the *distinguished poet;* it makes him conscious that by sorrow alone is true poetry engendered: that when a man writes of the infernal regions or of a Paradise Lost, his soul may—like that of Milton or Dante—rise from the prostration of earth to the stars; but when he attempts to describe the "beatitude of the blessed," or a "Paradise Regained," man finds again his own level, as those great authors have done before us.

To the house, then, of my friend Vittorio Silerio I carried, ere the ink was dry, the first verses, that I had ever thought of submitting to the judgment of a capricious public.

"Excellent! Go on with your task," said Silerio, "and do not, as you always have hitherto done, turn aside from your labor like the butterfly from the flowers; but be constant as the bee, which, in the course of a few short minutes, extracts from them all the sweets which had been accumulating during so many days of sunshine ere they had attained maturity, and gathers sufficient honey to last for weeks, months, and even years."

This short encouragement, from a mind so sincere as his, coupled as it was with a reproof I well merited, impressed me so forcibly, that to these few words of Silerio, I am mainly indebted for the stimulus which urged me subsequently to enter upon a literary career, in which, unlike that of love, even the most humble aspirant is sure to merit and obtain some applause.

One word of encouragement from a man of sense, is worth a thousand frivolous praises proceeding from the mouth of a shallow and insincere flatterer.

I returned home. Cleofe, as may be supposed, was the first to read this first literary essay of her brother. "Oh! Guido! Guido!" was all she was able to utter: but she raised her hands to Heaven, either in gratitude for what I had done, or to implore in my behalf strength for a greater accomplishment.

I withdrew into my own little study, which then appeared to me a paradise on earth.—It was situated on the banks of the Arno, and from the windows which opened upon a small terrace, I could descend at pleasure to the water's side, which, if not always clear and abundant, ever presented to my mind the image of a classic stream. Here I recommenced my task.

The sound of the most heavenly music from Cleofe's pianoforte, acted as inspiration to me. My progress in the arduous task I had undertaken was greatly facilitated by the delicious and inspiring influence of music. My sister, whose skill in playing the pianoforte was the admiration of all her friends, now lent me this seasonable aid with affectionate zeal. When mid-day arrived, she re-entered my study, bearing in her hand a little table, upon which stood a glass of Rhenish wine and some toasted bread.

"Rhenish wine! and why not Chianti or Montepulciano?" will probably be enquired of me.—"Could it be that Guido Sorelli, at Florence, at mid-day in the month of May, actually made it his habit to take potations of Rhenish wine—so much more powerful than his own Tuscan wines?"

I must then observe that, before I quitted Italy, I had always disliked wine; but in Switzerland I gradually began, if not to like it, at least to feel it necessary in a climate where constant smoking, accompanied with moderate indulgence in the exquisitely flavored Rhenish wines, formed the only recreation of the Zurich gentlemen, at the close of a day of sedentary occupation.

After I had resided some time at Zurich, I began insensibly to participate in their habit of taking wine, which indeed I was at first induced to resort to, in order to counteract in some measure the effect of the fumes of tobacco, which often formed a cloud so dense, that it was difficult to recognise an object at an arm's length, so that our shadowy assembly frequently resembled a *conversazione* of spectres.

I, however, abstained from smoking, as I feared that was a custom which, if once contracted, would be more difficult to

break myself of when necessary, than the very small portion of wine I was in the habit of taking. Ultimately, from an increasing relish for its flavour, I came to consider the Rhenish wine as a nectar, which, without intoxicating, exhilirated the spirits, and attuned my heart to a gayer strain, when prone to sadness or melancholy, as too frequently happens when under poetical inspiration.

There was still another incentive to my availing myself of its inspiration in that first eventful moment, when the *youth* was about to lay the foundation of that literary reputation, which he fondly hoped the *man* was in maturity to confirm; it was the assurance I had obtained from Fuseli and others at Zurich, that Schiller—the Shakspeare of the Germans—never commenced his tragedies, without having first availed himself of the assistance of that generous wine; he drank so copiously of it, that on one occasion, while writing his "Don Carlos" in an apartment, which opened on a low terrace, he remained quite unconscious of an uproarious tumult, caused by a crowd of washerwomen beneath his window—so powerful was his poetical abstraction.

I, to whom the conscious perception of surrounding objects, however, was not at all displeasing during those bright days of my life, contented myself with my half glass for each bottle that I heard Schiller used to take during his moments of poetizing.

At the end of three months, I had concluded my first literary undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.

It is doubtless a most culpable, if not indeed an unchristian-like act, to seek inspiration at the fountain of Bacchus. The poetic fire which is there imbibed, and the images which

emanate from its spring, belong not properly to the votary who seeks its aid. It is like the Asphaltum lamp nourished in the regions of darkness, which seen *there*, appear to rival the splendour of the stars; but never can the glare of Erebus compare with the light of heaven. "*This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.*"

Having at length completed my translation of Grillparzer's beautiful tragedy, I, one evening, read it to our assembled family.

Abundant were the tears it awakened, and vociferous was the applause. Still, I was unwilling to rely wholly on the judgment of hearers naturally biassed in my favour: and, therefore, two evenings after, I submitted it to an audience of about fifty of my friends and acquaintances.

On this occasion the tears were less profuse, but the applause was even more frequent and louder.

Gathering confidence from the success of my second reading, I carried my *Sappho* to the Secretary of the *Accademia della Crusca*, the celebrated Abate Zannoni, my particular friend.

He promised to read it attentively, and to give me his opinion in three days.

At the expiration of that time, I again presented myself at his house.

"Well, Signore Abate, what is your opinion of my work?" I eagerly asked, before we had exchanged the morning salutation.

"It is a beautiful tragedy!" replied Zannoni, "and the translation is excellent. What do you propose doing with it, Signor Guido?"

"I intend to publish it immediately."

"But not in your own name!"

"Why not?"

"For this reason, my dear Signor Guido: it generally happens that the public look upon a work proceeding from a name as yet unknown in literature, as the trifling of a novice—one whose vanity, rather than the fulness of his

knowledge, urges him to turn author. A first essay should come out anonymously. It is *not the name* of the writer, which enhances the value of a first publication; but, on the contrary, it is the book—if it be good—which reflects popularity on the author. Men, my dear Signore, who are for the most part weak, attach much importance to a name. Generally speaking, their first desire, upon opening a work, is to discover its author—even before they read the title—as we would immediately read the signature of a letter, before we proceed to examine its contents. When an author publishes for the first time, in his own name, the critics—whose principal talent ordinarily lies in censure—unable to discover who he may be, from his name being strange to them, examine his work with the impatient scrutiny, with which we run over the epistle of an unknown correspondent. 'Who is this unknown fellow?' we say immediately, 'who presumes to address me, burthening me with the expense of postage and threatening me with so much loss of time in the perusal of his letter.' To a man thus prejudiced from ill-humour when he commences his task, even gold would be divested of its lustre; whereas, on the other hand, the anonymous work, generally, receives the unbiassed judgment both of the critics and of the public, who if they happen to find it really valuable, and uncertain upon whom of the established authors to bestow these fresh laurels, dare not dip their pens in the gall of criticism."

However just these sentiments were on the part of the Abate Zannoni, they made no more impression upon my mind than would the breath of the soft zephyrs upon the snowy heights of Mont Blanc.

"And why," I reasoned with myself, "why should I have laboured to require the reputation of an author, if my name is to be thus buried in oblivion? why am I to suffer a work, which has already gained for me so much approbation and applause, to be possibly ascribed to another, who will thereby usurp my laurels?"

I therefore made no reply to Zannoni, but thanking him warmly for having read my work, assured him of the happiness I experienced in having gained the applause of such a critic as himself; and asked him what value he would recommend me to set upon it ?

" Signor Guido," replied Zannoni, " so beautiful a translation as your *Sappho* is of considerable value ; and whatever sum you are likely to demand cannot exceed its merits ; but, should your contract be made with a Jew, for many of the publishers are Jewish in their dealings, I should advise you not to require less than between thirty and fifty sequins."

I then took my leave of Zannoni, more than ever satisfied with myself and my splendid talents.

" Here is the manuscript, Marenigh," said I, on calling upon him the next morning.

" Well, and what is your own opinion of it, Signor Guido ?"

" I think the tragedy splendid ;" I replied, " but it is not for me to decide upon the merits of the translation."

" Will you object to leave it with me eight or ten days, that I may submit it to some of my literary friends ?" enquired the publisher.

" Not at all," I replied.

At the expiration of a fortnight, I again presented myself before Marenigh.

" Ferroni, the mathematician, has read your work, Signor Guido," were his first words upon my entrance ; " he has pronounced it to be, not only a fine specimen of your acquaintance with the original language, but an undeniable proof of your being a good poet yourself. I assure you he has bestowed upon it the greatest eulogium. And now then let us complete our mutual arrangements. Tell me what sum you require for it ?"

" Name your own value."

" No, no, it is for the author to demand his price, not for the bookseller to offer one."

" Thirty sequins, then."

" Thirty sequins !—Hold, hold, Signor Guido; take back your manuscript, and publish it on your own account," exclaimed Marenigh in affright.

I who, notwithstanding my conviction of the splendor of my performance, could scarcely forbear smiling at the exorbitance of my own demand for *a first work*, and who was otherwise resolved not to acquire fame by the sacrifice of a single penny of my own, replied to Marenigh's sardonic smile with one much more natural and amiable, refusing, however, to accept the proffered manuscript, which Marenigh still held out to me with a long extended arm.

" No, no," said I, calmly; " keep the manuscript, and offer me what you like for it."

" I offer you ! what offer can I think of making you after having heard your alarming demand ?" said Marenigh, with a face so inflexible, that I began to tremble for my Italian *Sappho* being published at all, and thus as I still resolved not to purchase fame with my own gold, I should have lost three months of my life; have been applauded to no purpose; and the world would not, as I had fondly hoped, hear the name of Guido Sorelli proclaimed as an author.

" Offer me what you will;" I repeated, " and do not be alarmed at my valuation. I am sure we shall agree in five minutes."

" My dear Signor Guido," returned Marenigh, " I should feel extreme pleasure in publishing your tragedy on your own account, in the best style, and, from the estimation in which I hold it, on the lowest possible terms; but since you are resolved that I should purchase the manuscript, I will make you the only offer I can afford, but which, I warn you beforehand, will be irrevocable."

" Name it then," said I, eagerly.

" *Nine golden* sequins, and twenty-five per cent upon each subscription you may yourself procure for the work."

"Nine sequins, and twenty-five per cent?"

"Yes, Signore."

"Be it so, then! The affair is concluded; and now, where are my sequins?"

"Here they are in pieces of 'San Giovanni,' just issued from the mint;" exclaimed the bookseller, counting the glittering coin into my hand.

"Brilliant, indeed!" said I, "and now, Signor Marenigh, I wish you a good morning."

I quitted the printing office, and bent my steps towards the Ponte Vecchio. My heart was so light, from the admirable contract which I fancied I had concluded; I felt so pleased, so contented with myself—on the eve of beholding my name in print, and that obtained not by any sacrifice of my own, but accompanied by a gift of some bright sequins—that scarcely did my steps seem to touch the earth.

"Well, Guido," what arrangement have you made with Marenigh?" asked my father, as I entered his counting-house, "is he not an excellent man? He has, of course, given you the fifty sequins."

"Fifty! He has given me but *nine!*"

"Nine!"

"Yes, nine only!" I replied, opening my hand and displaying the nine sequins glittering like so many stars.

"And so, you have sacrificed your beautiful translation for that paltry sum, Guido," said my father, mournfully.

"And why not?" I exclaimed. "Would it not have been worse, if Marenigh had refused to purchase my work, and I had been compelled to pay him for introducing my name to the public?"

"Well, as you will, Guido! If you are satisfied, we shall be equally so!" said the kind old man, with his placid smile.

We then discussed the most agreeable method of disposing of this first golden reward of my labours.

Although no prodigal, I had never been, nor shall I ever

be remarkable for much prudence in the disposal of money. Distrusting my own discretion, I therefore begged my father would receive the sequins in return for a gold ring which he was to procure for me, and which I intended to wear in future on my finger in remembrance of my first successful literary performance.

So splendid was the ring my father had ordered for me, that I am sure twenty sequins would not have repaid the artisan for its exquisite workmanship.

The artist, whom my father had employed, was one of the most skilful on the Ponte Vecchio. He did not know me personally, but only by name: he had called upon me to ascertain the style in which I desired the ring should be made. I left that to his judgment; but required him to introduce, on it, if it were possible, *the arms of Florence*.

At the end of a fortnight he brought me my ring. It represented on one side the lily, and on the other the lion of Florence.

I was so astonished at the beauty of the workmanship, that half afraid to ask him its value, I exclaimed: "What sum can ever remunerate you for so superb a work of art?"

"Your good-will to me, Signor Guido," was the reply, and this generous creature could never be induced to accept payment of any kind for his laborious and skilful work. This worthy man presented a faithful portraiture of the Florentine character. Notwithstanding his skill, he was extremely poor; though occupied from seven in the morning until eight in the evening, he could scarcely earn his paltry seven paoli in the day. Excepting his professional knowledge, he was an ignorant and illiterate man, yet such was the veneration in which he held, not the *individual himself*, but what he considered to be that individual's *talent*, that, in spite of every attempt at dissuasion, he insisted upon offering as his homage, the result of fifteen days of gratuitous labour.

When Napoleon's sister, Eliza, Grand Duchess of Florence, had commanded the removal of a beautiful statue of Michael

Angelo's from the *Loggia de' Lanzi*, to be transferred to the *Tuileries*, the *then* emporium for *stolen* works of art, the Florentines, who had patiently submitted their necks to the yoke of the French invaders, they who had unmurmuringly seen their sons torn from their arms, to be pressed into the service of a nation of spoliators, at this decree, these same Florentines rose *en masse*; and had it not been that a counter order was issued almost immediately from the Pitti-Palace, to replace the divine statue in its original occupation, the French garrison at Florence, Fochet, the then préfet, Eliza, the Grand Duchess, and every other French resident would infallibly have fallen a sacrifice to the just resentment of the exasperated Florentines.

Many of my conntrymen who were soon informed of my contract with Marenigh, now flocked to me from all quarters with their subscriptions, so that, at the conclusion of the week, I presented Marenigh with a list containing seven hundred names, for which I was to receive twenty-five per cent on the price of each copy according to our contract.

The conduct of the Zurickers was still more generous: I had written to inform them of the terms upon which I had disposed of my manuscript. In reply, I received a letter of congratulation, and a *cheque* to the value of twenty-five *louis*, a similar number of my friends there having united thus to serve me, whilst at the same time they intimated their wish that I should not send them in return more than *twenty-five* copies.

I related this act of generosity to the family residing at Schneider's, who I afterwards discovered, by the bye, to be Irish, not English people. So pleased did they appear at the relation, that I beheld tears glistening in the eyes of the mother and her daughters. The Irish have, indeed, kind hearts.

I dedicated my translation of Sappho to its author, although I was not personally acquainted with him. I forwarded a copy

of it to Vienna, where he resided, and at the expiration of a month, received from him a most kind and flattering letter.

But it is time that I should have done with this poor *Sappho*. I will merely add, that two years after its publication, Lord Byron happening to arrive at Florence, and having heard much of Grillparzer, he procured my version of the tragedy, as he was unacquainted with the German language. He soon after wrote to his friend Moore* in England, speaking favourably of the translation, and presented it to Teresa, one of his Florentine beauties, recommending it to her perusal.

CHAPTER VII.

To a reflecting mind, the feeling of exultation awakened within us, by the exalted opinion we conceive of ourselves, or by that others pronounce of us, is but ephemeral. The flame may spring brightly into existence ; but, in proportion to its primary ardor, so is it short-lived in duration. But a few brief moments, and the mental vision, which had rested upon the bewildering regions of poetry, is recalled to its native earth ; —the magic power which had first raised, and there sustained us, amid those ethereal realms, from whence we had looked down in superiority upon all beneath us, suddenly withdraws its supporting hand, and the well-regulated mind returns to the conciousness of its humanity, and that that humanity is but dust.

Scarcely a month had elapsed since the completion of my translation, and I had already forgotten Grillparzer and *Sappho* altogether. The applause I had obtained from it now

* See Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

dwelt upon my remembrance, only as the expiring note of a pleasing echo, and I was *myself* once more—nothing.

This inertness of mind and spirits lasted nearly two months, at the expiration of which, an inexplicable feeling from within began to agitate me like the spark, which having lain for some time smouldering beneath a heap of ashes, prepares to burst forth in a renewed flame—bright and beautiful—or, perchance, destructive and deadly in its effects.

"Be mindful how you stop short in a race you have yourself chosen. Alas, if you do! It had been better for you never to have attempted to distinguish yourself. Do you not think Goethe's *Tasso* a study worthy of you?"

These were a few kind words that, at this period I received from a friend. It will be easily imagined from *what country* and *from whom*. Their import aroused me from my apathy. The desire of fame once more took possession of my heart, and recalled all its slumbering energies.

He who commences his career, not too sanguine of success, as I fancy had been my case with the translation of *Sappho*, when he receives opinions, and judges of himself with as much humility as can be expected from a class of men (authors,) who are proverbially conceited, he will find that his powers, instead of lessening, augment in proportion to his course, and that, at each step, he has acquired additional strength—"Vires acquirit eundo."

CHAPTER VIII.

"GOETHE'S *Tasso*" was my second translation; and this, like my preceding work, owed much to the heavenly sounds awakened by my dear Cleofe on her sweet instrument, in the adjoining apartment, the delicious effect of which, was heightened by the perfume of the fragrant flowers, with which

she was ever mindful to adorn my little study. "Something must surely be ascribed to the inspiration of the Rhenish wine!" I fancy I hear the reader say.

No! the Rhenish wine had this time no share in my inspiration.

"Bravo, Guido! your reformation, then, follows quickly on the footsteps of your errors."

Be not so hasty in thy applause, my good friend; my apparent *self-denial* sprang from a yet more serious evil.

"Evil! and wherefore?"

Because this abstinence was not the result of self-denial. Neither did it proceed from a stoical determination to reject the artificial aid of excitement. No; a species of intoxication was still required. I only changed its medium. Instead of invoking the exhilarating glow produced by the Rhenish grape, I drank deep draughts from the fountain of self-love, and so powerful was the stimulus, that I considered myself equal to any undertaking, and complacently considered my crude talents beyond the necessity of further cultivation. This was a change much to be lamented. That intoxication, which we experience at the orgies of Bacchus, has its term; it yields to the soothing effects of the poppy of Morpheus; but, on the contrary, that which results from pride and vain-glory, is a *waking*, never-dying inebriation, and the deeper the draught the more insatiate is the thirst, and the more wilfully unquenchable.

The facility I had acquired in writing blank verse enabled me to complete my second work in a week.

I submitted it to my kind friend, Padre Mauro Bernardini, Professor of Eloquence at the Scolopi, who pronounced it to be excellent.

In a very few days, I obtained a great number of subscribers, having determined to publish it on my own account.

I dedicated it to my sweet sister Cleofe; and found, that after defraying the expenses of publication, I had gained fifty sequins.

At this period of my existence, every hour of my time was equally distributed between pleasure and useful occupation. My happiness continued uninterrupted ; for it pleased heaven that this portion of my journey through life should be calm, unalloyed, and bestrewn with flowers ; that on every side, should I behold realized an imaginary golden harvest unmixed with a single tare. There were still several English at Florence to whom I gave instruction in Italian, all of whom were, fortunately for me, apt and diligent pupils. The hours which were not devoted to my profession, I employed in the study of elocution, under the guidance of the celebrated Morrocchesi, Professor at the *Lyceum* at Florence.

It was now the year 1819, that in which Morrocchesi's pupils were to contend for the triennial distribution of prizes given by government.

The highest prize was a gold medal, valued at about a hundred sequins. On the one side was struck a likeness of " Michael Angelo, with these words around it, " Michel più che mortale, angel divino !" On the other appeared three crowns with this motto, " Levan di terra al Ciel nostro intelletto."

This splendid gift was accorded to him alone of the whole Lyceum, who surpassed the others in his powers of declamation, or in possessing a genius for painting.

It may be readily imagined that Signor Guido would be a candidate in this trial of skill.

For the scene of exhibition, the government of Florence selected the *Teatro Goldoni.* It issued two thousand free tickets to the most respectable inhabitants. Censors were nominated, and the Senator Alessandri— a most excellent and erudite man—was appointed president.

Oreste, by Alfieri, was the tragedy selected on this occasion.

At length the hour of trial arrived. When the beautiful overture was nearly concluded, I enquired of Galleni, the most formidable of my antagonists, and who was to

personate the character of *Orestes*, by which column he was to appear.

During every rehearsal that had taken place, Galleni had gone through his part with the greatest apathy, probably with the design of overwhelming me with the unexpected fire and skill, which he reserved for the grand evening of trial.

"I know not:" was his laconic reply to my question.

There was no time for a rejoinder—the curtain was raised. My courage was however, unquenched. I felt that Guido was himself; so that far from being daunted by this incivility, it rather acted upon me as a stimulus to exertion.

Behold Galleni on Goldoni's boards, *Orestes* himself, in the mimic palace of *Atrides*. Conceive him in the presence of two thousand spectators mute with attention—and thus commencing:

"Pylades, yes! behold my palace. Ah me! what joy! Beloved Pylades, embrace thy friend"

with so exquisite a voice, that it seemed to me, never had such a tone reached my ear before. In this particular, which was, indeed, nature's gift, Galleni greatly surpassed me; but as an actor, I excelled him both in skill and energy.

In proportion as I beheld Galleni animated with the fire and spirit of his character, so did my enaction of Pylades become calm and grave; presenting a contrast, which obtained for me the *first* general burst of applause.

Hitherto every voice was for me—for Guido—even to vociferation.

We had commenced the fourth act, and reached the scene of the confession of *Orestes* to *Egisthus*, when *Pylades*, in his delirium to save his friend, endeavours to make the tyrant believe that *he* is *Orestes*. I, at that period, became so unconscious of where I actually was, or rather I so identified myself with *Pylades* himself, that, on the

one hand, trembling with the violence of my friendship for *Orestes*, whom I proposed to save; and on the other with hatred for *Egisthus* whom we had come to destroy; I stood, unconsciously, in the attitude which the struggle of feeling between *Orestes* and *Egisthus* had called forth, speechless for the space of a minute, in short, to all appearance like an actor who had forgotten his part.

Morrocchesi trembled for me behind the scenes, and vainly prompted aloud the words I ought to have uttered. In vain did a thousand friends, from the boxes and pit, prompt me, in their anxiety to recall me to myself. No! It seemed ordained that poor Guido should be no longer Guido. I had ceased to be there, though present; stricken, as it were, by the magic wand of some fell enchanter, I was no longer under my own dominion. In that fearful moment, the leaves of the laurel chaplet which had so nearly encircled my brow, fell one by one withering at my feet, while I remained unable to break the spell of that waking dream, and to recover my speech. But I did at length revive. My power of utterance returned. A lightning flash glanced athwart my mind. By its flitting glare I beheld—more irritated than appalled—my leafless crown prostrate before me, and was then for the first time aware that I had inopportunely forgot Guido in *Pylades*.

I resumed my personation with an energy, of which I scarcely thought myself capable, and which was succeeded by a burst of applause, which continued to reward my efforts until the conclusion of the tragedy.

Il Cavalier di Spirito, in *versi Martellini*, was the next trial, on the succeeding evening.

Galleni took the part of the *Cavaliere*, and recited splendidly. Mine was that of the *Captain*, and I acquitted myself with as much ability, as could be expected to be displayed, in a secondary character.

Le Ciane—a comedy, and never before acted, by the Abate, Zannoni, secretary to the *Accademia della Crusca*—was the third and last trial. Galleni had no part assigned to him in this;

and I personated one of our old Florentine women. Vittorio Pecchioli, a Florentine litterato and a dear friend of mine, represented another old woman. Had Vittorio and myself not been known to be the actors, no one would have doubted that we were two of the vilest women in Florence, the very dregs of Camaldoli.

Although the author was perfectly satisfied, at the rehearsal, with our personation of the characters, he much feared the success of his comedy ; from a conviction that a vein of mirth is much sooner exhausted on the part of the audience, than that of serious sympathy. But when the first act, which consisted of only one long scene between Pecchioli and myself, was concluded amidst a burst of laughter and applause, the success its merits deserved was fully assured.

Adriana Morrocchesi, the Professor's niece, who personated admirably the character of *Electra*, in *Orestes ;* that of the *Lady*, in the *Cavalier di Spirito ;* and the *Cobbler's daughter*, in *Le Ciane*, was pronounced the victor amongst the actresses ; Galleni amongst the actors; while Signor Guido was obliged to content himself with his reputation of *first accessit*—second in the race—which, in his then state of mind, was equivalent to being utterly beaten and surpassed.

CHAPTER IX.

Whether the decision of the judges, in this matter, was just or not, is now but of little importance. I will not even pause to ask myself the question ; for neither then, nor at this period, could the result be important to me. Suffice it to say, Silvio, that their sentence no more disturbed the serenity of my mind than the minutest rain could ruffle the ocean's surface, when not even the sportive breath of the zephyr is playing upon it.

It were almost impossible to describe the extent of the good

will the Florentines evinced towards me. Whenever I appeared at the *Bottegone*, or at any other café, the eyes of those who knew me only by sight, beamed upon me in kindness; while their ready smiles seemed to bid me welcome, and acknowledge the pleasure they would feel in becoming better acquainted with Guido Sorelli.

How sweet it is to feel oneself beloved! How does it counterbalance the many wrongs, that Fortune is so apt to heap upon us! Not to have felt happy amid such sympathetic beings, would surely have argued a soul of Gothic dullness.

Happy, did I say?—Alas! what art thou, happiness? A beauteous vision—a dream? Oh, wherefore should a stern reality dispel so lovely an illusion to cause us, when awakened,

> "For ever to deplore
> Its loss, and other pleasures all abjure!"

Or, if thy form be tangible, why dost thou so soon wing thy flight from him, who once had felt thee nestling in his bosom, dispensing thy gentle influence through his heart? Alas! that hour was at hand, in which the arms that had, or fancied they had, encircled the beautiful idol, were to return unfilled upon my breast; and I was once again to become sensible of the poverty of myself, of that *self*, from which we look for so much, and receive so little!

A correspondence which I had maintained with an English gentleman, who had been a pupil of mine at Florence for six months, and with whom I had been in habits of the strictest intimacy, produced, at this period, a quick succession of letters from England; and, at length I received one by the hands of an Italian, who had served my English friend in the capacity of courier from Florence to Dover, and afterwards as valet de chambre.

This letter was accompanied by a remittance amounting—if I well remember—to five louis. It was to reimburse me, so

wrote my friend, for the expense I had incurred in the postage of his letters, an expense which would have indeed been repaid by two thirds of that sum. Its contents differed little in tenor from those I had lately received. They were all to the effect, "that Guido Sorelli ought not, in the very spring-time of his existence, to remain buried in obscurity at Florence, where he could do little more than vegetate; that at Florence, the plant would never attain a vigorous growth, or should it reach maturity, the fruit would be tasteless or sour; that England was the soil, in which the natural gifts of the Florentine would in two years not only become developed, but perfected." The letter farther promised that the house of him, who thus offered his counsel, was open to receive Sorelli; that there he would find an asylum, until his own circumstances should enable him to dispense with it; that ultimate success, indeed, depended upon CHANCE, but that, should Fortune prove so contrary as to withhold her countenance during the long trial of two years, still Guido could not but benefit by his experiment; as it would not be an unimportant acquisition to add, to those with which he was already gifted, a proficiency in the English language, obtained in the country itself; whilst he would at the same time form an acquaintance with that circle of society in England, which Voltaire likens to the purified particles of their native and salutary beverage—ale. Being asked one day his opinion of the English, Voltaire thus replied—"They are an exact epitome of their own beer. The nobility are the froth; the middle classes—which form the strength of the nation—are the body of the beer; and the lees—the worst of all dregs—are their brutal plebeians."

To the first part of the French cynic's assertion, I cannot assent; for the English nobility consists principally of men of sound sense, superior education, many of whom are distinguished for eminent talents. During the interesting political discussions, which have of late years agitated England; particularly those which related to the great measures of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform; who that has fre-

quented the English House of Peers will not bear me out in my opinion?

With regard to the truth of his other two assertions, I will not cavil with the atheist, the tendency of whose writings contributed so much to promote the atrocious French Revolution.

From a nervous weakness, from a want of sufficient confidence in myself, or from an undue proportion of that very necessary virtue called *humility*, I had never yet taken a step of importance without first consulting the opinion of my most intimate friends.

Upon the receipt of this letter, therefore, considering it a point of duty not to consult Cleofe or my father alone, I invited a party of my chosen friends to a glass of Rhenish wine the next evening.

Cleofe had already disposed the apartment, which was to receive her brother Guido's friends, with her usual taste and elegance. In the centre of the room was a circular table, covered with a handsome green cloth—the colour of hope in Italy—around which seats were arranged; whilst the lights disposed in various elegant and symmetrical designs, had rendered it a tribunal not unworthy the assemblage of the "Forty."

My friends, who were ignorant of my motive in assembling them, arrived punctually at the proposed hour.

Having welcomed them, and seated my father in one of the two principal chairs placed opposite to each other, I begged of Cleofe to improvise for ten minutes on her piano.

Ever ready to comply with my minutest wishes, my sweet sister, who had prepared every thing for the occasion; though still unconscious of the motive of my thus collecting my friends; and too delicate to seek to unravel that which I chose to consider a mystery, placed herself at the instrument; and by the divine melody she improvised, which breathed a spirit at once pensive and mysterious, she filled my soul with a corresponding sadness, more sweet, however, than the most exuberant joy.

When these heavenly sounds had ceased, I took her hand, and conducted her to the other distinguished seat opposite my

father. Cleofe paused, and looked at me; but she seemed to read my wishes in my countenance, for, without uttering a word, she immediately accepted the distinguished post with the dignity with which the accomplished Lord Stair complied with a sovereign's condescending request.*

I placed myself on the left of Cleofe, and thus commenced my address:

"My dear father, Cleofe, and my friends!—I have assembled you in order to bespeak your counsel upon a subject of the deepest moment to myself. You are all acquainted with the reputation I enjoy at Florence—how I am beloved, the happiness I experience, the prosperity I have attained. I am now urged to quit this, our charming Florence; to leave my relations, my friends and the exercise of my profession, for a residence in England, where I am assured that I shall acquire an accession of literary reputation. These are the encouraging words of my English friend, accompanying his invitation. Let me entreat you to consider attentively all the circumstances of the case, for unto you I leave the decision of this important question.

* Louis XV, who, I believe, held himself to be the most polished man in Europe, having heard of the reputation of Lord Stair for great refinement of manners, was so piqued at the bare probability that he was surpassed by any one in this particular, that he determined upon putting that nobleman's reputation for high-breeding to the test. With this view, he invited Lord Stair to dine with him, and placed him at his right hand. During dinner, the guest acquitted himself with his accustomed grace; this was not displeasing to the king, himself a man of refinement. He however meditated a stroke of policy, which he felt confident his guest would be unprepared to encounter. Dinner concluded, the party rose from table, and the king led the way to the door of the apartment; when, suddenly stopping, he, with the most gracious air, signified that Lord Stair should precede him in quitting the room. "When the king commands, it is for the subject to obey," said the nobleman, and bowing profoundly, he passed out of the apartment, followed by the king. The monarch handsomely acknowledged Lord Stair's pre-eminence, remarking that any other man would have troubled him with ceremonious excuses.

The letter from England was then read aloud, and its perusal was followed by an opinion from the council of "thirty nine" to this effect: "That Guido Sorelli, in quitting Florence, would not have to seek his fortune, on reaching the shores of England; but to grasp one that had been already prepared for him!"

This cordial reliance upon the promises and inducements held out by my English friend, and which led my advisers unhesitatingly to recommend my acceptance of his offer, proceeded from the high estimation in which the English were generally held by the Italians in those days! when *only* the high-born and the intellectual portion of the nation travelled—the spirit of absenteism, and the ostentatious display of wealth before foreigners, had not then infected those classes who sadly depreciate the national character abroad by a display of their vulgarity, their prejudices and their upstart demeanour.

The only dissentient opinion to my quitting Florence was advanced by an individual whom I much esteemed; but his single voice could hardly outweigh with me that of the multitude, more especially as he had the reputation of being a misanthrope.

He advised that I should write to my English friend, *requiring him to advance the sum necessary for my journey from Florence to England*; and, from the readiness of his compliance, it might be judged whether that, which he promised to Guido Sorelli, was a substantial benefit or a mere shadowy anticipation. Then turning towards me a countenance, in whose earnest expression, the scepticisms of the misanthrope were lost in the disinterested friendship of the man, he added:

"Remember, Guido, the caution which a great master has left to posterity in his 'Gerusalemme'—

> "He madly sports with Fortune that, in daring, would
> O'er balance small uncertainty with greater good!"

The proposition of the misanthrope was, however, unanimously rejected upon the principle, that so mercenary a plan

of action would doubtlessly offend one, in whom all agreed I had every reason to confide, and who was prepared—they confidently believed—to render Signor Guido a personage of no small importance in England.

What was passing in the minds of my father and Cleofe, during this conference, could only be guessed by myself who knew them and loved them so well! They had joined the majority who had voted for my quitting Florence, themselves, and my friends, to seek a more brilliant destiny in England. But to tear aside the veil of their feelings, would be to endeavour, with a profane hand, to quench the flame that had come down from Heaven to consume a sacrifice accepted by the Creator. To those who love and feel acutely, I leave the task of analysing the elements that compose the sacrifice, which these two generous beings made in thus voluntarily consenting to part with their beloved Guido....perhaps *for ever!*—for—

> "Ere time hath will'd that I should see
> My hour of absence fled,
> I may have bow'd to fate's decree,
> And slumber with the dead!"

CHAPTER X.

It was on the evening of the first of December 1820, that I resolved to adopt the counsel suggested to me by my friends the "Thirty-nine."

I immediately wrote to Zurich, informing Madame V's husband of my decision, and requesting him to send me eighty louis, out of the three hundred he had belonging to me in his possession, in order that I might equip myself suitably for my appearance in London.

My friend replied to me by return of post.

His letter was couched in strong terms of disapprobation, and contained every argument he could employ to dissuade me from a step, which he declared would be fatal to my well-being. These were urged, however, with the honest warmth of an upright man, and a tender friend.

The following is the letter, which my friend and his wife, who was equally prejudiced with himself against the English, eemed to me to have mutually composed.

" To our friend, Guido.

" The contents of your last letter have surprised us exceedingly, and filled our minds with sorrow on your account. Oh! would that we were near you at this moment; for our words might then descend with a deeper weight into your heart, than those produced by the cold and measured tracing of the pen!

" Oh! why, dear Guido, will you again precipitate yourself into an abyss of darkness, after having found an asylum under an expanse of serenity? Why, having gained a haven of peace, will you once more adventure your bark upon those waves, whose momentary calm was never assumed but to lure their victims to a surer destruction in the fatal vortex of their unquenchable wrath?

" The clouds, which have so long obscured your horizon—the tempests whose fury had well nigh rendered you hopeless of ever gaining a haven of security, have not these been sufficient to show you what are the elements of human existence?

" To think of quitting again your beautiful Florence—your country! to abandon—perhaps for ever—an aged parent, who, from your infancy, has loved you with a love next to that of our Father in heaven! To leave Cleofe—the companion, the friend, the solace of such a mind as yours, which ever needs the support of a beloved friend's counsel! To quit a circle of friends, who have made you their centre! and thus converted for you this tearful world into a little paradise

now to desert those, who seek in you their happiness, and whom it should be your duty to recompense with the greatest affection; to give up your pupils, and, by so doing, to destroy a reputation difficult to establish,—that of professor of the *Belles-Lettres*, which has already enabled you individually, to maintain so eminent a station, and to please your Maker, by doing good to your neighbour!"

"And why is it thus?

"That you may go to England, and thus be enabled to boast with vain-glorious pretenders, 'I too have been to London.'

"How poor a boast is this, dear Guido! Do you fancy yourself likely to become a better man for having walked through the streets of London, which are for the greater part the paths of destruction; where the sons of *Mammon*, more barefaced than Satan himself—who to men ever veils his deformity beneath an archangel's form—glory in their sinful attributes, and commit crimes unblushingly before the eye of any uncontaminated being, who may have the misfortune to encounter them; and who, exposed to such contagion, can hardly expect to escape, but through the interposition of a merciful Providence?

"Do you imagine that when breathing, beneath a clouded sky, the murky atmosphere of an English November, and benumbed by the chilling and foggy exhalations of the *Thames*, images more poetical, more exalted will awaken within you, than those inspired by the rays of a Tuscan sun; under whose gladdening influence yon are now respiring an air, which, in spring, in summer, or in autumn alike, partakes of the perfume of the rose, the jasmin and the orange flower; and which, throughout winter, is impregnated with the sweetest odour of the violet?

"Oh! do, we beseech you, remain upon the shores of Arno!

"Do you hope to meet in England more esteem, more friendship, more love than you have found in your own land?

Oh no! such liberality of treatment you must not look for from a race of people so proud, reserved and phlegmatic.

"*I am a free-born Englishman!* Such is their boast—such the quintessence of all that is noble in the estimation of an Englishman! it is the fancied throne of envied distinction, which he claims as his birth-right; and from whence he looks down in superiority upon the individuals of every nation, as if they were all beneath him.

"What then do you seek in England—what do you hope to find there? Riches? If wealth be your object, England certainly abounds with it, and there only, can a man gather more than he can ever live to enjoy. But beware that in obtaining your desire, it become not to you the silk-chain with which the enemy of mankind often entangles the victim he would lure to his dark kingdom.

"Is Guido then longing for riches? would he forsake every thing and all who are dear to him, in search of wealth through innumerable difficulties, in which his immortal soul must be exposed to imminent danger? If this be true, how much have we mistaken the Guido of former years—how have we been cheated by an ignis fatuus! how have heard an imaginary voice in an empty echo! and fancied we beheld the substance, where there was naught but the phantom—a shadow resolving itself into nothingness.

"This language may appear harsh to you: perhaps it is so; but it proceeds from those, to whom you are very dear, and who feel that it is meant to save a friend threatened with ruin. It would be ill-timed to employ caresses, when by a necessary violence that friend can be rescued from impending danger—is it not thus a piety to be relentless?

"We urge you, to pause for a moment: we supplicate you, in the name of heaven—for our sakes who are dear to you—for your own sake, to examine, with calm dispassionate feelings, your present position, together with the prospect that is before you; and to weigh well the fatigue

—the perils—the uncertainty against the advantages you hope to obtain by your sojourn in England! then let the balance determine, whether your anticipated gain will be worth the sacrifices it will cost.

"In thus declaring to you, in the language of truth, that we look for no good in your contemplated expatriation, we have but performed our duty.

"Nothing now remains for us but to recommend you to the keeping of the Most High, and to pray that He may enlighten and support you; that, though He may suffer you to take a dangerous step, He may be pleased to be ever near you; to raise you when falling, to dry your tear in affliction; and, finally, that He may guide your shattered bark into a haven of security.

"Whether in prosperity or in poverty, whether in joy or in sorrow, you will ever be our own Guido; and we never will cease to be what we now subscribe ourselves,

"THE FRIENDS OF GUIDO."

Excellent and valued friends! I exclaimed on concluding this letter; but, thought I, the number *three*, now constituted by your votes against my visit to England, bears but a small proportion to that of *thirty-nine*, and cannot outweigh the deliberate judgment of the majority, whose opinion, I feel bound to adopt, and therefore commit myself to the protection of Him, who knows all things—sees and foresees all things!

I made no one the confident of this letter; but I returned an answer to Zurich immediately, assuring my friends, I had read their communication with great attention, and with sentiments of affection and gratitude; that they were not less dear to me for their advice; but, that, upon a calm review of my own motives, of the two suggestions that offered themselves, to go, or to remain, the former had sounded so much more propitious to my ear, that I had hearkened to its dictate.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER ordeal now awaited me: my resolution to quit my native country had yet to be exposed to a powerful test.

There was at this period at Florence, a company of comedians under Andolfati—himself an excellent actor. Two days after the decision against me on the occasion of my theatrical performances, a friend of Andolfati, called to offer me proposals to join his company as *Prim' uomo*, or *Primo Amoroso*, with a salary of four hundred sequins a year, with two benefits besides —magnificent terms in Italy, in those days.*

* Andolfati was the only actor whose company had been permitted to represent *La Congiura de' Pazzi*, during the reign of Eliza, sister to Napoleon.

Fochet, prefect of Florence, himself a man of eminent talents, and, although a stern enforcer of the laws he was bound to execute, much beloved by the great, the generous and the good, was the person who had countenanced the performance.

Upon the appointed evening, thousands of persons vainly attempted to obtain admission into the Teatro Nuovo, for scarcely were the doors opened before it was filled instantaneously.

Fochet himself was present in the private box of the sovereign. The crowd was immense, but as the curtain arose, every sound was hushed. It seemed as though the silence of the dead pervaded that vast assembly.

"To suffer....still to suffer—Alas! None other counsel canst thou give me, Father?"

This was the commencement of a series of allusions, with which the piece abounded, to the political state of Italy at the period, and especially to local grievances that were calculated to rouse strong feelings of emotion upon a sensitive and much wronged people.

A thrill seemed to run through the audience; but their tumultuous applause lasted no longer than the report of a cannon, so fearful were they of losing any of the burning thoughts with which the tragedy abounds. Like the smothered heaving, whose subterranean

Upon such a passionate lover of the histrionic art as I then was, this proposal acted so powerfully, that it completely shook my previous resolution; so that, upon a self-examination, I discovered it still remained a doubtful question, whether my wishes exhibited a majority for a journey to England, or for my going on the Italian stage, where I flattered myself I should receive the applause of the public, the good will of the authors, and the approbation of the fair.

That applause which manifests itself in an unbroken silence, on the part of thousands, for fear of losing even a syllable in the delivery of a good actor, awakens in him a thrill of indescribable exultation. This I had more than once experienced.

To renounce the wreath now offered me by Andolfati, was certainly a great sacrifice, although the flowers which composed that wreath were only to last beautiful and fresh as long as a single drop of oil remained to nourish the lamp of life. Although our name may be forgotten with our existence, still does it seem the more alluring choice to pass the few days of our allotted pilgrimage, amid the delights of the valley, rather than to attempt an almost inaccessible acclivity, sustained but by a single hair of Hope's bright tress, who leads us and cheers us onwards to its crowning temple!

Thus involved in a question of some difficulty, I was happily within reach of excellent counsel. I had a kind father to refer to as well as my dear Cleofe. I accordingly acquainted them with Andolfati's proposals. Having heard me to an end, "Guido!" exclaimed my father, "you are now your own master; but whenever in difficulty, you may need a parent's advice,

echo is but the precursor of the earthquake, which is about to engulph a city, such was the half suppressed groan of the multitude, while Fochet sat gnawing the white handkerchief, he held to his face, with chagrin for having suffered the representation of *La Congiura de' Pazzi*.

The performance over, he immediately despatched a message to Andolfati, prohibiting for ever a repetition of that performance in Italy.

he will give it you according to his heart's best suggestions. I am inferior to you in talent and in judgment, but it is a rare thing for a father's heart to err in his advice. These then are my sentiments. By adopting the alluring career offered by the stage, you would lower yourself in my estimation, and most likely in that of others who wish your welfare. Should you forsake the elevating and ennobling paths of literature, for such a choice, you will descend below the level of your own dignity, you will perchance eat the bread of adversity: still, more probably turn a deaf ear to the dictates of virtue, and finally forfeit the love of good men, and the protection of your Maker. Whenever you have recited in my presence, whenever I have listened to the applause you have so deservedly obtained, my eyes have overflown with tears; not only from my heart's exultation in being the father of such a son, but from the inward fear that you might one day descend from the comparatively respectable position, which, as one of the *dilettanti*, you now maintain, to mingle in the vortex of those vagabonds, who, generally destitute of honour, of morality, and religion, throng the Italian stage, and, at length, are refused by our church the rites of christian burial. Yet still, Guido, I repeat, you are your own master; you have sought my counsel—I have given it—and may God assist you in your decision."

"That decision is at once made—and I will not be an actor," I exclaimed. Cleofe took my hand, and for some moments held it to her lips, ere she imprinted upon it her heart-felt kiss; whilst the good old man folding me in his arms, bathed my cheek with the tear of paternal affection.

CHAPTER XII.

After bidding adieu to my pupils, whom I had previously transferred to the tuition of several professors—my intimate friends—I took leave of my native town; and on the morning of the fifteenth of December, found myself at the "Porta del Popolo," the principal entrance to Rome.

Yes! I was now entering that Rome, whose name, however slandered by the debased part of mankind, however blighted by the withering hand of time, still lives to be cherished by all patriotic Italians—those who

"Serving, writhe beneath their chains,"

and have still the courage to glory in being the sons of a country so classical from its poetical associations, so noble and so romantic from its history.

He who is not an Italian, cannot possibly feel the same intense emotions, upon first entering this city of sepulchres—this city of ruins which even in their decay, surpass infinitely by their beauty and splendour the insignificance and degraded taste of the recent structures that surround them.

An involuntary thrill of awe arrests the passer-by, as he gazes on those mute tokens of a departed nation, while from their sacred ashes, a voice seems to demand of him individually: "Canst thou rank with a Scævola, a Scipio, a Curtius, a Marcellus, a Titus, a Brutus, or a Cicero, or any of the mighty dead which surround thee in their repose? Canst thou too, like ourselves, baost of being the love, the ornament, the support of thy countrymen? We demand of thee not, whether thou art a Roman, or a barbarian: we ask, art thou a true man, or art thou another Catiline, who, for the acquirement of riches or of other sordid enjoyment,

wouldst barter thy country, thy kindred, thy wife, thy children, and even thine own soul? Art thou like Anthony, who, on the very verge of royalty, forgot in the charms of an abandoned woman, his high calling; forgot that he was a Roman and a man? Dost thou lie before thy God, thy fellow-men and thyself, by assuming the mask of a virtue thou does not possess; and, like the hypocrite, dost thou besmear thy brow with ashes, to impose upon the credulous that thou art fasting at the festive board of mortal delights?"

Alas! the degeneracy of these days! Could we but penetrate the secret recesses of the heart—which is possible alone to God—how many should we discover whose reply must be: "Yes, I too, am a Catiline! I am an Antony! I am an hypocrite! I am not a Roman! I deserve not the dignified appellation of a true man."

Many foreigners that visit Rome for the first time, seem to enter it with the arrogance of a tyrant about to possess himself of a country he has subjugated. In that moment they seem to fancy themselves the conquerors of the queen of the world; and though they see her at their feet, humiliated and fallen, no sentiment of compassion is awakened within them for the poor victim of such unheard of misfortune. No; each footstep they take, is but to trample on the prostrate giant; triumphing as if *they* were the victors, and exulting over the vanquished.

"It is now no longer Rome!" is the ejaculation of many profane authors—of many foreign sacrilegious poets.

That there are a few amongst these strangers, who, upon viewing this fallen grandeur, do, with hearts subdued, raise their souls to Heaven, acknowledge the vanity of this world, and thank God that, by so tragic a lesson, He has taught them their own insufficiency, I deny not: but such minds are like the lily, whose unobtrusive beauty surpasses Solomon on his throne, arrayed in all his glory.

In this Rome, then, the native of Italy, makes his first en-

trance, with a heart where not only the feeling I have before mentioned predominates, but where that other sentiment reigns, whose primitive nature belongs but to the Italian, and is *wholly* Italian. It is that indefinable feeling of absorbing grief we experience upon beholding our deceased mother, a beloved, a lovely and virtuous parent, from whom, and upon whose prosperity and existence depended her son's liberty, and the happiness of all his days upon earth.

With feelings such as these I entered Rome. But I must here pause in their expression: my heart is too full for words. Let him who can sympathize with me, think for me, reflect and feel with me!

I arrived in Rome in quality of travelling companion and professor of the Italian language to an English ecclesiastic, named Fortescue. He was a person of high literary attainments, of highly cultivated mind, and already invested with that refinement of manner, which the English of education acquire by travelling on the continent. Having been informed of my approaching visit to England, Fortescue persuaded me that, before I made my appearance in London, it was absolutely necessary I should have visited Rome.

"We should think little of an Italian, or of any gentleman who had not seen the capital of the world," said he; "besides we have a prejudice in England, which Zotti—a good grammarian, but execrable poet—has resolved into a proverb which all the English have learned by heart, '*the Tuscan dialect with the Roman accent.*' If you reside some time in Rome, the English will regard you as a phenomenon, not doubting that from the mouth of Signor Guido who has tasted '*i broccoli strascicati*' they must hear the Italian in all its purity.

"This may be a weakness, but the world teems with the bigotry of prejudice, nor must you imagine that England is at all exempted from this failing. A seat in my carriage is at your service. In Rome you can continue your instructions to

me in your language, and obtain as many more pupils as you may meet amongst my countrymen there."

CHAPTER XIII.

My desire to see St. Peter's was so great, that I scarcely regarded the triumphal arch of Constantine, or any of the other wonders of Rome, and impatiently awaited the dawn of the following morning, after passing a sleepless night.

Ere the sun had arisen, I was standing at the door of a dear friend and countryman of mine, Ferdinando Petzet, who was also a pupil of Morrocchesi, and had now with his wife joined the "*Compagnia Blanes.*"

Ferdinando had only arrived in Rome the preceding evening. We had fortunately met; and had arranged the next morning to visit St. Peter's together.

I found he had not yet risen;

> "The world's excess....its soft luxurious rest
> Has virtue chased, an exile from its breast."

This classic reproof from me soon roused him from his indolence, and in a very short time he was prepared to accompany me to the cathedral of St. Peter's.

Behold us now standing together at the entrance of *La Piazza San' Pietro!*

"And that is the cupola?—that the Church of St. Peter?" I exclaimed, starting back with surprise; "why how have you deceived me! Brunellesco's cupola, our dome at Florence, is six times larger than that of this vaunted cathedral!"

"A little patience, Guido!" replied Ferdinando drily, who was aware of the secret of my misconception. I soon found that

I had somewhat compromised myself in my observations upon St. Peter's Church. In some confusion, therefore, I preserved silence until I stood at the foot of the staircase of this "wonder of the world."

"You cannot persuade me, Ferdinando," said I, approaching him with a look which would have bespoken his indulgence, "that this great St. Peter's is not, after all, but a little affair."

"Come! come! let us ascend," said my friend smiling, and taking my hand, we gained the top of the grand staircase together, and were now within a few steps of the principal entrance.

"What is your opinion now?" asked my companion.

"I know not how it is," replied I, "but I fear, it is my destiny in this world to behold every thing through a most diminished medium."

"Observe that column attentively for a moment," said my friend, pointing to the one we stood in front of. I obeyed: and what was my astonishment upon beholding that, which I I had but a few moments before pronounced almost a mean structure, had now assumed a dimension vaster than I had ever before seen or imagined.

Whilst thus almost beside myself with surprise, and volubly demanding a solution of this illusion, Ferdinando, who had preceded me to the Porta Maggiore, raised the curtain with his right hand, and now stood pointing to me with his left, with a look of exultation, that he was to be the first to usher his friend Guido into this "temple of temples".... this tabernacle on earth, the most magnificent that, since the days of Solomon, man had ever raised to the glory of the King of Kings."

If it be possible for man, while still in his state of corruptibility, to have a conscious foretaste of immortality; if, while on this stage of living death, he may behold the only true life; if, amid the strife of human passions, where the heart is the great awakener of warfare, man may even for a brief moment anticipate a promised paradise, *that*, indeed, is the only moment

when for the first time, an exalted mind finds itself within the walls of St. Peter's.

There, though invisible to humanity, He who was born in a stable, but now in His own abode at the right hand and in the glory of His Father, is present to the mental vision. There the index of that fiery hand, whose import to Belshazzar had pronounced the departure of his kingdom, reappears to the mind of the christian in the softer characters of a more celestial fire, declaring to the *true* church of Christ—" The gates of Hell shall not prevail against thee !"

There man cannot fail to remember his unworthiness ; yet. by the blessing of a Redeemer, feels himself restored to pardon and his Creator's love.

There Heaven displays itself, in opposition to Hell, and man contrasts the darkness of vice with the resplendency of virtue—the beauty of the angels with the deformity of their fallen brethren—the ephemeral smile of a faithless and cruel world, with that of a God of Peace who beatifies man and gives him immortality !

As I entered St. Peter's, a feeling took possession of my whole being, unlike that I had ever before experienced, even in the most magnificent locality, or in the presence of the most beloved !—I felt as though in paradise !

In profound silence I advanced with my friend towards the principal altar, which, though apparently but three minutes' distance from us, occupied us at least a quarter of an hour in reaching. I prostrated myself at its shrine, and with a heart overflowing with emotion, inwardly ejaculated " I thank thee, my God !—now I am content to die !"—I could no more.

He who has never been to St. Peter's, can form no conception of the magnificence of the architect's imagination ; or rather, he can never comprehend the beatitude, the celestial design and the sublimity of conception of a mortal architect inspired by the Holy Spirit, from whom *alone* emanates all that is noble—all that is lovely ; but which weak and presumptuous

man too often ascribes to his own powers, and calls the work *of his own hands*.

I will not dwell upon a circumstance, with which most are doubtlessly acquainted—viz, that the individual selected by God to raise this earthly temple to His glory, was not only an excellent architect, painter, poet and sculptor, but a virtuous man and a christian—the Florentine, Michael Angelo Bonarrotti.

The christian who has never visited St. Peter's, where repose the ashes of that Apostle, and of his coadjutor, St. Paul, can hardly conceive the profound veneration produced upon the mind when thus brought into close proximity with the dust of two men, who were the first to erect the standard of Christ, who invited men to repair to it, and, who, by their example, showed them *how to die* on the cross of their divine master. It seems as though Christ, who has received them to His eternal throne in Heaven, had inspired Michael Angelo to invest the tombs of these His two dearest sons on earth, with the greatest honour and magnificence. One fancies we behold the sepulchral stone about to be removed at the blast of the last trumpet, sounded by that same angel who broke the seal at the sepulchre of Christ! In the silence of these two tombs we hearken to an angelic choir, chanting their eternal hymn of peace; and in the rays of the sun, whenever they stream down upon them, we behold *the smile of* a Creator, upon the stilly repose of His creature.

One object which particularly attracted my attention at Rome, was the statue of Moses reproving the Israelites, after having broken the tablets of stone, for their rebellion to the God who had protected them.

It is wonderful to trace, in such legible characters upon that marble-face, the zeal of the incensed servant of God, tinctured with the compassion of the man for his fellow-mortals. It is said, that upon its completion, Michael Angelo, in fixing his eyes once more upon his work, was so overcome himself with

the expression of the countenance, that, striking a hammer on its head, he exclaimed—" Why dost thou not speak ?"

Having at length seen and admired together many objects of interest, we retraced our steps towards the Porta Maggiore.

" Let us turn and take another view of the stupendous whole," said Ferdinando Petzet.

We did so.

" How is it, then," said I, " that this temple, which I now acknowledge to be so vast, appears to us, from this point, no bigger than an egg-shell ?"

Petzet, who was tolerably conversant with architecture, contented himself with replying to me in general terms. " The secret is in the harmony of its whole construction," he replied, —an explanation which, to one who knew nothing of the art, did not serve to clear up the matter. " What think you of this column, encircled with a garland, on the summit of which is placed a flying cherub," he continued.

" It is free, delicate and graceful," I replied.

" Observe, then," he proceeded, " a single lily, or one of the roses of this garland, and tell me how large it appears to you."

I fixed my eyes upon a rose, which became suddenly so magnified, that not only the infant Cupid, with his bow and quiver and arrow, but Ferdinando and myself could, with ease, have inserted ourselves within its encircling folds.

Petzet, without giving time to my surprised exclamation, continued—

" Now, observe well the *little* angel which holds the wreath, and tell me what you think of him."

" Little, indeed ! why he is a giant !" exclaimed I.

Ferdinando smiled, and we left the church.

CHAPTER XV.

During my three months' residence at Rome, I had an opportunity of inspecting the greater part of its remarkable objects.

But, amid all the ancient reliques, that which impressed my mind with the deepest veneration, was the view of the Colosseum by night. I had thought the silence which reigned without the building very remarkable—but, when I stood within the ruined Amphitheatre, it fell upon my heart like the silence of death. Its effect upon my mind is indescribable!

I cannot conceal from you, dear Silvio, the melancholy and disgusting impression I received, while at Rome, from witnessing the spectacle I am about to describe.

It was a Feast-day, in commemoration of one of the numerous saints, which crowd the calendar. The Pope—the amiable and virtuous Pius VII—was to celebrate mass in the Cathedral of St. Peter's, and afterwards to bestow the papal benediction.

Upon such occasions, the English had exclusively assigned to them the best places in the Church, close to the altar, from whence they could witness every part of the solemnity.

I shared this advantage with them on the present occasion, from having accompanied my friend Fortescue thither.

An innumerable concourse of Romans had assembled, I cannot say sufficient to *fill* St. Peter's, but, to lose themselves in its windings, as the rivulet is lost in the river, and the river in the sea, such being the vastness of this temple, that the greater the multitude, the more gigantic appear its dimensions.

We had been waiting about an hour, when we beheld through the *Porta Maggiore*, the pontifical dignitary approaching.

He was seated on a throne, borne upon the shoulders of several robust looking Romans, preceded by the herald, the bishops, cardinals and other officers of his palace, and accompanied on either side by a long file of soldiers in full uniform, with their hats on, their swords at their sides, and carbines thrown across their shoulders.

As they approached the high altar, my eyes became rivetted upon him; he who, in Florence, had bestowed upon me his benediction—upon him whom I so loved and venerated, and in the marble hue of whose seraphic countenance I could not but trace the melancholy evidence, that *this* was probably the *last* look of affection he might be ever permitted to cast upon his flock. I felt as though my eyes would never be weary of gazing upon him, and regarded him with the same intensity as we look upon a beloved object for the last time.

A feeling of anguish, of affection, of envy, each by turns took possession of my mind. It was anguish to behold the sufferings of fading mortality; love for him, who had been a true father to the church, the friend to the poor, to the unhappy, to the upright man and the christian; and I envied the pilot who, having through this

"Mighty flood, unchecked by tides,"

guided his bark safe and uninjured into its haven, seemed about to receive, in recompense, the crown of peace and glory from the hand of the most beneficent of sovereigns.

Hitherto I had paid no attention whatever to the soldiery; but after the Pontificate had descended from the throne, and had knelt at the foot of the altar with the profoundest humiliation, I was startled by the clank of the carbines which were thrown simultaneously from their shoulders, as they also prostrated themselves. I now observed the pomp and ostentation which had accompanied the pontiff; and such were the indignant sentiments it awakened in my heart, that though my faith in Jesus was still unshaken, every feeling

of respect and veneration for this head of the church—this visible Christ—evaporated at once. "Just heaven"—a voice within me seemed to ejaculate—"what a fearful contrast is this pomp, to the self-denial and humility which should characterize a representative of the Redeemer! Is not this theatrical exhibition an impiety, by which a minister of the gospel assumes the air and importance of a Cæsar? Just God! that man should not only be so profane, but so senseless! Is it not virtually denying Christ to represent Him at the head of an armed force? Where is the distinction between the Pope and the Grand Signor—between Mahomet and this representative of Christ?—between the sword and the cross? Oh blessed humility! thou noble basis on which Jesus founded His doctrine! alas! into what an abyss art thou plunged by the Catholic priesthood of our day! whither shall we seek thee? where find thee? when shall we ever look on thee again? alas! not in days like these of blindness and perversity!

"And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."—(Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle, to Timothy, chap. 2. v 23, 24, 25.)

"Thousands of angels, at thy nod
Had wing'd their flight from realms of bliss
To teach fell Judas, Thou wert God,
And blast him for his traitor kiss!

But mercy e'en in that dread hour
Reprov'd the warfare love had shown,
And Malchus heal'd, proclamed the power
Each other power had o'erthrown!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Each moment that I did not devote to Fortescue, in accompanying him to view every thing worthy of observation in Rome, I spent with my friend Petzet, who, with his wife, had enrolled himself among the *Compagnia Blanes*, in the Teatro Argentina. Petzet, who possessed a truly Italian, I might say a Roman spirit, was an enthusiastic admirer of all the broken columns—nay, of the humblest stones, which bore upon themselves the seal of antiquity—reliques after which—not to disguise the secret feelings of my sacrilegious heart—I, at that time, would not have given a straw, after having entered St. Peter's, and witnessed the splendour of design with which the Holy Spirit had inspired the sublime architect.

One morning, Petzet and I quitted the house, my friend carrying three large volumes under his arm.

"What do you propose doing with your library?" I demanded; "and may I ask who are the authors, whose company seem so necessary to your walk?"

"These books are guides of Rome, by different authors," replied Ferdinando; "I bring them with me, that in case any of the ancient reliques, we are about to visit, should not be noticed in the one, we shall have the resource of the other two. It would be highly culpable in us were we, upon our return to Florence, unable to speak authoritatively upon what we have seen, and, like intelligent travellers, to satisfy our friends by substantial proofs, that we had really been at Rome, and well examined its wonders.

My friend Petzet, though one of the most amiable of men, had however one failing—common enough, I believe, in all

countries—that of possessing an ear that resented any grotesque or barbarous pronunciation of his native language. A whimsical exemplification of this peculiarity occurred during our stay at Rome.

One evening, Petzet engaged an Austrian officer to play with him at billiards. Ferdinando was the best player in Tuscany, and hitherto he had not met with a rival in Rome. The saloon in which they played was much frequented, and, on this occasion, the company was very numerous. The progress of the game appeared so interesting, that it gave rise to many bets, in most of which Petzet eagerly participated.

For the first two hours, Petzet had decidedly the advantage, and the bets in which he was interested, realized a sum which he had never dreamed of possessing in his life. Meanwhile the German remained perfectly unmoved; conscious of possessing a little mountain of gold-sand, he heeded not the single grains constantly falling from the hillock.

Not so, Petzet. Excited to a high degree, he suffered himself, at the conclusion of every game, to be prevailed upon by the wealthy barbarian to play double or quits. His very soul seemed in his eyes, while every muscle of his expressive countenance was in action. At length Fortune, with the fickleness of her sex, seemed resolved to prove to Petzet, that in play, as well as in war, her favors are not always bestowed on the most skilful and deserving. A false hit from Ferdinando gave rise to contention between the two players; though from the state of the game, it might have turned in favor of the Austrian officer.

Petzet, gifted with eloquence and great powers of persuasion, advanced innumerable arguments to prove that he had not violated the laws of the game. But when the German, with Stentorian lungs, proceeded by his more boisterous arguments to appeal to the spectators, in Italian, as ludicrous as it was barbarous, all his verbs being in the infinitive mood, Ferdinando, without waiting for their decision, flung the cue upon the board, and at once abandoned his

claim. Then closing both ears with his hands, he exclaimed :

" Peace, peace, German !

" What hideous outrage *this* to Tuscan ears !"

thus vindicating the wrong Fortune had so remorselessly put upon him, by holding up to derision the ridiculous object of her favor.

The peal of laughter which followed this *impromptu*, though no more pleasing than the braying of the ass to the wealthy barbarian, discoursed such sweet music to my satirical friend, that it consoled him for the large sum of money by which it had been purchased.

I was too glad to avail myself of the pleasant companionship of my gifted friend and countryman, Petzet, not to accompany him in most of his visits in search of antique remains. In his society I could hardly fail to imbibe some of the enthusiastic fervor which animated him, while contemplating the glorious fragments of ancient splendor, associated as they are with characters and events that seem to increase our veneration and wonder, as time makes their separation from us wider.

To have listened to Petzet's description ; the imposing circumstances in which such a triumphal arch had been raised ; against what invaders such a bridge had been employed as a defence ; to what divinity a particular temple had been erected, what priest or priestess had presided at its shrine, and what was the nature of their sacrifice, had been enough to animate one less susceptible than Guido Sorelli.

We had inspected many of these interesting objects, when one morning, Ferdinando and I found ourselves standing before a magnificent column, whose capital presented the splendid remnant of a great arch, but to which the bad taste of the present age had made some additions—with a view, I suppose, of presenting to the modern Italian the humiliating contrast between the imperishable foundation of the dead, and the ephemeral superstructure of the living. Beneath this column, and in its vicinity stood men and women vending fish.

Here my antiquarian friend paused, and proceeded hastily to turn over the pages of one of his constant companions—the guide books. His eye glanced from the book to the column, from the column to the book with impatient rapidity.

There was evidently *no* allusion to the column in the book he had opened: accordingly, another was eagerly scanned. That was equally barren.

A third making no mention of this admired relique, he turned abruptly to me, and exclaimed:

"Dost thou remember, Guido, in the history of Rome, to what temple, to what public building or triumphal arch this column relates?"

"Not I, indeed," replied I, smiling.

"The guides do not mention it," he added with some asperity of manner; but whether awakened by his own ignorance, by mine, or by the insufficiency of the guides, I know not—perhaps it was a combination of the three.

His impatience, however, seemed not to be easily restrained; for encountering a common-looking person, he cried aloud to him:

"Here my worthy friend! Tell me, if you please, what is the meaning of this column?"

The poor man shrugged his shoulders, and by other tokens seemed to say: "What does it signify to me what may have been this column or any other of the ruins which you wealthy vagabonds post one end of the world to the other to visit;" and without uttering a word, he continued his walk.

Petzet looked at me quite disgusted at the rudeness of this Roman plebeian, accustomed as he was to the civility and the intelligence of the humblest of the Florentines, and which, indeed, characterizes *all* the Tuscan rustics. But, before he could utter the bitter sarcasm, which was on his lip, against the modern Roman, we beheld a respectable looking young priest advancing towards us, to whom, as he approached within hearing, Ferdinando exclaimed:

"Signor Abatino, favor me by informing us to what temple or to what other structure this column belonged?"

Without looking at the object in question, the ecclesiastic approached us, and after raising his eyes, he lowered them again with an expression of the deepest humility.

"I am grieved, Sirs, that I am unable to satisfy you, not having yet completed my own researches upon the subject: but I pray you, attribute my ignorance to my youth, for I only yesterday attained my seventeenth year."

He had until now held his *nicchio** in his hand: but having uttered these words, he replaced it upon his head, made a profound obeisance, and departed.

The mystery of this column began now to divert us, when we beheld a third personage approaching, one whose figure and stride made him appear almost a giant. Petzet's self-love having been pacified by the display of ignorance in others, he accordingly resumed his naturally sarcastic gaiety, and advancing towards the new-comer, exhibited in his person the contrast of a dwarf to a giant. With an air of importance that seemed but humility when compared with that of this *moving mass* of earth, he thus accosted him:

"Sir Roman, I pray thee! please to inform us of the ancient name of that column?"

"That column?"

"Yes, sir, that before us."

The man-mountain raised his eyes towards the object, bent his brows, and observed it in profound silence for nearly three minutes; he then looked down upon us, whose stature scarcely reached his hip, and replied in a voice of thunder: "The ancients, Sir, used to call it the *arch of the fishmarket.*"

"How, Sir," exclaimed Petzet, much irritated, "had then the ancient Romans so great a veneration for *fish*, that they actually erected a triumphal column to its honor?"

At these words, I was betrayed into so excessive a fit of laughter, that Petzet, apprehensive both for my safety and his own, took me by the arm, and compelled me to run along with him as fast as our legs would carry us; not for-

* *Nicchio* is the three cornered hat worn by the priests in Italy.

getting, however, to look behind him, from time to time, to observe if the leviathan was pursuing us. The latter, however, paralized at feeling himself the object of mirth to two young Florentines, who, contrasted with him, were like two squirrels presuming to bite the trunk of an elephant, remained for some minutes unable to advance a step, glaring upon us with eyes distended with rage, as long as the dust raised by our steps was visible.

If Petzet's turn for sarcasm, and Guido's sense of the ridiculous had given a free rein to our tongues, the speed of our limbs was certainly superior. Taking advantage, therefore, of the pause in which the spell of wrath seemed to have nailed the Roman to the pavement, we gained a distance far beyond the possibility of being reached by him whose little finger could have annihilated us.

Weary at length with running, we came to a halt, and, after having spent a whole hour in a jesting review of the pretensions of our would-be instructor, and profound Roman antiquarian, we separated in a jovial mood.

CHAPTER XVII.

The day had now arrived in which I was to bid adieu to the "Queen of the world"—to wander for the last time among the sepulchres of the illustrious dead; to contemplate the munificent hand of God, shown in the talent of that man who had raised the structure of St. Peter's, and to deplore, while lingering on this consecrated spot, the poverty of the modern world, in reflecting upon the byegone days of antiquity.

On the eve of my departure from Rome, wearied and depressed from having during the day, taken leave of so many

valued friends, I sought to fly *from myself*—or rather to dissipate the melancholy reflections solitude will always awaken. Deprived of the society of those we love, a painful sense of isolation oppresses us. To obviate this depression, I proceeded to the "Teatro Argentina," where I knew Ferdinando and his wife were to perform in one of Goldoni's comedies.

I had bidden farewell to these excellent and valued friends, but a few hours before—a farewell that it was but too likely would be the last I should exchange with them. On finding myself alone, the void in my heart produced by the final separation from these friends became so intolerable, that I could not resist the temptation of once more beholding them, though from a distance. Gazing from the pit of the theatre, upon their features, rendered so familiar to my contemplation from our recent close intimacy, it seemed to me as though they were the shades of friends who had departed.

I returned to my hotel, but did not retire to rest. I packed my valise, and seating myself in the chimney corner, remained there revolving a multitude of thoughts, until four o'clock struck upon my ear. The next moment the loud appeal of the "Vetturino," roused me effectually from my reverie. I soon found myself seated in the coach, where, observing that I had three travelling companions, I drew my hat over my eyes, and passed once more the Porta del Popolo, full of regrets for all I had quitted, which were, however, not unmixed with pleasing anticipations of the joy I should feel in revisiting Florence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arrived at the confines of Tuscany, and about to enter once more that happy country, I felt my heart revive: I breathed anew.

If the fruitful soil of my beloved country has justly obtained

for it the title of the garden of Europe, it is no less remarkable that the genial influence of its heavenly climate equally fertilizes and invigorates the heart of man. Content—the summit of worldly happiness—is there to be found in a much larger proportion than in any other spot of the earth. Its inhabitants are eminently characterized by their feelings of natural refinement and benevolence. A worthy father of such a people, is the present Grand Duke!

One of the great evils of the unfortunate political division of Italy, is the want of a pervading national spirit which is needed to harmonize the manners, customs, tastes and feelings of the inhabitants of its separate states. They are now occasionally the very antipodes of each other. Is it just, is it natural, that at Rome, and at Naples, the Florentine should be called a foreigner; he too, with equal absurdity, applying that epithet to the inhabitant of those states? When such cruel distinctions shall become cancelled in the heart of the Italians, then may they hope to throw off the yoke of the barbarian; *then* and not until then!

If the Englishman and the Swiss, in re-entering Tuscany from Naples or Rome, feel themselves at home in this land of ease, how much more reason had I, a Florentine, to feel myself not only consoled for my absence, but in a state of transport at my return! Each respiration that I took, sounded to my heart as a warning of regret, conscious as I was that but a few brief days would behold me separated, perhaps for ever, from all I loved best on earth—distant from the most beautiful land which the sun salutes with its golden rays. The influence of that delicious atmosphere, whose healing balm so soothes the heart, however, soon restored my serenity and inspired me with that fortitude which is needful to encounter the evils that destiny may have in store for us.

From the hour I re-entered Florence to that in which I quitted it, nothing worthy of observation occurred to me, if I except the receipt of the two following letters from my Zurich friends.

"Guido,

"We are grieved to find that you are still resolved to take up your abode in dismal England, and thus, perhaps, to become lost to us for ever. Oh! if we have any influence still remaining in your heart, we pray you to consider once more what you are about to do. Ask yourself again, *am I born to dwell far away from those I love, and by whom I am loved?* Once more examine your own resources, and say if you find in yourself the courage, the apathy, the recklessness of feeling so indispensable to one in your position. If so, then prepare yourself for the encounter, turn from your native Florence, and quit it for ever, and may heaven be your guide.

"YOUR FRIENDS."

"P.S.—Upon your reply will depend whether we retain your eighty louis, or remit them by return of post."

I was now too deeply pledged to swerve from my engagement, without incurring the imputation of weakness and vacillation. I therefore wrote to this effect to my friends, and at the expiration of three weeks received an enclosure from Zurich. Upon opening it, however, I found it contained nothing but a bill of exchange to the value of eighty louis, not a line, not a word of friendship or affection.

"They are angry with me!" I exclaimed, much mortified; "but patience! we shall yet be friends."

But a very few days now remained of my stay at Florence. I had no occupation then of any kind. As soon as I had risen, therefore, I used to repair to the "Magliabecana library" to study, to read, or to gossip *sotto voce*, with the students I there encountered. In this splendid public library, I had passed the brightest hours of my existence before I had quitted Florence for Pisa, and afterwards for Zurich, and, subsequently, when I spent my last two years in my native town. Notwithstanding this saloon was one of public resort, I always found a seat had been reserved for me at my accustomed table. Either by

chance, or by the courtesy of those who, knowing me by sight, and observing my regular attendance, chose not to occupy my post, even during my absence.

Among the readers at this table, there was one individual who had occupied the same seat for fifty years. He was then eighty-five. He was a jew, of the name of Finzi, a man of great literary attainments, and was a cynic as well as a philosopher. His whole nourishment consisted of bread and anchovies; and as he both breakfasted and dined at the library, fragments of anchovy were often to be discovered between the pages of the old volumes which lay open before him. He was then occupied in the modern history of Europe. At the conclusion of his frugal repast, he would lay his head upon his book, and indulge in profound repose for two hours. I could never ascertain what was his beverage, but I imagined it to be water, not only from the nature of his repast, which must have created much thirst, but from the appearance of the "outward man," which bespoke either great penury, or great avarice.

To give to my readers an exact description of this man's physiognomy far exceeds indeed my powers, although his features seem still fresh in my recollection.

Never have I seen so lengthened, so attenuated a countenance on the shoulders of man!—His grey hair—it was not yet totally white—fell in profusion over his neck in the extremest disorder. His forehead was very ample: upon each eye-brow two large fleshy protuberances were visible, which might have been mistaken for the horns of the Satyr. His thick grizzled eye-lashes were at the same time so long and close, as almost to conceal his eye. It always required a near vicinity to be able to discover that feature; and when the thick curtain that interposed was at length raised, the effect was very remarkable. His eyes were exceedingly black, with an expression at once fiery, suspicious and penetrating. It ever seemed to me that they spoke neither love towards man, nor confidence in the virtue of which he is capable; for, though his contraction of brow appeared natural to him, I always ob-

served it scowled more darkly, when in immediate contact with any one of his species. His look then seemed to say—"Never wert thou and never wilt thou be any thing of good. Either thou art the slave of thy passions or thine heart's self-elected idol: but if perchance thou art possessed of some virtue, it is like the lightning's flash athwart a darkning sky, serving but to render more apparent the horror of those vices which blacken thy soul. Thou art, in fact, human — consequently weak and despicable!"

To encounter his gaze seemed to be as it were laying bare one's in most soul to the scrutiny of a judge. It was difficult to avoid such a feeling, and it always causes a shudder.

His nose was perfectly aquiline. Cheeks, he had none—but two deep indentures supplied their place; while his mouth, in which were still ranged two rows of sound teeth, scarcely discoloured by time, was so capacious, that had not dame nature deemed it advisable to limit its extent for the accommodation of a couple of ears, it might possibly have formed a circle round his head. His chin was of unusual length, and so curled at the point, that it resembled the front of a Chinese shoe; while the remainder of his appearance was that of an animated skeleton, enveloped in dingy habiliments of the most threadbare texture, and disposed on his scare-crow figure with ludicrous irregularity.

Such was Finzi, the jew, who, during the long course of fifty years, had uninterruptedly frequented the "Magliabecana," and had yet not formed one single friendship, or deigned to hold intercourse with a living being there.

Whether it was that this cynic detected in my physiognomy that faculty with which the benificent Creator has, so much to my own comfort, endowed me—good will to all mankind—or whether it must be ascribed to an unaccountable caprice that will befal the most stoical, I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that, during our proximity at the table, I was the only one upon whom he ever raised his eyes. By and by, he

condescended to return my salutation by a slight and almost imperceptible inclination of the head. To me, at length, he vouchsafed the sound of his voice, which

" Had grown hoarse with silence ;"

and finally his familiarity extended so far, that, in case of a difficulty occurring in my studies, I readily sought his assistance, and never failed to obtain advice and information from this singular being.

Upon my re-appearance at the Magliabecana, after an absence of four years, the jew actually laid down his pen to shake my hand ; and muttering a few courteous words of salutation, his capacious mouth relaxed into something very like a smile. This was the first time he had ever offered his hand to a living being : and the first time — to my knowledge — his inflexible countenance had attempted to deck itself in the unwonted blandishments of a smile.

Before my departure for Rome, I had acquainted him with my intention ; requesting him, at the same time, to inform me what were, in his opinion, the objects there most worthy of attention.

" Michael Angelo's Moses !" he had replied, with much more enthusiasm than I had ever thought him capable of evincing. Upon my return, my first care had been to pourtray the impression this statue had made upon the feelings of his young christian friend. He listened to me in mute attention ; — that soul, whose emanations he had so carefully concealed within his own heart, now gradually burst forth beaming in radiant resplendency upon his countenance ; until at length, I became convinced that my sentiments were in unison with his own, and that now the jew felt more sympathy with me than ever.

Encouraged by this evident disposition in my favour, I

ventured upon a liberty which formerly I do not think I should have dared to take.

"Now that we are upon a sacred subject," said I to him, "will you permit me to ask you one question?"

"Aye; freely."

"You have doubtless read, nay, deeply studied the Scriptures!" pursued I. "A talented man, like yourself would not turn aside from any track, where there might be a chance of gathering flowers by the way, or of acquiring knowledge."

"You are right: I have read and studied the Scriptures, exactly as you have supposed."

"Having, then, perused the life and doctrines of Jesus Christ, how is it possible that you can still persuade yourself that he was an impostor, and at the same time adhere to the faith of your ancestors by whom He was crucified? You are an old man, I might say a decrepit man; and though the protecting hand of your Maker shields you at present from the infirmities which are usually the companions of those advanced in years; yet, earth will very shortly require of you that which you owe her, and the passive clay must yield the spirit—the essence of a Maker's breath—which was awakened by a Deity, and by the act of a Deity can alone expire. When you shall have reached that period, do you not fear that, having denied Christ, you must have secured your eternal misery in the life to come?"

"No!" said the jew, laconically.

"No? Then must you regard Guido, the christian, eternally condemned."

"Not so."

"Impossible! Surely one of us must be fatally wrong on this most important subject."

"Neither you nor myself, nor he who dissents from us both!"

At these words my heart sank within me, for with them had vanished the latent hope I had conceived of persuading this

venerable jew to become a christian; while, at the next moment, a feeling so like disgust took possession of me at his unconquerable heresy, that I was on the point of turning my back upon him as irreclaimable, when he, observing my movements, anticipated what was passing within my mind:—

"Stay awhile," he said, retaining me gently by his withered hands—"stay awhile, and do not thus harshly give me up for lost. Be yourself a christian: but be not unreasonable; and, whilst you still heed the suggestions of your own heart, close not your ear to the arguments of others, which, if they fail to convince you, will confirm you yet stronger in your own faith, and thus will render it yet more triumphant in your own judgment."

At these words I paused, and resumed my seat.

For an instant the jew was lost in reflection. He then took a pen.

"Observe," said he, describing a circle on a piece of cardboard, "imagine this to be the city of Florence: *this* a square within the centre of the circle, we will suppose the square of the *Gran Duca*.*

"We will now suppose that by an edict issued by Napoleon, Sovereign of Italy, all the inhabitants of Florence are commanded to repair the next day to the Square *Gran Duca*, to swear fealty to Napoleon, before the hour of midday, upon pain death. Behold, with the dawn, a concourse of people congregated at the entrance of the square. They are those who tremble lest some unforseen circumstance should intercept their timely obedience. Each moment, each hour brings with it an increase of multitude, until the clock of the square peals forth the eleventh hour. And now again observe the square thronged with the less timid aspirants, who had deemed one hour a sufficient anticipation of their submission. But one minute more—now *one second* to the proscribed hour—and now behold the last, the proudest in

* The largest and most remarkable square in the city of Florence.

their obedience entering the palace gates. Mid-day has sounded ! the register has closed ; and admittance is denied to every living being—the disobedient are doomed to an unmitigated penalty."

Finzi now looked up in silence, to see if I had understood him ; but, observing that I did not appear to have comprehended his allegory, he continued :

" Do you perceive that all who had repaired to the square, not excepting those who were but within a moment of the prescribed hour, are received into the favour of the Emperor, and consequently exempted from the penalty of death ?"

" Doubtless !"

" You observe also that numerous streets surround the square. Here is the " *Via de' Calzajoli, gli Ufizi, Vaccherecia,* besides many others, whose name I need not mention to you. Now, provided his subjects have obeyed his summons, think you it imports to the Emperor, *by which* of these paths they have gained the square ? And thus it is with religion. The first principle in each sect is, to acknowledge a Sovereign Creator, and Benefactor, and to love and serve Him by loving our neighbour. God is the one universal good—the Author of every good thing. We look up to Him as our only hope ; and that path by which His creatures have sought Him, and have striven to render themselves worthy of His protection, will by Him be regarded as the right road. He is that glorious star, which guideth man direct through every road. Guido ! it is not the distinctions of religion ; it is man's works which enable or degrade him, which separate or attach him to that Being of all goodness and all perfection. Suffer me then to continue a faithful jew—and remain yourself a good christian. Although you are many years younger than myself, it may not be very long ere we meet each other in that blessed land where God is alike the Father of all His creatures."

These words made some impression upon my mind. They did not, however, shake my reliance upon christianity as

the only true religion. I was then too young, and my acquaintance with the higher and more solemn ordinances of the christian faith was too slight, not be perplexed at the large, benevolence, and tolerant spirit, involved in the the jew's sophistry. I took his hand, and bade him adieu, with the emotion we experience on taking a last farewell of a valued friend. The misanthrope seemed himself moved; it was evident he entertained a regard for the individual he was now to part with for ever. But like the lightning's flash this feeling vanished from his mind; for, laying his hand gently upon my shoulder, he uttered, "May God be your guide!" then turning from me, he seated himself calmly at the table, as if nothing had occurred to distract the monotony of his existence; and, when I quitted the library, I beheld him once more immersed in his huge volume, with the same abstracted and studious countenance as ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HAD now reached the last scene in the second act of the drama of my life. The part I had now to perform, that of solemnly exchanging a last farewell with those I most loved on earth—was heart-rending in the extreme; but the die was cast, and it became me to meet it as a man, convinced I was that it would be as impossible for me to avert it, as it is impossible for man to arrest the wheel of fortune, or stay the flight of time.

"Necessity makes e'en the humblest valiant."

I therefore called to my aid, all the courage with which I was endued; but having become soon aware that even

that would not avail me much, I then tried to conjure up illusions of future happiness—a mental dream that is readily created by the imagination in such a climate as Italy.—Alas ! I *knew* it was but a dream !

> " Oh ! sweet it is to fly one self—
> To feel oblivion near !
> A waking dream is life itself,
> Unsullied by a tear !"

With a steady gaze, therefore, I fixed my eyes upon that flattering mirror, which hope ever presents to the mind of youth, when lost in his dreamy anticipations of the future. Within its magic reflection, therefore, I beheld myself, after the lapse of a very few years, quitting England laden with wealth, with honors, and with fame, to return to the land of my fathers, there to dwell the friend and support of those I best loved.

I felt now endued with a man's—nay, with a lion's strength, and I prepared myself firmly to encounter the sorrow of parting, a sorrow which I then likened to the ordeal of passing through the infernal regions, in order to attain the gate, whose entrance presented the ecstatic prospect of the Elysian Fields.

But whilst I stood in need of so much illusive support to struggle with the sorrow, which seemed ready to overwhelm me, Cleofe had recourse to a similar solace, and had indulged in the most pleasing anticipation of my future prosperity. Blind, therefore, to every object, and with every other feeling concentrated in that *one* hope, she assumed the courage which should have been my portion : and, in that moment, which she felt to be the most critical to her brother, she placed herself at his side invested with the love, the dignity, the aspect, the Ægis of Minerva.

There wanted but a fortnight to the day fixed for my departure from Florence, when one beautiful April morning, Cleofe and I were returning from a ramble we had taken

together on the *Mura*. We had gained a point, from which we could enjoy the best view of the magnificent cupola of Brunellesco. This is by far the highest structure in Florence; yet it rather seems to confer an additional grace upon the inferior buildings, than to tower above them in triumph; thus resembling the majestic oak, which adds beauty to, while it protects and shelters, the thousand tender plants, that bloom beneath the shade of its magnificent branches.

"Do you observe that splendid miracle of art, Cleofe?" exclaimed I as, without regarding her countenance, I stood in deep contemplation of the object before us. "Alas! with what different feelings do I now look upon it, now that I am about to quit it—for heaven knows how long—to those with which I contemplated it, when, upon my return from Leghorn, I heard my father exclaim, 'Guido, there is the cupola!'—Cleofe! do you remember that scene I have so often recounted to you, though, perhaps, never in the sombre hues of reality? To-day, that cupola is as much the object of my love, as it was then of my hate. In man's limited sphere of existence, so dependent is he upon the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, that when it fails him, *Spring* blooms not for him in its sweet and freshening verdure, *Life*, is but a mournful and wearying race: the *Sun*, beams not on him its vivifying power, and the *Moon*, is no longer Cynthia but Proserpine. Oh how sad must feel the heart of a man who is compelled to exclaim with Moses, "*I am a stranger in a strange land!*" Having been for two years encompassed with the affection, and the esteem of my Florentine countrymen, this delicious abode seems to me invested with so celestial a beauty, that, I fear in quitting it, objects similar to those which are here so grateful to my senses, will lose their charm when beheld on other shores. The rose will not possess for me its fragrance or its lovely hues; the evening star will never look so lustrous; and I shall never again feel equal delight in gazing upon the serene azure of the sky."

"Not so, Guido," replied Cleofe quickly, but with firmness;

"beautiful as Florence appears to you now, its merits will be increased in your estimation by absence. In such a world as our own, which admits not of perfection, distance has the power of sanctifying the defects, which familiar association always makes so apparent to us. Your affectionate devotion to the noble and beautiful place of your nativity, will doubtless operate in your mind most beneficially, by constantly presenting to your contemplation, a high standard of moral and intellectual excellence, and will be a powerful stimulus in urging you to advance in that career which will, at the same time, do honour to yourself and to your country. Remember that in taking the proud title of "Guido of Florence," your aspirations and conduct henceforward must prove you worthy of the appellation.

"A separation from those we love, draws us nearer to our Creator, and concentrates our affections in Him. This He Himself knows: and thus it is, that He frequently condemns His elect to a separation from the worldly objects of their love. An inevitable chain of circumstances—the will of Heaven—compel you thus, a second time, to fly from the arms of you relations. It will be in vain to expect from strangers the love we have borne you! At a distance, we shall seem more necessary to you than were you with us; and amid the crowd that will surround you, then will our loss be more apparent to your heart! But, Guido! after the first tears of solitude and abandonment, you will turn to Him—you will seek Him, who causes us to weep, that we may rejoice hereafter. But a very brief period, dear Guido, and we shall all be re-united in Him, a union unembittered by the remembrance of the short, but painful separation in this world.

"In whatever position it may have pleased Providence to place us, it is a weakness natural to human nature, to extract something from its association, at which we must repine, while from the extravagance of our selfishness, we exaggerate our own sufferings. That they are sometimes vast I deny not, but even then, we find their augmentation in our own discontent. There is but one method by which we may alleviate or diminish them;

that is, by *relying firmly* upon God. In *that* confidence, man is freed from the power of his own passions; from the prejudiced judgment of his fellow-creatures; from the terrors of an unprepared death; from the remorse ever attendant upon unlicensed pleasures; finally from the gloomy dread of eternal condemnation.

"Grieve no more, then, dear Guido; but enter courageously upon the career which God has pointed out to you. So confident do I feel in His succour, that I know He hath thus called you to your good, if not in this world, in that which is to come: and, in that happy consciousness, I am enabled to withdraw from you the hand which has been ever ready to assist you, and to resign you cheerfully to His *single* protection."

"Divine sister," I could not forbear exclaiming, "what a mind is your's! What soul the most fearful could listen to you without feeling itself braced into courage by such inspiration? you are like that warm and genial ray, which amid the rigour of a January's frost, assures man that a spring sun will shortly return to cheer him once more! Your's is the hand which pours the oil of light and life into the nearly expiring lamp! You are the right hand of friendship—that guardian angel of man! You are in fine, dear Cleofe, that which *woman* can *alone* be in a world of trials and sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

What a strange receptacle of every possible contradictory feeling is the human heart!

On reaching the door of our residence, Cleofe exclaimed abruptly to me, "Guido, I have a favour to request of you: it is, that you will take me with you to Lucca. In the society of our friends there, I think I may find it less difficult to part

with you than at Florence—the home of our childhood, sanctified by so many painful yet fond associations!"

As she uttered these words, a shade of sorrow clouded her brow, and at once discovered that the firmness which had just before dictated her words of encouragement to me, had sprung merely from the temporary excitement of an exalted spirit, and that in reality, Cleofe's was but a *woman's heart*.

"Your plan is most excellent, dearest Cleofe!" I replied, arming myself with an assumed strength, and conjuring up a smile in order to allay her anguish. Alas! what calmness did my smile pourtray! yet it was but the mere mechanical movement of the lips, not unlike that of the poor maniac, who from between the gratings of his cell, smiles vacantly upon the passers-by, when either from curiosity or compassion, they stop to gaze upon his wretchedness.

Oh existence! what a fearful penalty is thine, which compels us to dissimulate with those even who are the nearest to our affections! Wert thou not the brief passage to a tearless immortality, thy state would seem to be more like the sulphureous offering of the unblessed to the spirit of darkness, than a propitiating incense to the Creator!

"To-morrow at the hour you like to fix upon, we will quit Florence for Lucca then, dear Cleofe!" resumed I.

At this suggestion, the cloud suddenly passed away from Cleofe's brow, and her eyes radiant with a sister's affection, beamed like the returning rays of the sun when after the tempest has passed, it sinks slowly with resplendent glory below the horizon.

The next morning we accordingly commenced our journey to Lucca, where we arrived towards evening.

Although we had not been expected by our friends, our unlooked for arrival, however, obtained for us a cordial welcome. Whether it was my intended journey to England that caused them to fear this might be the last time they would see me, or whether they were merely gratified that I should make them my personal adieux previously to quitting

Italy, is a question I cannot determine. Suffice it to say, my eight weeks' sojourn with them, were indeed festive days.

My friends seemed anxious to make each pleasure succeed the other with rapid variety. And if the last were not more exquisite than that which preceded it, at least it was not inferior, and had always some unexpected charm.

But it was reserved for Cleofe to dispose the tints of the last day of my visit, which she arranged in so harmonious a manner, that the effect upon my mind was similar to that produced when contemplating the cheering and refreshing hues of the rainbow, to which the memory clings more fondly than to the intenser glory of the sun.

She had prepared a breakfast in the palace of the Lucchesi family, with whom we were staying. To this, she had invited all our friends and acquaintances at Lucca.

When the repast was over, we all repaired to the cathedral, where was to be celebrated, that morning, the festival of one of our saints, and where we knew we should hear some fine music.

How often have I subsequently wished, that, instead of the multiplicity of images of the Virgin and various supposed saints, which adorn the walls of the catholic temples, serving only to distract the attention of the worshippers, and presenting to their contemplation things and associations connected with material existence, in their room I could behold the single image of the Redeemer, and but one altar to the glory of God. What a sacrilege is that, when an altar is raised to the honor of imagined saints, whilst David and Peter were pronounced to be sinners!

But, on the other hand, that music should have been forbidden in some christian protestant churches, when it was by music from above that the nativity was announced to the shepherds, is surely the remnant of a barbarous spirit.*

* Should any protestant be disposed to refute my assertion, by stating that psalms and hymns are sung in their churches, I can

Mass concluded, our party repaired to the house of a friend who had preceded us thither to give us welcome. We entered the parlour, and assembled round a table elegantly provided with refreshments ornamented with flowers. Having each partaken slightly of the sumptuous fare, and kept up a gay and animated conversation, the host, whose glass was yet untouched, rose from his seat, and with an audible voice, pronounced: "*Viva il Signor Guido.*" At these words, a magnificent burst of music struck up from the adjoining apartment. This had been a concerted project amongst my friends, some time before; and for this purpose, those whose musical skill called upon them to take a share in the performance, had disappeared a little before from the room, to await the signal. The door of the apartment now flew open: we all entered and took possession of our seats.

The selection of music was in exquisite taste. Nothing mournful was permitted to form part of the performance, if I except an *adagio* that I myself requested Cleofe to improvise.

My sister was celebrated, not only amongst her Florentine friends, for her excellent piano-forte playing, but the most distinguished professors from remote parts of Europe eagerly sought for an opportunity of hearing her when visiting Florence. The delight I experienced in listening to the delicious effects, produced by her, when improvising on this

only reply, that to their adaptation of psalmody, I am at a loss how to give the name of *music*; while equally impossible do I find it to term that *singing*, which consists in the untuneable shout of the poor little objects of charity who are the principal performers; and at the same time, if I acknowledge that when hearing the united voices or fifteen or twenty thousand of these little songsters at St. Paul's, I have found it impossible to refrain from tears, I must acknowledge them to spring rather from admiration at the holy intention implied by this congregation of little children in pouring out their thanksgiving to God, rather than from the harmony they attempt to produce? I feel a pleasure in doing homage to the generosity of the English, in thus clothing, feeding and providing a christian education for so many destitute children.

fascinating instrument, was too intense for me ever to forget —it is equally impossible for me to do it justice in attempting to describe it. Disclaiming any undue partiality in my estimate of her skill, as being my sister, I do not hesitate to declare, that, in my opinion, there is no living performer who can transcend, or, perhaps, even approach Cleofe, in giving a deep soul-moving effect to an *adagio*.

Although the character of her *improvvisazione* on this occasion, was of a serious cast, as an *adagio* properly should be, it bespoke not a mournful sadness. Her strain was like the organ's peal, which exalts the christian's soul to a sentiment of love, and confidence. At the sound of her notes, the tear sprang to the eye, from the fullness of the heart: it was, however, a tear of resignation, of hope, and trust!

At the conclusion of the concert, we all repaired to the *Mura* of Lucca. These walls are one of the wonders of Italy. They are so elevated, that from their heights the whole city and the cultivated and charming country around, are visible. Their breadth admits of four rows of carriages, without inconveniencing the promenaders in the least; they are as smooth and level as the aisles of the Vatican; while the luxuriant trees, which tower magnificently on either side, compete with those which adorn the *Stradone delle Cascine*, at Florence.

After a delightful promenade, we returned home to dinner at the Lucchesi palace.

Coffee, music and conversation followed; in the mean time, no allusion was made to my future journey, in order to avoid lessening the enjoyment of that happy day.

Evening at length closed in; and then a numerous company of amiable and distinguished guests poured into the ball, which my friend had so unexpectedly prepared in my honor.

The fascination of the music; the illuminated saloon; the captivating beauty of the women, whose aspect at once commanded respect and admiration; these delights, heightened

by the flattering associations connected with the scene, exercised so powerful a sway upon me, that my whole existence seemed concentrated in that hour—the past and the future were alike forgotten and uncared for.

But, alas ! how surely do the brief enjoyments of this world terminate in darkness and sorrow ! Man tastes happiness for a moment, only to become more sensible to the inevitable anguish that succeeds it. How long and dreary a twilight waits upon youth's ephemeral sunshine ; while the more lengthened become its shadows, the heavier is our regret for the departed rays of the sun. If from the dream of love and friendship—that sweet succour of the heart amidst the whirlwind of existence—we are fortunately enough not awakened suddenly by the rude hand of treachery and faithlessness, nevertheless a long contact with the world will surely present to us the cruel reality, which will disenchant the idol we had set up for worship. If such beings can be found, in whom these feelings have bloomed fresh and unwithered, even until the moment when the icy touch of the fell destroyer pronounces their earthly separation, they are few indeed ! They are more scanty than the leaves, which, in Italy's smiling meadows, preserve their verdure, amidst the chill of winter, around the oak, even until the coming spring ; they are, when compelled to surrender to earth her rightful spoils, descending spontaneously and gently into its parent-bosom to give place to the infant generation, which shoots forth and blooms in their stead !

What is happiness in this world but the absence of pain and sorrow ? We are conscious of the value of health, only after having experienced the infirmities of nature, and from the dread of their recurrence. We delight in the presence of a beloved object, in proportion as we feel alarm at the very idea of his loss. We feel a charm in contemplating the serenity of the firmament from having previously beheld it agitated with tempests, and from the anticipation of their repetition We enjoy the ocean's calm infinitely more, when contrasting

it with that fearful turbulence, in which the wrathful wave seems to wage fierce battle with the mighty winds of heaven.

The eleventh hour sounded: the company separated; and I conducted Cleofe to the house of the Marchesa Bernardini, who had invited her to pass some weeks with her.

Cleofe had taken my arm; but during our progress from the house of festivity we had just quitted, to the Bernardini palace, she had not uttered one word. It was the *speaking silence of sorrow!*

We soon reached the door of the palace, and the deep bell pealed through the avenue.

"Dear Cleofe!" I exclaimed, with a painful effort, "we must now part!"

"Not here, not here!" said Cleofe, in a tone of great agitation, "I am not yet prepared! Let us enter the house, Guido, la Marchesa would see you once more before you quit us for ever!"

I felt as though my heart would break. But inured to the sacrifice of all that was dear to me, I prepared myself for the trial; and, in this last moment, I endeavoured, though but for a moment, to invest myself with becoming firmness for the encounter. Accordingly, pressing the hand of Cleofe in silence, I was about to repeat to her a second farewell, the moment the door should open.—But in vain; Cleofe had guessed my purpose, and now throwing her arm round my neck, she kissed me as she uttered in a tone of anguish:

"Will you not go with me up stairs?"

"I will," I replied, conscious, at the same moment, that my boasted resolution had degenerated into weakness.

We ascended the staircase.

According to a previously concerted arrangement between la Marchesa and Cleofe, a large party had already assembled to a splendid supper at the Bernardini palace.

When we entered the saloon, la Marchesa advanced to meet us. She perceived tears in the eyes of Cleofe, who had previously promised to exert all her heroism at our parting,

in order that I, equally dear to them both, and possessing, perhaps, less strength of mind than either, might imitate her example of firmness.

"Shame, shame on thee! dear Cleofe!" she uttered in a low tone of voice, at the same time applying her handkerchief to the eyes of her friend, and concealing both the action and her rebuke from the thronging assembly, by a prolonged and graceful embrace.

Suppressing her emotion, Cleofe once more resumed courage, and the usual serenity of her manner.

"Signora Cleofina, do improvise on the piano-forte!" exclaimed at the same moment several voices from the joyous assembly.

"What shall be the subject?" said Cleofe, seating herself at the instrument.

It was generally suggested that the Marchesa should propose a theme for Cleofe's improvisation.

"*The safe return of our Guido from England!*" eagerly exclaimed the Marchesa.

"*Evviva! evviva!*" burst from the whole company. "The safe return of our Signor Guido from England!"

At the first note of this exquisite musician, the most breathless stillness prevailed. The first movement improvised by Cleofe at once bespoke her intention to address a prayer to the Most High, imploring Him to watch over and protect her brother in the foreign land, in which he was about to sojourn. The second movement was of a mixed character, alternately gay and pensive: it was intended to represent an epitome of human life, composed as it is of some few hours of sunshine with many more of darkness. At the conclusion of this movement, the audience could no longer suppress their admiration, and the echo of their applause responded from every corner of the palace.

To this flattering, yet merited testimony of approbation, Cleofe remained for some moments insensible, pre-occupied by deep feeling, and unconscious of external circumstance.

Then, resuming her performance, in a strain so exalted that she seemed to soar above herself, she proceeded to pourtray my existence henceforward, by notes expressive of life's turbulent and overwhelming tempests, but which she seemed to augur were to be succeeded by an ultimate long and happy calm !

Never had I heard Cleofe improvise with more success. Each sentiment of her exalted mind seemed that evening awakened into action, and through the medium of music's heavenly language, she called forth feelings, for the expression of which, words would have been insufficient.

The banquet that followed was all that was gay and desirable. Cleofe alone was mute and abstracted. The hour of actual separation having at length arrived, she first rose from the table, and preceded me to the apartment which had been prepared for her.

I remained to make my adieux to the Marchesa and her guests, each of whom had a thousand kind and sincere wishes to offer me.

This having been accomplished, I repaired to Cleofe's chamber.

Upon my re-appearance before her, she burst into a torrent of tears, betokening the anguish of her mind.

"There will be no more happiness for me, Guido, when you have parted from me!" she exclaimed; "but God's will be done ! and I will henceforth learn to love only that which He loveth, and to will that which He willeth."

"At a distance from Guido," she continued, "my soul will ever be a prey to disquiet and anxiety ! but God will know my grief, and in that consciousness I shall be content. There is a calm, dear Guido, which I have often experienced in my sorrow, and *that* is the blessed peace which attends us to the cross. It is by a long train of circumstances, that our Creator weans us from our affection to the creature, and finally from ourselves. The operation is gradual, and often most painful; but God wounds us not for His pleasure. He tears asunder our dearest earthly ties but to animate us to

a love for our friends, purer, more lasting and more spiritual; and to secure us hereafter eternal joy in His bosom, and a happiness a thousand times more perfect than we ever here knew how to desire.

"Go then, dear Guido! commence your auspicious journey. Be steady! be virtuous! Virtue is *every thing!* wherever you may be she will supply the place of country, riches, sister and friends! Virtue, Guido! I have often heard you say, is the pure ore in the mine: it is the pearl in its shell: it is *the presence* of God—it is the heart's *paradise*! Do not take it ill, Guido, that a sister who loves you, and who is your superior in years, now presumes to repeat that which she first heard and learned from your own lips. How painful a moment is this! existence can never present its equal—existence which imposes upon us *two* kinds of death, a separation from those we love, and the separation of the soul from the body! Farewell, we may never meet again!"

At these words Cleofe's countenance became blanched with emotion. She threw her arm around my neck, and I supporting her pallid but expressive face upon my shoulders, imprinted upon it the kiss of fraternal affection—that true spiritual love, so holy, so celestial in its nature, which alone will outlive the limits of our worldly existence; if indeed it be permitted in a future state, that we shall be conscious of any other love than that for our Creator in whom alone — *I* must *believe*—will be concentrated every affection, which had so brightened our pilgrimage on earth.

In this posture she remained for some moments, until, at length, I became sensible that she leaned heavier and heavier upon my shoulder, and bending gently to look upon her, I saw she had fainted.

This sorrowful spectacle, though at the distance of fifteen years, is so painfully fresh in my memory, that its recollection fills me with anguish. At the moment of its occurrence, I was so paralized as to be scarcely conscious of what I did; gently disengaging myself from her affectionate embrace,

I bore her senseless form to a sofa which stood in the apartment.

Silently I knelt beside her, and taking that hand which was unable to return the pressure of mine, I raised my heart —not my voice, for *words I had not*—to the Most High, praying Him to accept the sacrifice I was about to make to Him of her dear presence, and recommending to His protection with all my soul, that object of my *purest* affections.

Once more I pressed that passive hand to my lips, and placed it upon her heart: then standing up, and ringing the bell violently, I rushed from the apartment.

The Marchesa Bernardini was the first who encountered me upon hearing the summons.

"Signora Marchesa," I had just power to utter, "Cleofe has fainted. To your care I resign her. When she revives, should she ask for me, say that I left her in a state of unconsciousness, in order *to spare us both* the agony of another farewell—the infliction of such another fearful blow!"

The Marchesa made no reply: but, with tears in her eyes, she pressed my hand with emotion to her heart, and walked hastily to Cleofe's apartment, whilst I, opening the hall-door, hastily rushed from the house.

I returned to the Lucchesi palace.

That estimable family quickly surrounded me, offering all the consolation their affection could suggest. However subdued by misery, the heart will ever prove accessible to a feeling of gratitude for the tear we see silently offered as a tribute to our sorrow; and for the half uttered word of sympathy with our affliction, even when it should be too great to admit of consolation.

At this moment my ear caught the sound of the hall bell; and in the next, a courier from the Marchesa Bernardini entered the apartment.

The man presented me with a note, saying at the same time in a respectful tone, "The Signora Cleofe has recovered,

and the Marchesa sends you her compliments." When he retired, I eagerly opened the note.

"Guido, dearer than ever!

"Thus, Guido, I may now address you in the style adopted by your Zuricher friend; for if, before this moment, I only imagined you dear to me, now do I feel you are indeed so, and will become dearer to me than ever.

"Through the kind attention of the Marchesa, I was restored to consciousness a few moments after you had quitted the palace. Alas! Guido, I had vainly dreamed myself superior to my sex, and had thought that in parting from you, I should be able to encourage you to firmness *by my example*, and have proved myself free from the shadow of a feminine weakness; but when I should have crowned the effort which had hitherto supported me so successfully to the close of my triumph, I proved myself but a *woman*.

"Thus much for the vain assumption of a strength which belongs not to our nature!

"Yet, Guido, thanks to the cultivation of those sentiments by which we have together been led to worship the Creator, it is consoling to me to assure you, that *such* is my faith in Him, that I would not alter one iota in our present condition; and that though the clouds may for awhile darken thy horizon, the *hope* is in my heart, that the *light* will one day disperse them; and that He who hath separated you from your country and your friends, will Himself watch over your safety.

"Should our separation be perpetual in this life, to the close of my existence, you will ever be accompanied by the prayers—by the love of

"YOUR CLEOFE."

This letter, read aloud to me by Annina Lucchesi, to whom

I had given it after breaking its seal, inspired me with renewed consolation.

My sister's noble sentiments, delivered by the sweet voice of Annina, awakened within me a courage, of which indeed, I at this moment stood much in need; so that, instantly shaking off my lethargy, I rose from my seat, and embracing the dear friends who surrounded me; with a tearless eye I pronounced my last adieu to them.

Yes! with *a tearless eye*! Life had no longer for me any thorn, whose wound had power to send the heart's tear to the eye. Separated as I was from *her*, the dearest of friends at Zurich, and now, at Lucca, from the most cherished of sisters, I felt that every other separation would be but a trifling encounter; and though I had still to bid adieu to the most beloved of parents, the cheering consciousness that I quitted him but to ensure, more effectually, his support and comfort in the trying hour of age and infirmity, would lighten the darkness of that moment, or at least weigh no heavier upon my soul, than that we experience at the saddening hour of twilight, after a festive day resplendent with the glory of the sun.

CHAPTER XXI.

I RETURNED to Florence, where I remained but three days, previously to my journey to London. Upon the second day, I invited my most intimate friends to a collation upon the *Cupola del Domo*. It was the 30th April, 1821. At three o'clock P.M. we had all ascended the stupendous *Cupola*, from whose summit nearly every house in Florence can be distinctly seen, together with the charming gardens attached to each dwelling, and from whence may be traced the course of

the Arno, separating the magnificent city from the adjacent mountains; presenting together such a prospect for the imaginative contemplation, that, in gazing upon it, man can hardly assure himself that *that ground* is *accursed*, in common with the rest of the Earth—that death walks there—or that the Eden which God had given to man to inhabit and enjoy, when he first issued spotless and beautiful from the creative hands of Perfection, could have surpassed that one little spot of the beautiful country, which

"Part the lofty Apennines—by Alps and sea environ'd."

To repeat all the kind and friendly things my friends uttered; the happy auguries with which they brightened those three blissful hours in which I beheld them for the last time; the jests, the pungent remarks, the wit in which my talented companions indulged in unrestrained gaiety; would be robbing my heart of a treasure, which still has the power to enliven me after the lapse of so many years.

Before descending from the *Cupola*, rendered so dear to me by many interesting associations, I raised my eyes and my soul to heaven, and imprinted a kiss upon an adjacent small marble column, which a succeeding tear as instantly obliterated.

Oh life of misery! oh world of sorrow! we are born but to love! and we love but to lose!

CHAPTER XXII.

The sun had risen to illumine the last day that I was destined to behold in my own Florence.

"The last!" Pellico will exclaim, "but how are you assured, my friend, it is your lot never to re-visit your native Florence?"

I do deeply feel the conviction. Seldom does man's heart deceive him, when it speaks to him of misfortune! Mine, whispers to me, that never again shall I behold my own Florence, and, though now in the vigour of my existence, I dare predict that my eyes will never again be blessed by the sight of the Beautiful City.

This day was passed entirely amongst my friends and acquaintances, all of whom, high in hope for the success of my voyage to England, parted without a tear from Guido, who had ever been the main-spring of their most pleasurable moments when together—from him, whom their superstitious affection had almost erected into an idol, invested with the halo of perfection, rather than with the attributes of frail mortality which were in reality so decidedly *his own!*

My father's demeanour on this occasion was marked by great cheerfulness— I might almost say hilarity. He was evidently excited by the most sanguine hopes of my success. It certainly appears strange, that after seventy-five years of disappointment—at that age which resents every change, and which abounds alone in complaint—the human heart should still be susceptible of the bright impulses of hope! It is another of those mysterious contradictions in nature, that I, at least, could never comprehend.

It was an hour after midnight when I retired to my apartment.

I had then to complete the preparations for my departure, which was to take place at six o'clock on the following morning.

The finale of my melancholy task was to deposit upon my little table *the key of the house*, of which I had been the exclusive possessor until now.

At this last, though simple, action, I could no longer refrain from tears. I sat down, and wept like a child. The recollection of it even now brings tears into my eyes.

"Farewell to thee, too," I exclaimed, apostrophising this

cherished memento, "the dear medium by which for the last two years I was admitted into this temple of friendship, of independence, of *true* affection! In surrendering thee, I become once more a wanderer and an exile—and once more condemned to feel that

> "Unpalateable is the bread,
> When offer'd by a stranger's hand,
> And dark the path whose egress led
> Through windings 'mid a foreign strand."

But I feel assured that the more entangled the path is, in which it may please Providence to place me, the more sensible I shall become of the *paternal* hand, whose invisible and miraculous power will guide, direct and support me!

The feelings awakened by the last words of this mental ejaculation restored me to peace—to resignation, and renewed courage.

Having closed my *valise*, nothing now seemed left for me to do, but to seek repose for the few hours of my stay. A sudden impulse determined me, however, to employ them, as I had done those on the eve of my departure from Zurich, in prayer, and in reflection.

I prayed fervently—I thought deeply! —and at day-break, when my kind father entered my apartment with a cup of coffee, exclaiming—

"Guido! behold your first valet awakening you between this and London!"

I found that, besides prayer and reflection, my mind had been employed during the night in another vocation.

"Already stirring, Guido!" exclaimed my father, surprised at seeing me seated at my table.

"Yes," I replied, taking from his hand the welcome beverage, "and not only stirring, but, to prove to you how busily I have been occupied, here are several verses, which,

should they meet your approbation, will ever be dear to my remembrance."

"Read them to me," he exclaimed, seating himself near me, with a smile which suddenly irradiated his noble and expressive features.

I then read—or rather, declaimed the following

ADIEU TO ITALY!

Forth issued from thy blest abode! hail night!
Deep, calm, serene, and rob'd in starry light!
Thou walk'st the world, to usher in the day
Whose waking dawn must greet me far away.

Hail night! in thy still bosom thou dost bear,
If not the sun's—light's promise circling there!
Hail night! whose shrouding veil doth kindly close
For me the darkest eve existence knows.

Exiled from home, and from her kindly hearts,
Amid a world, which, like the tree,* imparts
No smiling blossom from its sterile breast,
But coldly shrin'd within its leafy nest,

Henceforth to me thy shades alone seem bright,
Thy silence, harmony—my soul's sole light!
For thou, sweet Florence, having lost thee now,
No other loss can e'er my spirit bow!

When each fair earthly joy hath taken wing,
When sated grief can plant no other sting,
The heart's pale worm, now powerless become,
Drops with'ring off, to seek another home.

* The plane-tree, which produces no fruit.

Oh beauteous eve ! oh sweet Italian night!
Soft emanating from thy starry light,
Thy dark-eyed sons reflect thy borrowed beams,
The silent mirrors of their souls high dreams !

For me thy glitt'ring stars, thy silver moon
Must now for ever set—alas ! how soon !
Oh ! in my first next step I darkly view
My country's, father's, e'en my soul's adieu !

I feel I all have lost with thee, sweet land !
But, what art thou, that with celestial hand,
Of form untangible, yet still a form,
That seems to beckon me amid the storm ?

Thou art from Heav'n, although in mortal dress,
And human love doth woo thy loveliness !
Yet still the arm that thee had fondly prest
Thou dost return upon an aching breast.

Thou art the anchor seldom known to fail,
To which the bark will cling amid the gale.!
Thou art a star, so bright in majesty,
That clouds dare not enshroud thy native sky !

The sweetest blossom in thy early doom,
The infant foretaste of maturer bloom ;
To see thee once, to feel thy gentle sway,
Awakens within the soul its holiday !

Some name thee as the willow ever-green,
From whose cold breast nor flow'r nor fruit are seen !
But, wert thou thus, thou never thus would seem
The fairest object of man's waking dream !

The vine luxuriant shelter'd from the gale,
Enclosed within its soft, its leafy pale
In after times with clustring grapes to bow,
Unharmed by cloud or heat—yes, such art thou !

The heavier grief assails the human heart,
The brighter thou dost sit with soothing art!
The shrinking soul awakes to wider scope,
And man doth name his guardian spirit—hope !

Oh! then, sweet hope! deceiver thou mayst be,
A willow—phantom—still I follow thee!
No shadow yet can deem thy glorious beams
Which spread a halo round my youthful dreams.

Tho' on a sea of dark'ning troubles tost,
My soul its dearest ties for ever lost,
Yet, thou dost wake my heart's last ling'ring smile,
And by thy rainbow hues my soul beguile.

Encircling years the story will narrate
Of that thou art!—the future will relate
If thou art hope—the true—the certain good!
The ark's fair dove—or raven of the flood?

Arno farewell! Fair Florence, thou, adieu,
Sweet cradle, whence my spotless childhood grew;
Farewell, blest land! upon whose language hung
A harmony now lost in stranger tongue!*

In chains, where thou hast dwelt the world's bright queen!
A prostrate captive, where thy reign hath been;
No longer gems entwine thy lofty brow,
Nor thrones thy willing footstool prostrate bow!

But, though thy wreath of conquest be effaced,
And man usurps the throne thou once hast grac'd,
He cannot check the gift fond nature makes,
Nor crush the flow'r thy kindly parent wakes.

Oh Italy! Thou garden of the world!
Heav'ns sweetest breath is o'er thee gently curled!
The softest zephirs fan thy fruitful breast,
To woo from thee Heaven's gifts, the choicest—best!

Thy soil abundant, thy luxuriant bow'rs,
O'er which the frown of Heav'n so rarely low'rs,
Bright beauty's palm is stamp'd as thy award
By Him, of light and heat, the sovereign Lord!

* In allusion to the base German dialect spoken by the Austrians who swarm Lombardy.

Tho' selfish tyranny may vainly try
To spoil thee with its deep-tongued blasphemy,
It cannot mar the beauty Heav'n bestows,
Nor wake to war, when God proclaims repose!

Of stern rapacity, of impious pow'r
Thou art the struggling victim of the hour!
But He, who guides the stern career of life,
Can stay—in His own time—the bitter strife!

Country, farewell! I quit thee with a tear,
Not that thy charms alone have made thee dear;
But that I leave thee struggling with a foe,
Whose mad ambition pants to lay thee low!

But, beauteous soil! though impotence may try
To crush thee with its selfish tyranny,
By Heav'n adjudged, by more than mortal hate
'Twill meet a tyrant's—not a sov'reign's fate!

To fill some vast, some equable design,
Too high for mortal wisdom to divine,
God suffers innocence oppress'd to dwell,
Like thou the lamb amid a tiger's cell!

But virtue, Italy! is from above,
And e'er reflects its earthly sister's love,
While sleepless justice, ever watchful, springs
To do her Maker's will—the King of Kings!

Sweet land, adieu! Oh yield not to a fate
Whose conquest makes a lesser triumph great!
Obscur'd, each star may for a while decline
Again to rise, and more resplendant shine!

Words are insufficient to depict the effect each succeeding stanza produced upon my father, who sat listening to me in breathless silence—a silence much more eloquent than loud applause!

At the conclusion of the stanza beginning,

" But though thy wreath of conquest be effac'd,"

the good old man raised his eyes to Heaven, uttering the heartfelt ejaculation—" Oh bless thee ! bless thee !" He could say no more.

At the last stanza, he threw his arms around my neck, and holding me there for a few moments, wept tears of affectionate delight rather than sorrow.

" Yes," he exclaimed, " the cloud will pass away sooner from the horizon of my dutiful and affectionate son, than will days of brightness and prosperity gladden our cherished country. Dear Guido, be assured by the parting words of an approving parent, that your lot will be calm, contented and honoured.

He then resumed his wonted firmness, wiped the tear from his cheek, and said gaily, " Come, Guido ! arrange your things as quickly as possible, and join me in the breakfast room."

My wardrobe being already arranged, a very brief toilette was sufficient for the " great traveller," who was now about to perform so long a journey. The dear old man had already prepared breakfast for me in the little apartment adjoining my own, which I have elsewhere described as my study.

It was five o'clock when I entered ; and the morning's sun streaming brilliantly into it, made it indeed like a treasure in my eyes. My father was alone, and seated at the head of the table. He had that morning habited himself in a holiday costume, in honour, no doubt, of his dear Guido.

" Come, Guido," he exclaimed as I entered, " seat yourself beside me." I will not detail the many cherished and inspiring words he uttered during that blissful half hour. They were to me a treasure which I would not share with another at any price. When breakfast was concluded, my father said " I will precede you to the *Porta San Gallo*. There, Guido, I shall bid you my last adieu.

" But your blessing, my dear father ! *here* let me implore it !

here, my dearest father," I exclaimed suddenly, overpowered by the grief which took possession of my heart.

"For shame," Signor Guido. What means this grief, this agitation?" he replied, as with a parent's eye he had read upon my countenance what was passing within me.

"I am not agitated," I replied, ashamed of my own weakness, "I would but implore your blessing *here*, upon this spot."

"*Here* then you shall have it," said the good old man with a seraphic smile. I knelt before him: then laying his hand upon my head, he addressed me as follows: "Guido, this is not your first entrance into the world. Your dwelling-place will not now, for the first time, be among strangers. You well know man already, and what you have to expect from him. Exact nothing, but always feel and acknowledge yourself grateful for the good you may receive. Remember that both here and elsewhere, men are alike brethren. The name of foreigner is an absurdity, a chimera. God is every where the father of us all, and heaven the land of our common re-union.

"The love of virtue so strongly implanted within you; the good habits you have acquired; the suavity of manners so natural to you, will constitute a barrier for your defence amongst whatever people it is your destiny to be cast.

"Guido, I hear a voice within my heart, whose predictions so redound to your happiness, that grief dares not find an entrance there, although I am now on the eve of separating from so dear a son.

"Guido, the heart of a father seldom errs when he predicts prosperity to a son, who loves, who honors, who supports him—and prosperity you will surely see! Go, with my blessing upon you! God will be ever with you in joy and in sorrow. Continue a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a faithful friend, and fear nothing. You will be illumined amidst darkness; you will feel society in solitude; you will be conscious of God every where, and of the love of your father who now blesses you in this his last embrace."

Thus saying he stooped, to kiss my forehead, whilst I took his hand in both of mine, and imprinted upon it the last kiss

which emanated from the purest and most sacred recess of my heart.

"To the *Porta San Gallo*," were the last words of my father, on quitting the little parlour precipitately, feeling himself incapable of supporting the separation any longer with firmness. It wanted but a few minutes to six o'clock, the hour when the coach was to take me from our house.

My brother Giorgio was the only other relative I beheld that morning, who assisted me in preparing for my departure. We had always loved each other tenderly, but we exchanged no words on this occasion. Neither of us could speak. He accompanied me to the step of the carriage, where, after receiving my embrace, he took leave of me, and thus I lost him also.

On reaching the *Porta San Gallo*, I found a friend there awaiting my arrival, who put into my hands a little packet and a letter.

"Where is my father?" I enquired anxiously.

"Read that letter," replied my friend.

At this juncture, the conviction that I should never behold my father again weighed upon me with so heart-rending a feeling, that, even thou, dear Pellico, canst scarcely form an idea of my grief.

I broke the seal of the letter, and read as follows:—

"I feel that my heart would break were I to see you again before your departure. It is requiring too much of my firmness; for, after all, my boasted courage would but expose the real weakness of my heart. I have therefore resolved to write this, my last, my fondest adieu; and whilst you are passing through the gates of our dear Florence, I will prostrate myself at the shrine of the SANTISSIMA ANNUNZIATA, to implore in your behalf the peace of our Saviour.

"Be virtuous, and God will be your guide.

"Your father,

"GAETANO SORELLI."

"P.S. I send you, as a remembrance of your father, the

golden crucifix I took from my neck this morning. For forty years I have worn it upon my bosom."

When I opened the packet, my eyes filled with tears, as I looked upon the precious relique: I bore it to my lips, and gave my hand in silent farewell to my friend.

The next moment I had quitted my own dear Florence.

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the first of May in the year 1821, that I bade adieu to Florence. Having reached the first rising ground on the road, I alighted from the coach; and, whilst the horses walked leisurely onwards, I pursued my route for several miles on foot. It was a heavenly morning.

To endeavour to detail the various feelings, which by turns then occupied my mind, would be a fruitless task; for, on the morning of that day, my heart itself was an enigma, it was, as it were, a volume closed even unto myself.

When, from a train of adverse circumstances we are unavoidably compelled to pursue a path which conducts we know not whither, our first steps may not inaptly be compared to the uncertainty experienced by our first parents, when dismissed from that Eden, the flowery paths of which all terminated in the temple of happiness. I seemed like the bark, which the night's storm had driven from its anchor, and now, without

sail or pilot, is tossed about, the unresisting sport of the tempestuous ocean.

My footsteps bore me onwards, but my heart still remained behind: that heart, which knows no other country, save that in which it was first awakened into existence; nor feels for any other land the love begotten almost in the cradle of infancy.

Man becomes a citizen of the world only when compelled to dwell for ever at a distance from his own kinsmen; he becomes a philosopher, as it is called, only when forced to renounce all that is bright and beautiful in this life of blindness and treachery—all that is worthy of the good man—love, friendship, the esteem of others, and not unfrequently, his own! Demand of any man what is the first wish of his heart? And with how very few exceptions will he thus reply: "To live loving and beloved in the presence of my parents and kindred; to be the centre of attachment amongst the friends of my childhood—at length to die in the palace, the house, or the cottage which received my first breath; and after death to be borne to the foot of that altar, upon whose steps I first shed the tears of innocence, and afterwards those of repentance;—to be buried near the haunts of my childhood, where still linger the loved beings, to whom in life I was dear, and to anticipate that by them alone my tomb will be recognized, by the flowers they themselves have planted and cherished."

I had attained the summit of the Appenines before I recovered any degree of consciousness. It seemed as though my heart had winged its flight from my bosom. My frame still performed its mechanical movements, impelled by what power I know not; although myself, yet I was not there.

After having encountered a severe misfortune after having lost all that is valuable on earth, the human mind sinks insensibly into inanity; a torpor in which it remains, scarcely conscious that the heart's pulses still beat within the bosom. But this lethargic stillness is Heaven's own balsam; it is the panacea stealing through the heart's most hidden recesses—it is the balm of a divine hand,

"Lulling the bruised soul, t'awake again a smile!"

But, though in these trying moments some invisible and beneficent power does stretch forth a healing hand to still the heart's anguished vibrations, yet a worm insensibly steals into the wound marking its stealthy progress by withering, gangrening, and destroying the heart's vitality.

Having gained three miles in advance of the coach, I now seated myself in order to await its approach, placing myself in such a position that I might enjoy for the last time the heavenly prospect of the vale of Arno.

What a crowd of thoughts, of recollections, of fond regrets, rushed into my mind, at this last contemplation of the scene! How many tears were shed, and, although in sorrow, how much sweeter were they than smiles!

I know that very few will understand my feelings, but I write not for the multitude. When my mind presents to me the crowd, I almost sink into the most incorrigible misanthrope. I heartily dislike the multitude, in whose overwhelming torrent fools are entrained who make it at each moment more turgid, dense, and formidable in its course.

The coach had now approached within half a mile of the spot upon which I was seated!

I sprang to my feet, exclaiming involuntarily, "Courage, Signor Guido!" as if it were the echo of a voice within myself. I wafted to Florence my last kiss, whilst still in sight. "May Heaven protect thee, Florence, and ever guide thy Guido!" I exclaimed; and, springing from the mountain, I chose rather to quit this dear spot voluntarily than suffer myself to be dragged from it by four lagging quadrupeds, thus as the Florentines say, "*facendomi onore del sol di Luglio.*"

CHAPTER II.

I HAD scarcely commenced my descent of the Appenines, when I felt my heart re-awaken within me. I resumed my feelings of calm content. In the common mind, it is an easy thing to make a virtue of necessity. Could it then have proved a hard task to one, who, by nature, was certainly not a plebeian, to feel that, though by the dispensation of Providence, he had lost all his earthly treasure, he was still possessed of one much greater, for he alone can be deemed happy who has absolutely renounced himself. "Que voulez-vous de mieux que d'être toujours content, et de ne souffrir jamais aucune croix qui ne vous contente plus que les plaisirs opposés ? C'est ce contentement que vous ne trouverez jamais dans votre cœur en vous livrant à vos passions, et qui ne vous manquera jamais en cherchant Dieu. Il est vrai que ce n'est pas toujours un contentement sensible comme celui des plaisirs profanes ; mais enfin c'est un contentement très-réel et fort supérieur à ceux que le monde donne, puisque les pêcheurs veulent toujours ce qui leur manque, et que les âmes pleines de l'amour de Dieu, ne veulent rien que ce qu'elles ont !"

"*Desire nothing, and you possess everything !*" This is a proverb of my own. It is the motto I adopted on this memorable day, and which I have ever since remembered. He who would enjoy happiness, and who understands me, will also adopt it.

"Être chrétien, et ne plus tenir à la terre, est la même chose."

From that hour to the one in which I found myself on the frontiers of Milan, my journey was one beautiful dream, uninterrupted by any real or imaginary annoyance. Hope, in those days, held her empire in my heart. Hope led me by the hand—not she, whom the senseless represent like Jove arrayed in

golden showers, but rather like the orb of day, whose setting glory promises a morrow of light, if not of sunny splendour.

The interval of my journey between Bologna and Milan, I employed in the composition of anacreontic odes and sonnets, the unfailing theme of which was—hope.

I at length reached the custom-house at Milan. Here, as at those we had formerly encountered, we were compelled to dismount, and to give up our passports and portmanteaus.

Already had I put my hand into my pocket to apprise the inspector, who stooped to open my trunk, that my offering was prepared, provided his researches did not prove too rigid: this hint I had before found to be eminently successful with others of his fraternity.

At the charming sound of this irresistible music, the time server—who would have perhaps remained immoveable at the prayer of the unhappy—raised his head, though without altering his position, and fixing his eye steadily upon me with a kind of hectoring smile accompanied by a shake of the head, seemed to say in terms not to be mistaken, though his tongue uttered them not:—"The echo of your *francesconi* is doubtless pleasing to mine ear, and in my poor judgment its harmony would be still increased if proceeding from the recesses of my own pocket; but my unreasonable masters have prohibited my availing myself of the well judged liberality of travellers, so that I am reduced to the necessity of revenging myself, which I do by bringing to light all that falls within my grasp, and for which I am rewarded by the cordial malediction of you gentlemen travellers."

As I thus interpreted the meaning of this fellow's looks, I could not help entertaining for the moment a harsh and uncharitable feeling towards him, and ceasing to ring my *francesconi*, awaited with resignation the result of his researches.

He had dived to the bottom of my portmanteau, eyeing minutely each separate article it contained. At length he came to my books, amongst which was my portfolio, containing about three hundred scattered sheets, upon which were written various compositions, partly my own and partly those of others.

Instead of depositing my portfolio upon the ground, as he had done with the other articles, he placed it under his arm, and began deliberately to read the title page of each of my books.

I, who, meanwhile, had not regarded his movements with a very favourable eye or felt well inclined towards him, now exclaimed with a frown, "Why do you not put that portfolio down with the other things?"

"Oh no," replied the fellow, not condescending this time to raise his eyes, in reply; "manuscripts are suspicious articles, therefore I must examine them."

At these words, which seemed to invest at once an individual, no less a fool than a rogue from his physiognomy, with the importance of censor of my verses, my patience gave way.

"How can such an ignoramus as you understand poetry?" I could not help exclaiming. "If I do not understand it it will be well for you that no one else does either," he replied coldly, still turning over the books.

I made no reply, though I writhed with anger.

After having completed the examination of each volume, he rose, and leaving my entire wardrobe upon the ground, "Come with me," he said in a tone of authority, at the same time preceding me with my portfolio under his arm.

I felt that if I here refused obedience, it would be enforced. I therefore silently followed my conductor into an adjoining apartment, and beheld myself in the presence of an individual of a savage aspect, combining in his person, the worst features of the Austrian and the Italian.

He was seated at a small table, examining the commercial letters of a Monsieur Dupré, a Parisian, and my travelling companion, who having amassed a splendid fortune at Florence, in the manufacture of straw hats, was returning with his wife and family to Paris, to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Not less than twenty packets, each containing one hundred letters, were placed before the examiner.

Dupré, surprized at the pertinacity with which each letter in the first packet had been scrutinized, wearied now of standing so long, and still more distressed at the conviction that, by

a longer detention, the dinner we had ordered at the hotel, would be totally spoiled, involuntarily burst forth with, "Mais, mon cher monsieur, vous n'aurez jamais fini, si vous vous proposez d'examiner toutes ces lettres-là l'une après l'autre. Nous serons ici trois jours et trois nuits, et, après tout, cela ne vous amusera pas beaucoup! Je vous jure, sur ma parole d'honneur, qu'il n'y a pas un mot de politique là-dedans: il ne s'agit que d'affaires de commerce."

At this energetic address the examiner looked up from his task, and for a moment regarded the speaker, though without uttering a word. Being, however, a man of discernment, and, accustomed to interpret a great variety of countenances, for in such a tribunal as his own, every possessor of contraband articles assumes a peculiar deceit of expression; he soon read in the pacific countenance of Dupré, that he was what the Florentines designate as "buono tre volte;" in short, that he appeared to be too much of a coward to be a political desperado. He therefore no longer doubted that what he had told him was true, and contented himself by selecting one more letter from the packet which happened to be before him. He ran over it still with a scrutinizing air, and finding it contained nothing relating to politics, he said, turning to Dupré, "Take away your papers, and pursue your journey pleasantly."

Dupré, however, did not quit the apartment. Convinced that my examination would be much more brief than his own, he was willing to secure to himself the credit of performing an act of courtesy by waiting for his fellow traveller. Scarcely had the rogue of a searcher consigned my portfolio to the examiner, than the latter fixed on me a pair of eyes, which seemed as though they would have penetrated the most secret recesses of my soul. But I had now grown familiar with ugly countenances, and was besides conscious that I had nothing contraband to conceal. I therefore only replied to his gaze by a laugh.

"Who are you?" demanded the Bœtian, not at all satisfied with my manner.

"At Florence, whence I come, the custom-house authorities would have demanded, 'who is your lordship?'" I replied with a sardonic smile which we Florentines know so well how to assume.

Seeing he was now extremely displeased, and feeling myself sufficiently revenged for his impertinence, and unwilling to increase his dislike, I added more civilly, "I am Guido Sorelli, of Florence, a literary man, as you have doubtless understood by my passport, and which you will also find to be quite correct."

The politeness of my style of address so won upon this superficial being, that his countenance instantly cleared up.

"You are then a Florentine?" he asked with complacency.

"A Florentine, at your service."

"I imagined so."

How he had at first taken me to be a Florentine, whether from my idiom, my sarcasm, my dress or my sardonic laugh, I cared not then to enquire, nor does it import much now that I should know. Here, however, our dialogue terminated, and opening my portfolio, he began to turn over its contents separately.

The wretched apartment we were in containing nothing in it worthy of my attention, I fixed my eyes carelessly upon the leaves which the examiner took up with his right hand, and which, after having scrutinized, he deposited upon his left, when—who can paint my terror and dismay!—I beheld beneath the last sheet, now in the examiner's hand, a rough copy of a *revolutionary* sonnet, the only one I had ever composed in my life, and which I thought, nay was sure, I had destroyed.

But to enable you, Pellico, to form a competent judgment of the state of my feelings at this discovery, it is necessary that I should relate briefly the history of this sonnet.

CHAPTER III.

The winter of 1820-1, was marked at Naples by a universal outcry for a "free constitution." You will remember, Pellico, that at that period, the throat of every Neapolitan was, as it were, a Vesuvius, whose fiery eruption sounded but of Liberty! whilst its resounding echoes rang throughout Europe. Amongst the many nations that had heard the cry, the generous few alone applauded; whilst all, with the exception of Austria, who looked with contempt upon the project, marvelled that Italy, so long esteemed a dead letter among nations, should have at length awakened from what had been merely a long protracted dream. The result of this much dreaded convulsion was another illustration of the truth of the classical fable—after the convulsive throes of the mountain, there issued forth a mouse. But let me not dwell upon this scene of infamy enacted in that unhappy *corner of Italy*, the effect of which was once more to brand with the unmerited stamp of cowardice, the *whole of the Italian nation*. The idea was so splendid; the project so new, so gigantic; that there were found, even among the Tuscans—themselves a clear-sighted, enlightened, and prudent people, who seldom mistake the glow-worm for the beacon-light—many, who hesitated not to embrace it, and who, though content beneath the paternal reign of the Grand Duke, Ferdinand III., were willing to sacrifice their own individual security and happiness, in order to co-operate with what they deemed the general prosperity of Italy.

From this moment then, as members of "carbonarism;" that secret society so much dreaded by the princes of Italy, and which, becoming daily more formidable, will prove, at length irresistible; they hesitated not to employ every means in their power to attract to their standard—I will not say the nobles, for they were at that time, generally, the most

ignorant class in Tuscany—but all amongst the middle classes who possessed among them the most brilliant, the most enlightened, the most courageous and solid in principle.

Florence was then, as it had ever been, a field so fertile in courage, genius and virtue, that, surrounded as I was by so many luxuriant plants, I could not hope to stand forth conspicuous amongst them, more than does the scentless ranunculus when peeping through a bouquet of odorous violets, jessamine, heliotrope, and orange flowers.

How it happened, I know not, but it entered the brains of three distinguished Florentines to seek me one night, and thus to break in upon the tranquillity and unobtrusive humility of the unenvied ranunculus.

"Guido! your friend Z; with two other gentlemen wish to speak with you immediately."

Such was the exclamation of my father, about three o'clock one morning, at the door of my apartment.

At the mention of my friend Z, I sprang from my bed, dressed myself hurriedly, and following my father, who had ushered them into my little study, soon found myself in the presence of my dear friend and two other gentlemen; by whom, I now feel, at a distance of fourteen years,

"Myself exalted in their proud reflection."

With his usual considerate feeling, my father withdrew upon introducing me into the room.

"Signor Guido," began one of the strangers, both of whom were only known to me by sight, "we have disturbed your repose: but the object of our visit involves not so much our own interest as your welfare."

After this preamble, he went on to descant upon the political position of unhappy Italy, which he did with an eloquence sufficient not only to have invested the timid hare with the courage of the lion, but to have transformed the unnatural oppressors of our beautiful country, into its Cæsars and Fathers.

My friend Z. who had not stirred from the position which he had assumed upon my entrance, stood silently regarding me. I raised my eyes to his, before replying to the individual whose harangue had thus filled my soul with renewed love for my country, and already felt my heart prepared to expand its last drop of blood in her defence.

It would be impossible to express all that the animated countenance, whose features were so familiar to me, seemed to suggest. But though his looks evidently counselled "that a citizen should renounce every thing for the happiness and welfare of his country," his penetrating eyes seemed also to make these demands: "Guido! does the flame that now runs through thy veins spring from a lasting fire? Art thou really the oak challenging the storm but to deride it? The oak, that nothing but the axe can remove from the soil in which it hath taken root? Art thou confident that thou canst smile at the exile's poverty? that thou canst breathe freely in the dungeons of Spielberg? submit thy neck resignedly to the guillotine? that thou canst part tearlessly from thy companions, and hear unshrinkingly, that Cleofe and thy father have died broken hearted for thy political apostacy?"

These were the questions which seemed successively to emanate from the clear open countenance of a friend who was like my second self.

At the contemplation of the exile's fate, of the dungeons of Spielberg, at the prospect of a separation from my friends, and the infliction of the guillotine, my heart remained not only unshaken in its resolution, but even inflamed with a desire to become a martyr. I considered that to die upon a scaffold in so noble a cause, would be the bright redeeming spot of an existence brief, uncertain, and ever miserable. I fancied it would be the baptism of the soul by blood, purifying it, and thus enabling it to present itself at the tribunal of Christ, as a spirit worthy of the compassion and pardon of its Redeemer. But at the last demand—"Could I without vacillating, learn, that, through me, Cleofe and my father had died broken-hearted?"

my soul so late inflated by enthusiasm, experienced a sudden revulsion ; its very currents seemed congealed in their course.

I could have parted from my friends—I could have died in my country's cause. That had been an easy task, nay more, it would have been but fulfilling the destiny to which I seemed to be born. But when at the altar of my own individual sacrifice, I beheld attached to me in perspective the shadowy forms of a father and a sister whom I so tenderly loved, about to be involved in my own voluntary destruction, I shrank in horror from myself, and seemed to stand at the shrine of an infernal rather than of a celestial divinity. I renounced the love—I hated the name of that unnatural liberty, which could inspire—that dared to exact so cruel a sacrifice. I acknowledged that I certainly was not born to be great, if these were the conditions of my greatness, I divested myself of the patriot's armour, which I had but assumed, and which sat so ill upon me, and once more I shrank into my pristine nothingness. I had remained silent for the space of some minutes, during which time I had to encounter the gaze of my three visitors, each endeavouring to interpret from my countenance the answer I was about to give.

" As to Cleofe I cannot answer for her, but this I know, hat if ill befall me, it will break my father's heart !"

This kind of soliloquy uttered unconsciously by me, at length put an end to the anxious suspense we were all in.

It was subsequently proposed, that Signor Guido should have twenty-four hours to consider of his determination, and with a cordial shake of the hand on all sides, our little congress broke up.

In a state of bewilderment I stood alone in my study, quite conscious, however, that two thirds of my heart's sympathies had accompanied my friends in spite of myself.

" Will you not return to rest ?" asked my father who now presented himself at the door of the apartment.

" No, Signore," was all the reply I could give.

My father regarded me steadfastly for a moment, and turned

very pale; but with his usual reserve, he left me without any farther question. Never before had I experienced such a conflict of feelings as at that moment. Each agitating period of my past existence, seemed, in comparison, but like the gentle undulations of a beautiful lake fanned by the zephyr's breath; this, the rolling of the ocean stirred by a thousand wrathful winds.

A hand of fire seemed to have traced upon my heart these terrible words: "Thou must either sacrifice thy father and thy sister, and receive in recompense, thy country's laurels; or sacrifice that country to personal considerations, and submit for ever to bear the brand of infamy and cowardice!"

It had struck five, and I now fancied I heard Cleofe's voice. I was not mistaken, for upon enquiring of my father if Cleofe had yet risen? he replied—

"Oh yes! she rose when she heard of the arrival of your friends. The coffee is prepared, and if you are ready I will call her to join our breakfast."

I assented: and very soon the remembrance of my tempestuous solitude was lost in the serenity of their beloved society.

"My dear Guido," began my father, as he took his coffee, "I am quite convinced that an affair of much seriousness has been the subject of your discussion with your three friends this morning. You have now been for a few short years master of your actions, and perhaps it is not now for me to seek to penetrate your motives or to influence them. Yet, though at the age of twenty-one, the authority of a father may cease, a parent's counsel is ever ready to be bestowed on his child in whatever trying situation he may be placed.

"I know Z. to be a man of honour—a mirror of integrity, and proud am I to rank him amongst your familiar friends. His companions I know not; but I must confess to you their presence this morning startled me. Yet I rely upon you; I dare not seek for farther explanation."

No sooner had my father pronounced these last words, than he became overpowered apparently by the terror his own

predictions had conjured up, and fell without consciousness into the arms of my sister.

"What is this, Guido?" exclaimed Cleofe, with tears in her eyes, and casting a reproachful glance upon me that seemed to say, "can it be that you have caused such grief, perhaps the very death even of a parent who loves you more than his own life?"

At the spectacle of Cleofe's tears falling fast upon the pallid countenance of my father, as he lay upon her bosom, I seemed to awake from a horrible dream, and to burst asunder the magic chain whose thraldom had rendered me almost powerless. I sprang to fetch some cordial which stood near my writing desk, and heartily eschewed that liberty which threatened to cost me a parent so beloved, so affectionate, so amiable.

When he was restored to consciousness, he embraced me and wept bitterly. I held him in my arms, but I spoke not, until his alarms seemed to have subsided.

"A dark cloud has passed from over the head of your son Guido," I at length said; "but it was only a cloud, my father, and has left no trace of its shadow. I will not conceal that the object of the strangers' visit, this morning, was alarming: its tendency was, that, for my country's welfare, I ought not to hesitate to sacrifice my father and sister. But when I reflected, that should the result be fatal to myself, you, my father, would die of grief; I feared not this indeed of Cleofe—she has too much of her brother's soul within her; it was then I resolved to show myself the son rather than the patriot."

"Can this be true?" asked my father, his eyes smiling through his tears.

"The whole truth," I replied.

"You promise then not to enrol yourself with the *Carbonari?*"

"Upon this hand I now swear it!" I exclaimed, imprinting a kiss upon it, as I spoke.

The sun had risen above the horizon; and with its first soft

rays, serenity and happiness re-assumed their empire within our hearts, for so many hours the sport of a tempest, which, though varying in its aspect, had been equally agitating to us all.

CHAPTER IV.

It will be easily imagined, that my having renounced *Carbonarism* subjected me to very unfavourable imputations on the part of those who had solicited me to join their association. Still I was not personally disliked by the *Carbonari*. They seemed rather to view my caution with a feeling of pity than contempt.

But, although I was not a *Carbonaro*, I was a patriot, and deeply I felt for the welfare of my country; and when the news reached Florence, that the Neapolitans had not fought—but had been put to flight by the Austrians, I could not repress my indignation at their want of resolution. The humiliating intelligence seemed to gnaw at my very heart; and snatching up my pen, I wrote the *revolutionary* sonnet that now gave me such uneasiness.

Having completed it, I repaired to my friend Z.—the most placable of the three who had failed in their conversion of the irresolute Guido, of whom they asserted that,

"His grovelling soul dar'd not accept the cause."

"Give me a transcript of it!" exclaimed my friend, after having listened to it.

"Nay," replied I, putting it quietly into my pocket, "I am not quite so mad as that."

"At least, read it over again," he asked.

This I assented to.

Before the evening the sonnet was in the mouth of every *Carbonaro* in Florence, although not one would have taken the liberty of transcribing it. Indeed they had themselves warned Z. against permitting a copy of it being circulated, lest it might injure the author.

It was the custom at the *Casa Sorelli*, to take coffee always in the *Salotto di Guido*. Here, then, on the afternoon of this day, the family had, as usual, assembled.

"Hearken to my inspiration, produced by the disastrous news from Naples," said I to my dear companions as they took their coffee. "What do you think of this sonnet?"

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the applause of my auditors, whose generous feelings of patriotism had been awakened by my effusion.

But my mother-in-law—my father had married again—whom few surpassed in affection for me, estimating poetry at a lower rate than the others, or perhaps more apprehensive of the danger I might incur, after having suffered the applause to subside a little, rose from her seat, and with maternal anxiety entreated me to give her the sonnet.

At first, I resolutely resisted the demand; but my refusal was useless; and I was at length compelled to surrender it, at the united prayer of my family, who feared that, on the accusation of some spy, I might be arrested with the dangerous document in my possession.

Gratified as I was by the opinion, which pronounced it to be the best of my compositions, my self-love gave way before the superior duty of a son and brother. Sacrificing, therefore, a prospective applause upon the shrine of domestic affection, and with a smile—though not without a little secret regret—I resigned this rash effusion into the hands of my timid mother-in-law.

No sooner had she obtained possession of it, than tearing it into a thousand pieces, she threw the fragments from the terrace-window, watching the descent of each atom, until she beheld them safely floating on the classic waters of the Arno.

Such, Pellico, is the history of the sonnet, which I had penned, in a moment of blind rage at the cowardice of the Neapolitans. Unfortunately, I was not aware that I had transferred it to more than the sheet of paper I had given up to my mother-in-law.

Here is the sonnet which I beheld before the examiner at Milan, about to undergo his scrutiny, as soon as he should have completed the inspection of other papers that had first presented themselves to his notice.

SONNET.

A coward city urged by thought divine,
Cried—" Italy awake! thy glory—mine!"
The sov'reign eagle* heard the rebel cry,
His talons sharpened....to await the die.

In Lubiana† sat the despot crew :
Their Congress naught but evil counsels knew!
By woman's‡ toils....by monkish|| chains ensnared
To stand a perjur'd thing, a monarch dar'd!

Loud peal the trumpets! first to aid the fight
A thousand foreign swords are glancing bright:
The sov'reign eagle triumphs from afar,
While Italy returns the blast of war.

'Tis hush'd! betraying him their leader§ chief,
Their patriot love now chang'd to abject grief.
Oh Italy! no fear hath made me fly :
Too well had I foreseen thy destiny.

* The standard of the house of Austria.

† The Congress of Lubiana whither the King of Naples repaired to demand permission of the Allies to fulfil the promise he had made to his Neapolitan subjects of granting them a Constitution.

‡ The Queen of Naples.

|| The King's Confessor, the principal instrument, together with the Queen, in persuading the King to forfeit his pledge.

§ General Pepe.

CHAPTER V.

The reflection, that, from the composition of this sonnet, a termination might be put to my projected journey to London, where I had hoped to become really an independent man, to create for myself a name amongst the *literati*, and to acquire the power of supporting my family ; and the prospect of being sent in chains to Spielberg, for a period perhaps interminable—should I even escape the block—were only the flames of the Catholic's purgatory, where Hope administers her comforts to the tormented ; whilst the third reflection, *that I had thus unwillingly become the instrument of my poor father's death*, was to my heart the torture of despair which inserts into the wound a never dying worm.

I felt my cheeks blanched when the examiner at length took the dreaded paper.

At this crisis, my heart ceased its pulsation, my breath failed me.

With contracted brows, and an eager scrutinizing air the examiner commenced the perusal of my sonnet.

My eyes were intently fixed upon his countenance, whilst I felt my heart to be at Florence, bleeding at the feet of that parent, for whose preservation I would have sacrificed my existence and even that of Italy itself. He alone occupied my thoughts ; my own safety formed *no* part of my present anxiety ; and I was now, in anticipation of the fatal consequences threatened, already mourning his loss—when I beheld the examiner slowly and deliberately place the perilous sonnet

amongst those papers that had safely passed through the ordeal.

My heart recovered its pulsations, and "thank God!" was the echo of its first palpitation.

But, though sunshine had gleamed in the distance, the dark cloud had not yet passed from over my head, nor had the rainbow appeared in token of returning calm.

During a brief, but apparently to me, a most tedious interval, the examiner sat in deep meditation without attempting to take another paper from the now really harmless folio. He then resumed the perusal of the fatal sonnet.

The rustling of the paper in the hands of the examiner struck at my heart a thrill, similar to that experienced by the wretched criminal when he hears the whizzing of the spring, that precipitates the fatal knife of the guillotine upon his devoted neck.

I then abandoned all hope for my father—for myself.

But despair, after a certain point, acquires a peculiar kind of courage, and its energy draws forth faculties of endurance that we seemed before not to possess—

> "As one from sad dismay
> Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
> Submitting to what seem'd *remediless*,
> Thus in *calm mood*———

A feeling of resignation to whatever evil man could inflict, suddenly took possession of my mind, and, with a brow of determination, I stood prepared to encounter fortune's darkest frowns.

For the space of a few seconds longer, the examiner retained my sonnet; when, to my surprise and amazement he once more put it down—selected another paper—glanced it over

hastily: returned them all to the portfolio, and delivering that into my hand, wished me a prosperous journey.

No sooner had I left the room, than, throwing my portfolio upon the ground, I snatched from it the fatal sonnet, and being at a loss for any other means of instantly getting quit of the dangerous document, I thrust it into my mouth and swallowed it.

Never did an honest physician prescribe so efficient a remedy to a patient, as the application I thus administered to myself.

Dupré who, though still unconscious of the cause of my distress, was much agitated upon my account, stood regarding me with attention and surprise.

There were several persons in the anti-room, amongst whom were a number of *Gendarmes*: but as I had quitted the chamber of examination freely, none of them suspected me to be disaffected to the Austrian Government. They appeared therefore petrified at beholding me thus enjoying the unusual repast of a sheet of paper, having previously observed me select, with a true epicurean feeling, a particular one from a thousand others with the desperation of frenzy.

So long as there remained a question of my safety, involving as it did, my father's—to me so much more important—I paused not to observe whether I was alone; but now that I had destroyed what might have become the death-warrant of my excellent father, I rushed into the open air, followed by Dupré, too anxious to breathe an atmosphere uncontaminated by spies and police agents.

CHAPTER VI.

"And who saved me from this great peril?"

"God!"

"And what human agency did he employ as the instrument of my deliverance?"

In attempting to answer this, I become involved in a labyrinth of doubt and mystery.

It is a scene almost too complex for the light of human intellect to penetrate. But let *Intellect* argue the question with the *Heart*, with the view of solving the problem.

The Intellect.—It is plain that the examiner, half Austrian half Italian, was himself an obscure person, unable to understand poetry; he therefore can have discovered in this sonnet of Guido Sorelli's, nothing but so many unintelligible characters.

The Heart.— Unintelligible! Are, then, the expressions *Italia*, *Lubiana* and *Diabolico Senato*, so difficult to comprehend?

The Intellect.—Perhaps not, individually considered; but when taken in conjunction with others intelligible only to those who understand poetry, it is *then* they become hidden characters. Dost thou believe that such an ignoramus could grasp the meaning of *Rostro: Aguzzar gli artiglj: Cordigliero,*" besides several other passages equally obscure to him whose confined understanding could not allow him to rise above the exercise of his mere duties?

The Heart.—Not so fast: is it likely that the examiner, dull as you would make him appear, could possibly have failed to interpret rightly the beginning of the last verse "*Italia io*

fuggo ?" Remember his frowning brow, while scanning that portion of the poem—his subsequently resuming its perusal after laying it aside; the sudden dismissal of that frown from his countenance, when, after a moment's reflection, he again laid it down with a decided air. Then again, remember the negligence with which he hurried over the remaining papers. Why not rather believe that he performed here the part of the "kind Savage ?"—why not suppose he really understood the sonnet he read with so much eager attention; and that not having found the name of Guido Sorelli in the black-book, which contained the names of suspected Italians; and, moreover, observing his passport to be correct, he thus reasoned with himself:—"Here is a young Florentine, who, although certainly somewhat sarcastic and impertinent, is apparently well-disposed. He is a young man of literary pretensions, who is perhaps discontented with the government of Italy, but is now on his way to England, to seek on her shores an honourable subsistence! Behold in him a Being in the flower of youth, endowed with health, and a heart reflecting hope. At my fiat, behold that youth, that health, and the dazzling mirror that hope now presents to him, crushed in an instant, or exchanged for a living death.—And shall I pronounce his doom?—Oh, no! rather let me for once suffer a rigorous law to succumb to my compassion, awakened in his behalf.

Intellect.—And you seriously think he was actuated by so benevolent a motive?

Heart.—It could hardly be otherwise. But, alas! *our* communion is so unfrequent, that I almost despair of curing you of your unjust suspicions, of your tendency to misanthropy. Remember, oh Intellect! that, though thy benefits to mankind are more dazzling than mine, but *few* possess thy inspiration, while *all* men have me within their bosoms—me who was created to dwell on earth the tabernacle of love to God and good-will to men. Cease, then, to debase human nature by thy cavillings; for, although Satan too often makes me the

instrument of man's misery, there is more virtue to be found amongst my untutored offspring, than nobility of feeling amongst thine, the children of talent and genius.

Intellect.—Thou hast conquered.

CHAPTER VII.

As I entered Milan, my thoughts turned involuntary towards those friends at Florence who took an active part in the politics of our country. I speculated upon their estimate of my patriotism—founded, as it probably was, upon my abandonment of what seemed to me a mischievous association—that of the *Carbonari*. Well knowing their highly wrought feelings upon this subject, I fancied I heard them declaiming against the recreant Guido in these terms :

" He who admits that the heart of the tyrant, or that of any of his satellites is accessible to virtue, acknowledges himself at least to be no enemy to either—and the Italian, who does not declare himself their foe, desires not the welfare of his country, and would not co-operate in heart or hand to deliver his country from the Austrian yoke.

" Signor Guido then has entered Milan himself a slave in heart, or an Austrian from the depravity of his soul."

" Am I then really so base and pusillanimous, or am I an Austrian ?" I demanded of my heart.

" Thou art neither the one nor the other," my heart replied, " thou art persuaded, that the love of Liberty is one of the most perilous passions by which the human mind is influenced : that, like every other unrestrained passion, it too often blinds its possessor, and, instead of true liberty, imposes a hard and shameless servitude.

"Remember that, WITHOUT, all wears the semblance of smiles, but WITHIN, there is trouble and disquiet; that it is at once the greatest error and the greatest misery to believe oneself free, when that very freedom depends more upon others than upon oneself. Thou dost feel that not only the absolute law of custom and the imperious necessity of pleasing others, renders this life one uninterrupted state of thraldom, but that man has ever found his own passions are to him the most absolute and cruel tyrants in this world. Thou art convinced that if he submit but in part to their guidance, his life must become one constant struggle with himself; that they will betray him, rend his spirit, trample under feet the laws of honour and reason, and remain still unsatisfied; whilst, should he resign himself to their entire dominion, they will prove a torrent resistless and interminable. Oh Guido! preserve thyself from that fatal servitude, which men blush not to denominate liberty. Remember that man's freedom is alone in his Maker, that God's truth can alone render man independent; that to serve God is to reign supreme in power; and that where the spirit of the Lord is felt, there alone is true liberty.

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

"Remember that he alone is free, who, humble in himself, accepts, at the hands of the world, humiliation, trial and sorrow—all that it is the will of God to inflict upon him, both from without and within his own breast; who steels himself against himself, and fears not the censure nor the criticism of man. Remember that humility constitutes alone true liberty, and presents the soul robed in the angelic simplicity of virtue. It is the only perfection of which our imperfection is susceptible—the only cessation from the continued warfare, to which man is condemned, with the angel of darkness, who ever lies in wait for his victim when least he is looked for."

As my heart thus whispered to me this salutary counsel, I

felt that I could easily forgive the harsh judgment formed by my quondam *carbonaro* associates on my alleged want of patriotism; and with a sincere prayer for my country's welfare, and reliance upon God, I turned my back upon Milan, saying to myself, "My soul, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change."

CHAPTER VIII.

Behold me disembarked at Dover, and contemplating from its rocky heights, the waves that separated me from the shores I had just left, and which indeed seemed by their turbulence, to threaten me with an awful doom were I rash enough to repent my undertaking, and to return without making an effort to create for myself a new and more brilliant career.

To the eye of a foreigner, Dover offers but a poor idea of the cleanliness of the streets and houses of England, which forms so essential a feature of what the English call comfort, a word not to be translated, but which is to an Englishman a second nature—his second self.

Dingy, however, as the strects of Dover are in comparison with those of most English towns, yet so favourably did they contrast with those of Paris, where I had but lately passed through, that I was actually struck with surprize and admiration at what I considered the cleanliness of the town.

I certainly marvelled exceedingly at not finding any palaces, and still greater was my astonishment afterwards, at beholding so few in London—London, which may now indeed be considered the capital of the world. I had then to learn that, though an Englishman's mansion may present but an unattrac-

tive exterior, it may however possess, within, tasteful decorations, and even, when the rank of the owner requires it, gorgeous splendour; that if "Apsley," and "Holderness Houses," in their construction do not boast of the Corinthian or Doric orders, but rather resemble prisons from without, they are within, not only palaces, but kingly habitations, capable of containing a host of the most distinguished personages.

But though I sought in vain for some of those palaces of unapproachable magnificence, which, at Florence and at Rome, rise in such painful contrast to the poverty of the surrounding habitations, each house I now contemplated—each cottage, convinced me that I was in England, amongst a people whose power was not manifested in vain appearance; whose substance and whose happiness evaporated not with the smoke of their chimneys, but who, concentrating their prosperity in domestic comforts; and in the solid instruction and welfare of their children, feel the rallying point of their affections to consist in the union of their domestic fire-side, where are breathed the sweet and salutary words of counsel, whilst each heart is kindled by the spark of reciprocal love, friendship and good-will more vivid than the flame which illumines their cheerful hearth.

It wanted about ten minutes to ten o'clock on the first morning after my arrival, when I heard a carriage and four drive up to the door of the hotel accompanied with the sonorous notes of a horn.

Curiosity led me to the windows; and I then beheld four of the most beautiful horses I had ever seen in my life, with the coachman and trumpeter arrayed in gold and scarlet liveries.

I made up my mind, that this must be the equipage of some prince then residing in the hotel, and whilst I stood marvelling at the magnificence of the first grandee I had been so fortunate as to meet with in England, the waiter, quite out of breath, rushed into the coffee-room, exclaiming—

"The coach! the coach, signore!" at the same time extending his palm in expectation of the accustomed gratuity.

"You are a fool!" I replied laughing, "I am not the prince to whom that equipage belongs."

"Come, come, signore! That is the public conveyance,' exclaimed the man shouldering my valise as he spoke.

I now followed him, and the next moment I was seated in a splendid coach drawn by four of the most superb horses I had ever seen in my life.

The horn once more sounded, and the horses sprang forward. They seemed, to my astonished senses, not merely to run, but actually to fly. I was the sole occupant of the coach; I knew not then, that at any part of the way, other passengers might step in.

I imagined that Signor Sorelli was to be the sole traveller in a coach, which appeared to me to belong to the sovereign. I imagined—absurdly enough—that the coachman, the trumpeter and the waiter having discovered in the physiognomy of the Florentine, the stamp of the *gran' Signore* in perspective, if he were not actually so already, they had decreed him this mark of respect as his due—indeed, that they had purposely appropriated the whole inside of the coach to Signor Guido from the reverence with which his countenance had inspired them.

Inflated with a temporary feeling of my own importance, I sat for nearly two hours with my face close to the window of the coach, in order that the passers-by might enjoy the benefit of looking upon the countenance of the great Guido of Florence.

To my mortification, I passed along perfectly unheeded.

"What a senseless race are these English peasants!" I exclaimed in extreme wrath at their indifference, "what different animals are they from those rational beings, the peasants of Tuscany and of Switzerland, who take off their hats whenever a gentleman approaches!"

I indignantly drew up the glass; and opening my guitar-case, endeavoured by singing, to beguile my solitude.

I had not been thus employed more than five minutes, when the coach suddenly stopped, and an old woman all curls,

ribands, tinsel and lace, entered the coach, and took possession of one of the seats of honour.

I was not offended at her age or ugliness, but the expression of her countenance did not please me. No sooner therefore had I seen her, than I immediately locked up my guitar, fearful that I might be solicited by this ancient beldame to sing.

But I was this time mistaken in my knowledge of physiognomy.

It often happens that the English, in travelling, do not address a word of conversation to each other, until the termination of a long journey, when each repents he had not before transgressed the self-imposed silence.

The English lady, however, was in this instance the first to address me.

"Is this your first visit to England, sir?" she asked me with so much politeness and kindness, that, at that moment she appeared quite charming if not even handsome.

Her urbanity and her good will won upon me in an instant, so that, ashamed of myself for having been so much deceived in her physiognomy, I paid her the most profound respect, and maintained a conversation with her until the entrance of other individuals into the coach interrupted it.

We had travelled together about fifteen miles, when the coach again stopped; and my elderly female companion having then reached her destination, very kindly expressed her good wishes for my happiness in England.

That the hour of dinner had arrived, I felt convinced from the symptoms of hunger I experienced, but I could not possibly divine where we should stop for that repast.

At two o'clock we arrived at a small town, and a gentleman in the coach, with whom I had entered into conversation, informed me that we could dine there, and invited me to accompany him. I could not but wonder why my other coach-companions did not join us; but hunger now left me no time for reflection, and having entered the dining parlour, I seated myself by the courteous individual who had conducted me thither.

We were alone; when presently I beheld a servant in holiday costume enter the apartment, bearing a dish of unreasonable dimensions, with a silver cover on it, and so weighty, that the unfortunate sufferer's face was the colour of scarlet, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets with the exertion of carrying it.

"Where are the other guests?" I exclaimed, upon beholding this gigantic specimen of the English *roast beef*.

At this question, my travelling companion turned upon me a significant smile, saying,

"This is all for us!" after which, cutting off a magnificent slice, he sent it to me by the waiter.

I had been for so many days nearly poisoned at Paris by the French dish called "selon mon goût," which the English have translated into "salmagundi," that the very aspect of this fine roasted joint cheered my heart; and after having eaten of it, I imagined myself already half an Englishman.

We had soon dispatched our dinner, and returning to the coach, proceeded to London.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the evening of the 12th of June, 1821, when I first entered the capital of England.

For the second time in my life, I again beheld myself in the midst of a multitude, who understood me not and whom I could not understand.

To be thus alone—unknown—in a crowd, is in itself a situation of painful embarrassment; but my arrival in London was marked by a much more serious evil—that of bitter disappoint-

ment in my worldly prospects. But the christian charity, taught me by the religious principles of the faith I now happily profess, forbids my characterizing, with a harsher term than *disappointment*, the mortification and distress I had to endure at that portion of my life. But whilst I bury in silence the details of a long scene of sorrow, I freely confess that, although this ill fortune came upon me quite unexpected, I had nevertheless fully merited this chastisement from the hand of God.

It was now long since my lips had opened to prayer, except in those critical moments, when man, afflicted with sorrow and danger, addresses it, like the constrained prodigal, to a Parent compassionate, loving, and ever ready to listen to him. For a long time prayer and meditation had had no part in my daily occupation. Safe and contented, I had lain down to rest, and risen from a tranquil sleep without once thanking God for delivering me from the many perils of the night. For a long time, slumbering in forgetfulness, I had not thought that rarely does the approving flame of acceptance descend upon that sacrifice of prayer, which is extorted from us in the hour of peril; and that man ought not, in his presumption, to look more for its acceptance than could Cain for his ill-chosen holocaust.

"Every one that is godly shall pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayst be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto Him."

I had forgotten, that, though merciful, God is also just, and that, therefore, prayer is chiefly acceptable to Him, when, in the season of health and prosperity, it is the heart's unbidden offering at the shrine of gratitude. That he who erects not his fabric upon this basis, has his foundation on the sand which the winds and floods constantly threaten, and will finally annihilate.

CHAPTER X.

During the great despondency which oppressed me, in consequence of my disappointed expectations, I had the courage to pen the following letter to my Zurich friends.

"My Friends,

"The obstinacy with which I refused to repay your advice by not hearkening to it—my wilfulness, instead of the docility, which was your due, likens me to the adder. I closed my ear to the voice that had warned me, and thus I have fallen into the snare."

[Here followed the detail of my actual situation: I thus concluded:]

"I know that I have merited your reproof; but this I also know, that neither yourselves nor others can reproach me more bitterly than does my own heart. This, in addition to the long penance which must be mine while in England, for my foolish resistance to your wishes, will surely prove a sufficient chastisement for my fault, without the additional penalty of reproach from my friends.

"I know you too well—I have too long read your hearts not to feel convinced that, though previously incensed against me, upon the the receipt of this detail of my ill fortune, you will relent and deeply sympathize with him, who is

"Your's faithfully till death,

"Guido."

I soon received this answer:

"Dear Guido,

"If inexperience in the difficulties of this world were to be accounted a fault in man, then should we reprove your obstinacy, instead of sympathizing with you for the sufferings it seems to have entailed. But, since youth is seldom willing to oppose a barrier to the perils with which it is surrounded, while living in the world, and in intercourse with man, it would be unjust and cruel to reprove the want of that discretion, which can only result from a more matured wisdom.

"If the conviction, that our friendship is so firmly rooted, that neither time nor even death can cancel it, may prove a solace in your present sorrows, rest assured, Guido! that there are two individuals at Zurich, who know no perfect happiness, whilst yours is incomplete.

"It would be useless to add more; for words can convey but a faint idea of what we feel for you. *We wish you well*, Guido! You can comprehend these few words: and when you have glanced at the signature of this letter, you will recognize them as the earnest effusion of your

"SINCERE FRIENDS"

"P.S.—We enclose you a bill of exchange for twenty louis, not as a deduction from your capital, but as a gift which we entreat you to accept from those who are dear to you.

"Quit London instantly, and return to Florence. Do this; and so long as Providence shall prosper our commercial interests, you may rely in your necessities upon the support of those to whom you are more than a brother."

As I traced the sweet characters of this letter, my heart was restored to peace; but its postscript soon chased away the happy impression, and recalled me to sorrow.

I snatched up my pen and wrote as follows:

"Dearest Friends,

"I am young, and, as you rightly observe, of a judgment

scarcely matured enough to withstand the perils we have to encounter in the world when in intercourse with men. Still, from what I have seen —and more, from what I have suffered— I feel myself entitled to declare that, in a world constituted like our own, there is in the *success* of men's projects so great, so irresistible a charm, that it seems adopted by them as the test by which they estimate the merit of each aspiring candidate.

" Thus it is that, in the eyes of men, he that is prosperous is also esteemed, celebrated, respected, beloved and accounted wise; whilst the unsuccessful man is held as unworthy; he is defamed, despised, rejected as an outcast, and pronounced to be either a fool or a rogue.

" I am fully convinced that the Florentines have ever estimated me far beyond my merits. They have conceived the idea, that to Guido a vast and secure field would be opened in England, in which he must surely reap fame for himself, and confer glory upon his countrymen.

" But, though ordinarily enlightened and sound in their judgment, the Florentines are within the common pale of mortality. Like other sons of Adam, they possess hearts susceptible alike of the passions and prejudices created by the corrupt atmosphere of an existence, which we all equally inhale.

" ' What!' would they exclaim at seeing me so soon returned from London, ' Guido come back, after only two months' residence there? Guido ill-received in the capital of the world? his talents neither valued nor patronised by the English—by the nation which is the most intelligent in Europe—the most learned and the most liberal!—Heavens! how have we been deceived in our estimate of his merits! Poor fellow! behold him returned to us!—The English, who are not to be deceived, have submitted his talents to their own test, and—at an ordeal which admits not of deceit—what we mistook for gold, has speedily shrunk on a contact with the touch-stone. How foolish must we have been to consider as substance that which was in reality but a shadow!'

"These and similar discourses, awakening the most humiliating sentiments in my heart, would be the immediate, the inevitable consequence of my return to Florence.

"Upon what friend—upon what heart can I rely at Florence?

"'Upon thy father—upon thy Cleofe!—Would they not suffice to Guido?' I fancy I hear you both argue at Zurich.

"But can I believe that you know so little of the human heart as to be ignorant, that the very feeling of compassion my father and sister would both entertain for my disappointment in England, must impair the love those dear ones have ever borne me?—Upon what basis, indeed, is their abundant affection for me grounded?—Not so much upon the persuasion that Guido was virtuous, as that he was endowed with talents likely to render him an ornament to himself; an object of admiration or envy to others; and a gem to all who could boast of his affinity. Suppose this Guido had been born of a mean capacity: think you, they would have loved him with equal fervour? Oh, no!—Esteem is, with all men, the basis upon which they principally erect their love and friendship! God alone can judge of His creatures unshackled by prejudices created by *external* circumstances, and find true merit in the simplicity and humility of the human heart. Man's criterion is erected upon *outward* display. Genius, with actions apparently noble, united with a mild and affable disposition, not only conciliates the good-will of our equals, but ensures their applause.

"I doubt not that my father and sister would compassionate my disappointment: but think you, I am likely to rejoice in having awakened that feeling?—Oh no!—but yet more: so well do I know those two Florentine hearts, that I am confident, Guido would be to them much more estimable, if, amid the storm, he stretched forth his hand to assist at the helm, rather than avail himself of the slender bark which could save *but one* amongst a hundred.

"No, no, my dearest friends! wrong me not by supposing I am cast down or disheartened.

"Yet still believe what now with truth I state,
While conscience ne'er withholds her sweet applause.
I'll bare my breast to meet each shaft of fate!"

"Your faithful friend,

"GUIDO."

P.S.—"I shall preserve your enclosure untouched until you indicate to me an opportunity of returning it. I do this, because I feel it to be a gift conditional upon my return to Florence, and for which I feel all the gratitude, of which you know my heart susceptible."

CHAPTER XI.

Soon after I had written this letter, an English family, residing in the country, happened to hear my name mentioned in connection with my actual suffering.

They, whose hearts could well be reckoned among the blessed *few* of the *old* English fashion, which are still left in this country, immediately wrote to the solitary exile, inviting him to repair to their hospitable dwelling. I did so without delay—and I was welcomed, at the gate of a magnificent villa, by a gentleman about sixty years of age, of a noble and venerable aspect.

"Signor Sorelli!" he exclaimed, shaking my hand with the

greatest warmth—unlike the cold salutation, generally bestowed in England, of offering three stiff, reluctant fingers: "I cannot tell you how happy and how proud I feel in welcoming you to my house. I trust you will consider yourself quite at home here."

He then, himself, led the way up stairs and ushered me into a room which had been set apart for me; telling me, at the same time, that the bell I should hear in half an hour would be a summons to the dinner table, where I should find the family assembled.

There was in this apartment not only all that comfort could suggest, but, combined with it, an elegance and luxury often to be met with in the houses of the rich inhabitants of this golden isle.

I confess to thee, Pellico, that my soul then saw, in this providential change of my situation, the hand of that God which humbles but to exalt. What thanks I returned at that moment, I cannot distinctly call to mind; but a deep-felt gratitude rushed into my heart, such as I had never experienced before.

The bell sounded, and, ushered by the footmen into the drawing-room, my host presented me to his wife, who advanced gracefully from a group of beautiful women—they are nearly all beautiful in England!—and, with a smile in her speaking eyes, not less expressive than that upon her lip, uttered several sweet words in her own language, but which

> "To hold them now unsaid were delicate
> E'en as the tongue with which they then were spoke."

I was then introduced to each assembled guest, and dinner being announced, the fair hostess requested my escort to the dining-room, where at table I was installed in the post of honor at her left hand.

In the evening we had dancing and music, and I was requested to recite. This was followed by a slight repast, after which a general "good night" dismissed the guests to their respective apartments.

CHAPTER XII.

As the shadows and solitude of night exaggerate the features of the past day's misery, so do its stillness and loveliness invest with an additional charm each new-born happiness!

As I had passed in the course of a few hours from a scene of sorrow and distress to that of comfort and enjoyment, my feelings, bewildered as they were, had left me little room for reflections that day. But when the calm of solitude succeeded the excitement consequent upon so unlooked for an event—it was then that the stagnant current of thought began again to flow; and, from its very interruption, rushed the more impetuously through my brain.

Within my own chamber, I now thought of myself—of myself alone; whilst imagination, which creates a romance of our hearts —or rather, awakens the heart itself to romance—stepped in to adorn, to gild, to enamel my actual position with all the dazzling and fairy tints of poetry.

But, in proportion as the present stood out, in my vision, rich in hope and promise, the more benificent did that Being appear, whose Divine hand had snatched me from the fearful precipice upon which I had so lately stood; and the more intense was my gratitude towards Him, who, though invisible to mortality, makes His presence *felt* alike by all.

Oh! with what admiration ought we not to view the com-

passionate regulation of our Creator's benefits which are so proportioned to our wants!

Neither to be too much elated by prosperity, nor cast down by misfortune, but to bear the extremes of fortune with an uninterrupted serenity of spirit; ever intent on looking with calmness and faith to a future; and, in all our transactions with man, to fix our thoughts upon God alone, who consoles and succours our infirmity, or inflicts trials that He may the more mercifully lead us to the Cross; these are the only means by which we may enjoy perfect happiness *even* in this world!

CHAPTER XIII.

Could I have forgotten that I was far from the land of my birth, towards which the heart ever yearns with an undying affection, it would have been *here*, in this charming spot, upon the banks of the Thames, in the dwelling of my hospitable and courteous friends.

A brother and sister could not have lavished upon me more affection than I experienced from them; whilst the lovely and picturesque country which surrounded me, operated upon my heart with a sweet magic of feeling, making me enjoy the present moment, and look forward with hope to the future.

Trees are every where to be found; these and other works of nature, have features of general resemblance in different countries; so that, a foreigner when residing in the interior, is removed from a contemplation of the strange forms of building and other contrasts that startle him in first arriving in a strange land.

If, therefore, he meet with kindness and friendship beneath the roof which he occupies, illusion is easy; and, if he possesses

the faintest spark of poetical imagination, he may look on the poplars in England—although appearing to him widowed in the absence of the vine—and fancy them those of his own "Bel Paese," whither he may transport himself, in an instant, on the wings of thought, and feel nothing wanting to his happiness.

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, how sweet, yet sad, it is to retrace the pages of our past existence!

But, notwithstanding the sadness with which a self-examination ever impresses us; notwithstanding the discouraging picture *reality* ever presents; not one passage of my life has repassed before me, in which I have not marked the stamp of a Maker's hand, who so benevolently humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and earth, and taketh up the simple out of the dust—of Him who, though he may appear to have no part in our terrestrial movements, is the main-spring, the regulator of each hour-glass, and in His own good time makes us feel that He *is so*....He, who seldom makes His works manifest to man, at the moment of their operation; but leaves the glorious, indelible and undoubted trace of His interference upon the mind of him, who—

> "Forth from the shore he hath so lately won,
> Still panting with his toil, reviews the flood,
> And marvels at the perils he hath run!"

CHAPTER XV.

To become the eulogist of these friends would be indeed a grateful task to my feelings; but as I am sure they love not the pomp of display, preferring rather to veil their good actions from the glare of day, I fear I should give offence in making them publicly the subject of my praise. I therefore restrain my feelings. But since the title of my book admits not of the slightest ambiguity on my part, and, lest my position may not be clearly understood, I must be permitted to reveal the circumstances upon which I continued to reside with these friends.

Each morning I gave a lesson of two hours in Italian to my fair hostess; the rest of the day was at my own disposal. For this service I was compensated by my residence in the house, where I was already treated as one of the family, and further I received every Saturday, the sum of ten shillings. I remained with this charming family a year and a half; and there I might have continued so long as I had chosen to dwell in England. But, agreeable as my sojourn then was, I had the resolution to terminate it, somewhat suddenly, of my own accord. I felt that the very calmness of the sea of existence upon which my bark was floating, was a state of inaction little consonant with my aspirations.

Amongst the delights of this villa, I found that of a magnificent library. Here then the study of the English language became my sole occupation, nay, my whole pleasure.

During six months I had not only studied the Vicar of Wakefield, but read with much attention Thomson's and Pope's works.

So much was I delighted with the "Essay on Man," that I ventured to translate it into Italian verse, not from any fame I hoped to acquire from the performance, but to render the original more my own.

The feeling of gratification which I experienced in perusing Milton's works, is one I am never weary of recalling. Twenty

times did I read "Paradise Lost," and each time with renewed, with more wondering delight.

Oh! how might Homer, Tasso and Dante descend from their proud eminence; that Dante, too, who, so inebriated with himself, ranks himself immediately behind Homer, Lucan, Horace, Ovid and Virgil, calling himself

"The sixth amongst the wise,"

that Dante, who, in his Purgatory, after having so artfully, but well said,

"Oh vain is human glory, briefly shed,
Ere man beholds its blushing verdure fled."

And elsewhere,

"Fame here below is but the zephyr's breath,
Now sportive here, now borne on other tides,
And changing name with each fresh victim's death."

Then adding more haughtily

"Thus Guido from his namesake proudly bore
The laurels he so late triumphant wove;
But now perchance another light hath shown,
A brighter glory, which must veil their own."

Thus proclaiming himself the superior light, which was to eclipse the fame of the Florentine "Guido Cavalcanti," an excellent poet and philosopher, as his talents had previously obscured those of "Guido Guinicelli," a Bolognese poet much esteemed in his time. How might these gifted individuals then, I repeat, descend from their lofty eminence to give place to Milton, so much more deserving of occupying their proud pinnacle of fame!

His inspirations are not drawn from the lyre of Orpheus,

nor gathered from the flowers of Pindus, nor from the awakening flood of Helicon.

Milton's spirit conferred with Heaven alone; and the muse of his inspiration was the Holy Ghost. The world was to him an unwritten page; and, had his soul's flights been arrested by this world's contemplations, he would have been no longer a poet!

It is remarkable that, though Milton's works figure in every library in England, there are thousands of English—I have had the confession from the English themselves—who have never read Paradise Lost, or never finished it if they had commenced the perusal; whilst, on the other hand, those very same people—I will not say read, but actually devour the hundreds of novels which issue from the press every year, and for which the English seem in this century, to be *quite mad;* the passing of idle hours, being the *only* purpose of their reading productions which, with the exception of some of Sir Walter Scott's, and a few other eminent writers, since his day, are idle tales, whose delusions produce but a momentary excitement, without creating the deeper feeling that we experience upon reading a talented work, by which the mind becomes enlightened and we rise better men from the contemplation.

The title "novel" is now-a-days a great recommendation to a book in England; and the first edition is often sold, on its first publication, even before the book is read; whilst those unhappy authors, whose works are only on serious or moral subjects, if they have the imprudence to publish them themselves, run the hazard of being ruined by their well intended efforts to benefit their fellow-creatures.

Thus, dear Pellico! you see that even the English have the leaven of humanity in their natures, and thou knowest mankind too well to imagine that "Guido Sorelli" has fallen here amongst angels.

CHAPTER XVI.

PROVIDENCE is the load-stone, which, amid the storm, still points to the pole, guiding and protecting the distressed mariner.

Providence is the sweet link of universal union: but it was Providence that now awakened another tempest, to break in upon the calm that I had enjoyed but for so short a period! Our Creator makes use of tribulation in order to draw the mind of His creature towards him.

Ill can our corrupted nature comprehend that this is the effect of His divine love. But it is too true, that sorrow alone can wean man from the love of this world, which, the viler it appears, the more does man become enamoured of it.

Man's affections are more deeply rooted to this earth than the oak; and tremendous indeed must be that storm which can eradicate them.

Great was my sorrow—bitter my lamentation—on receiving the following letter:

"Dear Signor Guido,

"Fearful that some rude hand might inflict upon you a mortal blow, by communicating to you tidings not less fatal than unexpected, I have made it my duty, though a most painful one, to impart to you the sad intelligence.

"My beloved wife, and your friend, has passed to a better world! You, who knew her so well, can alone estimate how deep, how irreparable is her loss to me!

"But, if, under such circumstances, any consolation is admissable, it is only to be obtained by knowing *how* our departed friends did wing their flight from this miserable world! Come then, dear Sorelli! come with me to that fount, and even you may find alleviation in your sorrow, as I have found in my own.

"For the last six months an internal decline had been gradually destroying my dear wife.

"The most skilful men in Zurich have been called in to her aid, not from her own desire, but to satisfy the anxiety of myself and those around her, whose happiness depended so entirely upon her existence and well-being. But no advice or prescriptions of her physicians, were of any effect. Her parents then sent her into the family of a physician in the country, whose reputation stands the highest in Switzerland, and who is known to have completely restored the most apparently hopeless invalids. But all his remedies were insufficient to restore her declining strength. After a residence of two months with them, therefore, to which she had submitted from obedience and affection to those around her, she returned to Zurich; and declared her resolution not to accept any farther medical aid, but to resign to God alone the brief or protracted duration of her existence.

"She gradually faded, but to the astonishment of every one, her mind continued to preserve its healthy, well directed, vigilant and angelic tone.

"Not more than two days after her first attack, she said to me: 'You behold in me, dear V. the shadow of the dead! My part in this world is finished, and I thank God for it. If instead of thirty, God had permitted me to number seventy summers, I doubt whether I had then obeyed His summons so willingly; if I had not then found it *more difficult* to die.'

"In vain I sought to encourage her, and to chase from her mind the presages and the image of death. She replied to me by a smile, whose expression I shall never forget, the memory of which will never cease to fill my heart with anguish.—

"'No! *death is here!*' she said, putting her hand upon her heart, 'whoever has felt it *here*, has never yet been deceived, and may, indeed, say *I am dead!*'

"The last three months of her life she employed in reading what was delightful, edifying and instructive; whilst, though each month, each week, each day, and at length each hour

beheld her weaker, she never wholly confined herself to her bed.

"To the last moment of her existence, she desired to be surrounded by the few friends whom she had most esteemed. Every day she devoted to solitude some hours, which she employed in meditation, in prayer, and in making all the preparations for her funeral.

"She cut out, and with her own hands made the habiliments in which she desired to be buried.

"It was her strict desire that not one lock should be cut from her beautiful hair, and that neither should it be visible to any who might come to see her after her death; and it was her last wish, that she might be buried with a crucifix in one hand, and in the other, a passion-flower.

"Three days before her death, she became sensible of the necessity of resigning herself to the care of those who loved her, as she had already to that of her Maker.

"Sitting up in bed, therefore, she once more put herself into the hands of her physicians.

"The greatest skill, the most intense, the most unwarying watchfulness, love, friendship, prayer, all was ineffectual. God willed her to Himself.

"The day of her death, she had slept tranquilly during the greater part of the morning. At mid-day she awoke suddenly, and uttered the most piercing cry of anguish: 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'am I still on this bed of suffering!'

"We were instantly at her side essaying every means of consoling her. But that consolation, which we were unable to have administered, was at her heart, which had ever been the tabernacle of love to God and benevolence to her fellow-creatures. She instantly became calm; and turning towards me with a countenance which seemed already irradiated by a seraphic expression,

"'I dreamed,' she said that I was in Greece; and that I was borne softly along the flowery path of a beautiful garden, where stood a lovely and cool abode.

" ' A thousand different trees were there, all laden with such sweet enchanting fruit, that the heart seemed to be filled with inexpressible delight in gazing on it. Fountains, issuing from innumerable streams, bathed their drooping branches. The meandering walks; the luxuriant hedges crowned with the green and clustering vine; the sweet music of the fountains, the rich meadows decked with a thousand varieties of flowers, which all so exquisite, so blooming and so gay, turned towards the rising sun, as though to thank him for that mysterious virtue, which, penetrating where daylight could never penetrate, had given them life; and yet more the pure and spiritual forms which wandered through these gardens, all this had so entranced my soul, that waking and finding myself still on the brink of death and of an anguished separation from him I love—I have experienced—to my humiliation—a momentary overthrow of that resignation, which I had hoped was placed upon a rock not to be moved. But thanks to God! I am once more resigned; and may His will be done—the will of my Maker!'

" She ceased speaking; I held her hand in mine; but I had neither tears nor words to reply to her.

" In a very few minutes the hand which had faintly held mine, relaxed by degrees its gentle pressure.

" I placed it gently upon her heart.

" At this movement she turned upon me a look of affection, as though in acknowledgment of the action. She then raised her beautiful eyes to heaven, and closing them by degrees, breathed her last sigh without the least token of pain, whilst we stood around her still unconscious that her soul had departed.

" Blessed be her happy spirit!

" Let us revere her memory, dear Sorelli! Let us shed upon her tomb the tears of christian resignation. Let us imitate her virtue, her piety; and we shall meet again in God.

" Your faithful but afflicted

" FRIEND."

P.S.—" The reasons you urge, against your return to Florence, are forcible and reasonable. Alas, dear Guido! once more are you launched upon a broad sea. But the hand of a divine Providence is not less protecting—not less infallible upon the waters of the ocean than it would have proved to you when dwelling in your beautiful Florence.

" The twenty louis I last enclosed you in my bill of exchange, is the bequest of my deceased wife to you, who just before her death begged me to recall her to your remembrance; and to tell you, that your last letter had convinced her you had chosen *that only* path by which you could resist the thorns of this world, and reap those roses, which, nourished by a Creator's smile, never had withered or never could fade.

" We are told the prayers of the sorrowful are ever acceptable to God:—and mine are, that God may be *ever present with* you, *in* you and *for* you."

CHAPTER XVII.

Pellico, you can imagine how severe a blow this letter must have been to the heart of your unknown friend! but you will also acknowledge that God prostrates the flesh but to its purification; that He strikes the human frame but to the healing of its enshrined soul.

It chanced, that on the day I received this letter, the friends with whom I was residing were in town. I was consequently alone, without one living soul at hand to whom I could communicate my sorrow, or from whom I might receive consolation or sympathy in my grief.

I shed no tear—I was unable to weep. I could only

exclaim: "Ah woe is me! for nought else do I dwell in this world but to encounter grief each day more cruel than the last! What have I not already suffered during my pilgrimage? but it is not yet enough: and now, behold me to-day prostrated by a blow *severer* than I have ever yet experienced!"

A fearful oppression lay at my heart. I walked forth into the garden. The weather was delicious: the sun shone in all the magnificence of its first day of splendor: the grass looked so green! the innumerable flowers were all so fragrant, so smiling, so gay! Just heaven! what a fearful contrast was this external picture to that which reigned within me! It seemed as though the sun shone upon me in mockery of my wretchedness, rendering the gloom, in which I stood enshrouded, more palpable to my heart. The very flowers appeared to smile in derision of me, making a cruel display of their gaiety, only to contrast more painfully my misery, and to render more poignant the thorn that had transfixed my heart. So that, unlike the virtuous man, who never suffers himself to be proudly inflated by prosperity, or basely dejected by adversity, I became like the enraged mastiff, who turns to bite the unconscious stone that has wounded him.

The sun, and the flowers became hateful to me in my moody state of mind; and, with a resentful spirit, I quitted the gardens, choosing rather to enclose myself within a confined apartment than endure any longer the prospect of the beautiful blue ether, with its kindly zephyrs so fresh and so lovely, yet so torturing to my heart.

I re-entered the house: but I did not again seek my own chamber, where I had received and read the late fatal intelligence, but wandered into the drawing-room with a mind not less turbulent and irritated now, than it had been before sorrowful.

"Why was I born to suffer thus?" I mentally ejaculated. "Why should I be denied a small portion of those consola-

tions which form the happiness of the millions that surround me? Am I worse than other men that I have merited these inflictions? And is *this* the justice of God?"

I had concluded the exordium of what I had proposed to be a very long discourse, composed of the ravings of sophistry, when my eye fell upon a quarto volume which lay upon a table close to me.

The sight of this object checked my speech, though it did not abate my irritation. I fancied it was the Bible. It *was* the Bible, and my resentment *increased.* The father of wickedness, ever at hand, stole a ray from this celestial light, and, converting it into one of infernal brightness, urged me, with a smile of contempt and anger upon my lip, to open this sacred volume, solely in the hope that it might assist my declamation against the deceit of man, and the injustice of God.

"*Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?*" was the passage that a stern but merciful Providence presented to my contemplation.

"This world's riches!" I exclaimed, with a heart, whose anger was now superseded by anguish—a *wholesome*—a necessary anguish. "This world's riches! my much lamented friend had riches! but have they been able to save her? No, no! the friend of Guido is *dead!*"

I burst into a torrent of tears: my heart became softened; and throwing myself with my face to the earth, I felt that I was *less* than nothing, and asked for *mercy.*

Yes! I demanded that mercy which is the right hand of Christ, who said: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you: Seek and you shall find:" that mercy which is the forerunner of prayer, the hope of the wretched, and deals not with us after our misdeeds: who, like the iris, shines more gloriously in the thicker and darker clouds.

Yes! I demanded that mercy, which, though unfelt by myself, had long been showed to me, but which *now* for the

first time made itself heard in these sweet accents within my heart: "Be of good courage, unhappy Guido, I am with thee!"

I rose from the earth *another* being. "Oh! degraded spirit!" I exclaimed, "thou knowest not *how to suffer*, because thou hast never known *how to hope!* Happy she, who is snatched from this world, and hath finished her course of suffering! She hath ever loved the Lord, and is now enjoying the beatitude prepared for those who have loved Him. And should I envy her that felicity? Oh no! Alone and sorrowful, I may mourn upon her tomb: yet, could I by a breath recall her spirit to its beautiful earthly tabernacle, I would not exert that power! Oh no—let me rather bow in submission to the will of the Most High!"

The peace which man derives from resignation to the decree of heaven was now awakened within my heart.

I now opened the first page of the Bible, that book which I had never yet but partially perused; and, on my knees, asked for grace to read it with humility of spirit. I asked the assistance of the Holy Ghost; I prayed that my life might be prolonged, so far at least, that I might reach the last page of this holy book, which I felt would prove an impenetrable shield against the assaults of the evil one, and would awaken my soul to the serene dawn of that day of beatitude in heaven, which knows neither darkness nor night.

This done, I rose from my knees, and read its sacred contents, that day, for an hour. Oh, blessed moments!—the happiest—the most fortunate of my existence! Oh, beneficent Creator, how *merciful* and how just are Thy ways!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Behold, Silvio, a chain of circumstances, all equally unavoidable, painful, and miraculous, impelling your friend to open the Bible, with the arrogance of an unbeliever, over whose thoughts a demon ever sits president; and, in all the pride of censorship, ready to pronounce it a composition at once obscure, contradictory, and false; when, lo! in the *first* page which presents itself to his impious research, he beholds his own condemnation: hears himself proclaimed a sinner, an enemy to God and a son of the grave!

And now, Silvio, behold a *new era* in your friend's existence! Behold Providence dissolving the spell of his past and most severe troubles; behold the rock of life within his reach, and Guido for the first time climbing up its acclivity!

Having devoted an hour every morning to the perusal of the sacred volume for three months, I at length reached its last page.

Never did I open it without first imploring for humility in its perusal; and each day I felt more disposed to admire, to love that which I read. Having soon become aware, that God had declared there were in His service mysteries which man is not permitted to penetrate, I paused not to speculate upon those passages which seemed to present to the understanding insuperable difficulties, and which were involved in profound obscurity.

As I felt that those difficulties result no less from the majesty of the subjects involved, such as *incarnation, regeneration, resurrection, immortality*, than from the weakness of the faculties employed in their investigation I resolved to mark in the margin of my own Bible all those passages which had sunk deeply into my heart, and to return to their study, as long as I should be permitted to live.

"But let Guido be more explicit. What was the final result of his perusal of a volume prohibited by the pope to all Roman Catholics?"

This I imagine to be the demand of my beloved countrymen.—Dearest friends! Friends of my heart! Behold the result!—I there learnt that, "*If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.*"

I was compelled to confess myself a rebel to reason and to my Maker: that I had been the slave of my own passions, and that, unassisted by God, I was totally incapable of doing good. I felt that I had been the tortoise ever struggling to free itself from its oppressive scales, and ever unsuccessful; that I was like the snow which the rays of the sun can melt, but never warm; the stone, which, though plunged in the water, never softens; the polypus, which rather than quit its parent rock, is content to be cut in pieces; the briar, which shakes its leaves, but never its thorns!

A contemplation so fearful filled my heart with humility—that celestial gift, which is to every human virtue what the root is to the plant: and humility then awakened within my heart gratitude towards God; who, like a tender Father, had forborne to punish or to crush the sinner, but had awaited the prodigal's return.

Finally I learnt that, as St. Augustin affirms, the Bible is a book inaccessible to the wisdom of the proud of all generations, a two-edged sword—a volume, which while it emits a vivifying light every where, can yet send forth a vengeful darkness—a volume, the wholesome and spiritual food of which the pride of the self-styled wise turns into poison. In short, a volume, far from instructing the proud, turns their wisdom to foolishness and shows the true light *only* to the *humble*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is not a more incontrovertible proof, that *our existence* is the *gratuitous gift* of a Creator, than the evidence that the consent of man does not co-operate with his birth.

Some are born to dwell in a cottage; others to move in a more elevated sphere of action. Some are destined to dwell in palaces; others, to a kingdom's rule. A very few, by the inspiration of genius, adorn their station by acts proceeding from its divine emanations. The many, occupy a state of mediocrity, neither knowing nor possessing much; a position which, from its very exemption from the envy of others, is perhaps the most desirable, as it ensures the greatest blessing in a span so limited as our own—namely *peace*; whilst the majority awaken into existence with minds so impenetrably closed against the admission of any thing like true knowledge, that the ablest instruction would probably be ineffectual if employed upon them; or, indeed, were its entrance effected, it might be at the expense of that lethargic content which it is so peculiarly the privilege of the ignorant to enjoy.

That he should be born in *this* station or in *that*, is not within man's option to decide. His *position in life*, therefore, is *also the gift* or *the absolute will* of his Maker.

But equally indisputable with the fact, that no two human countenances ever exactly resembled each other, is the certainty, that never did the heart and judgment of one man bear a strict accordance with that of another upon the subject of this world's views.

Hence then, we may fairly conclude, that from the hour of his birth, man *has his own exclusive path assigned him*, which he, and *he only* can adopt; that the path, which heaven marks out to each, is as different, as men are from each other, and

that the paths are *as numerous* as mankind have ever been or ever will be. Each finds in *his* route one perpetual alternation of calms and tempests—of clouds and sunshine—of light and darkness—of music and discord. Each individual has *always* before him a road *parting in two :* but beneath the never fading hues of a rain-bow of light, he always may, on his right hand, trace the indications of the *road to Paradise* while, on the left, he cannot fail to perceive this obscure inscription :

> Thy guide alike 'mid realms of woe,
> Where sorrow never dies,
> I'll lead thee whither spirits go,
> That dare not seek the skies."

But, although the consent of man does not co-operate with his birth, nor with the selection of the path through which he is to pursue life's brief journey—a path determined by circumstances, which, unforeseen and uncontrollable, stamp the destiny of each of us—each human being endowed with intellect, possessed of a mind capable of distinguishing good and evil, and of making his choice of either; he is left entirely free to make that selection according to the whispers of his conscience—a conscience which God has planted within man's breast, to be his judge, his witness, his silent accuser, his innate guide—a conscience, which if not the presiding power alike of his heart and intellect, becomes either the silent scourge of the sinner, whom it had warned to avoid the left-hand path of destruction, or prepares the flowery couch upon which innocence so sweetly reposes. The impulse which dictated the sudden resolution I am about to relate, will clearly illustrate the truth of my observations.

It chanced one morning, during my residence in the villa of my dear friends, that I awoke much earlier than my accustomed hour. The sun was yet below the horizon, but the varying hues, which now began faintly to tremble at the eastern edge of the

sweet blue ether, announced an unusually splendid rise of the great orb of day, in such a climate as that of England.

As I stood on the floor of my apartment, an involuntary question sprang to my lips, "what has made me quit my bed so much earlier than usual?"

"To London! to London!" was my heart's response, "thou hast dwelt long enough in indolence in this beautiful villa, in this sweet village, on the banks of the superb Thames. Remember Guido,

> "Fame is a Goddess rarely to be won
> When man his race in pillowed ease doth run;
> And he who dies unhallow'd by her breath
> Leaves in the world's dull mem'ry such a trace
> As ocean's quenched foam, or vapour's death!"

"Behold thyself now master of the English language, and, by the sweat of thine own brow, possessed of a purse of fifty guineas. With these advantages, it would be vile, it would be ungrateful, to remain longer a burthen to thy friends; for, though the benevolence of their nature would prompt them to desire thy continuance with them, yet they would applaud the proud and generous impulse which had led thee to seek, in the capital of the world, thy fortune in literature, to render thyself more worthy of their friendship, and to endeavour to obtain such a degree of excellence, that the trace of thy footsteps may hereafter be known in the land of the stranger."

Here was an impulse, of which not even a shadow of its coming had warned me the day before. It was the pebble flung into the lake's centre agitating its still waters into a thousand circles, each of which, more vast, more extended than the last, kiss its very shores ere it has subsided into tranquillity. Here was one of those events which, in my opinion, man can neither co-operate with nor can he turn aside.

"To London! without further delay!" I exclaimed in obedient echo of the voice within me.

By this time the sun had commenced its rise above the hori-

zon, when suddenly prostrating myself, as I gazed on this magnificent and ever novel spectacle of nature, I recited throughout that splendid psalm commencing, "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord!"

A sentiment of warmth, of strength, of courage, took possession of my heart, such as I had never before experienced. "Oh fountain of goodness! oh Providence divine!" I involuntarily exclaimed, softening into tears, "it is Thou alone, who hast awakened within me this sudden resolution. I obey Thee, though I know not whither it may lead me. But I pray Thee to vouchsafe me, in this yet untried career, ardour and energy to persevere in it; gratitude and humility in prosperity; and in disappointment, calmness and resignation."

The sun now rode higher in heaven confirming the young day in its beauty. On entering the breakfast room where my friends had already assembled, I loudly exclaimed, "To London! to London! I am going to London!"

"Why, Guido Sorelli, what is the matter with you? why do you not wish us good morning? are you mad?" enquired my friend's wife, opening her expressive eyes to their extent, in surprize at my demeanour, a feeling perhaps not wholly unmingled with distrust as to the degree of sanity of which I could at that moment boast.

"No! no! I am not mad, my sweet friends!" I replied shaking the hands of them both; and assuming my accustomed seat at the table, I continued, "an unbidden impulse from my heart, has this morning suggested to me that the part, Providence has willed I should enact in this happy dwelling, is now completed; that London is the place on the lists next assigned me and whither I must repair without delay. To disobey this impulse, I feel, would be impossible; for I am convinced that God not only makes Himself heard in the heart of man, but that He there manifests Himself; that every noble and beautiful thought which emanates from the heart, and all the virtuous actions which the heart suggests, are nothing else than the voice of the Creator speaking within us. To tremble at the pros-

pect of difficulties which must be overcome, ere the desired object is attained, bespeaks a degradation of soul; whilst to remain deaf to His voice is at least ingratitude, if it be not actual impiety.

"Our existence is too limited to admit of our remaining too long in the same position. Variety is necessary to us. After long living amid an unwholesome and mortal atmosphere a change of air, even though it be to one less salutary, often effects what the physician desires, so does a change of situation, whenever it is undertaken with noble and exalted feelings, call down the approbation and blessing of Heaven.

"If now in the vigor of my existence I put not my hand to the plough, how can I expect to reap the harvest which my hope would create? No, no! in this period of my life I must not be inactive. My sail is set, and though my bark may seem humble in her equipment, she may be the sounder to encounter any adverse gale and to withstand the wreck of an angry sea. The tranquillity of my ocean, the kindly breath of the zephyr, who watches over the inexperienced navigator, the serenity of Heaven, all now invite me to embark and to give my sail to the winds, and, with my eye fixed steadily on that *one* never setting star, to commit my course to my Maker's guidance."

"Whether it be prudent or not, to follow this impulse of your heart, I am incapable of deciding," replied my friend affectionately but very seriously, "and, indeed, did I think myself competent to the judgment, I should yet hesitate to pronounce it, as it has ever been my maxim, that, in cases of such a nature the individual, to whom the alternative presents itself, is the best judge.

"Each has his part to act in this world, and each part has its limits. The limits of mine, dear Sorelli, permit me to repeat what I have so often assured you, that so long as a residence with us, seems compatible with your interest and happiness, our house shall be yours, and we shall be delighted with your presence; but should a shadow of doubt awaken within

your mind as to the advantage of your present position, whether as regards your interest or happiness, I shall be the first to advise you to quit your friends, and to seek that spot where you fancy you may render yourself more worthy of those who already esteem you; more serviceable to your father; more independent in your own estimation; and, affording a nobler example both to your contemporaries and to posterity.

"Well, Guido Sorelli," my friend resumed, with a serene countenance, "to-morrow I shall go to London to engage apartments for us for six weeks. Thither, in company with your friends, you are to make your triumphal entry, yes! into the capital of the world. Those six weeks you must remain with us, after which you will enter upon your new career of independence and enterprize—one ever to be honoured. What think you of my arrangements, Signore?"

"Worthy of my excellent friends!"

The following day my friend returned from London, and acquainted us, that he had engaged commodious apartments for us in New Bond Street; and the next day at twelve o'clock, in company with my two friends, who must ever retain my best wishes, I once more entered that city—Europe's queen—with a *manuscript* under my arm, but in a guise more resembling that of an independent gentleman than of a *poet*.

CHAPTER XX.

"And what could be the manuscript that Guido Sorelli held under his arm?" I fancy I hear some of my more impatient readers exclaim.

The solution of this mystery shall be the reward of those alone who are possessed of sufficient perseverance to continue the perusal of my book.

The termination of my six weeks' sojourn with my friends in New Bond Street, had now arrived. With a warm shake of the hand, accompanied with sincere expressions for my prosperity on their side, and promises on mine to visit them in future, whenever my occupations would permit, I beheld them step into their carriage, which was to carry them once more to their own home, whilst I repaired to No. 9, Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury Square, where I had engaged for myself an apartment upon the second floor.

Upon awakening the next morning in my hired lodging, an unusual feeling of happiness seemed to possess my heart. How noble, how lovely a sentiment is that of independence!

Persuaded as I now was of the value of time, and of the necessity of my taking advantage of every moment, I resolved that morning to repair to Dulau's Library in Soho Square.

I accordingly went then, and offered my manuscript. Before the title even of my work had been mentioned, the manager of that house refused to purchase it.

Experience had made me learned in matters of this nature, and had taught me also not to look for more liberality at the hands of a French Bookseller, than that I had received from the publisher of my Sappho at Florence. Not at all discouraged, I determined to publish my rejected work on my own account; and accordingly carried it to the house of Schulze, the printer, in Poland Street.

Schulze sounded like a German name, and he proved to be a German. It seemed as though destiny had willed that my dealings should ever be with Germans!

At the expiration of three weeks, the printer had completed his task; and the English critics announced to the literary world—

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN:

TRANSLATED INTO ITALIAN BLANK VERSE,

BY GUIDO SORELLI,

OF FLORENCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

To be compelled to remove from house to house, and to discover fresh sources of disgust in each succeeding one, was the destiny, dear Pellico, of Guido Sorelli for many years of his residence in this immense capital, which I will not call a "city," but rather a "city within a city."

How rarely is man accurate in his judgment of his fellow-mortals! But how is it possible he should be so? He who is ever deceived in his own self-judgment!

The sad and degrading treatment, to which I found myself exposed in the hired apartments of London, so embittered my spirit at first that, with a very small reservation, I pronounced England to be destitute of generosity. Simpleton that I was! Shut up within a hired lodging, unknown, unsought by the circle of a nation, where I then stood a cipher, how durst I arrogate to myself the privilege of pronouncing a judgment upon the English, whose character, of all nations in Europe, is the most difficult to decipher! But what shall I say in extenuation of my injustice? Shall I plead man's *universal* failing? Shall I say that each of us thinks according to *his own* method, and that every man speaks according to the impulse of *his* thoughts? Yes! every one believes himself a Moses to give laws, and a Cæsar to command; and he who by a stern reality is identified with a class destined to servitude and obedience, hates himself for so base an admission, and strives to blind himself to the truth. In this world no one

would be subservient. All would be tyrants; and, more or less, we are *all* tolerably successful.

CHAPTER XXII.

It happened, at this period, that my embittered spirit was somewhat softened by the Literary Gazette which was pleased to announce to the public in terms sufficiently flattering, that there was in London one Guido Sorelli, who had just translated in Italian blank verse "Pope's Essay on Man." It was soon after this announcement that, walking one day very thoughtfully in Fleet Street, I felt myself forcibly arrested by the arm, close to Johnson's Court. By nature somewhat irritable, I felt so indignant at this want of ceremony in thus bespeaking my attention, that, turning hastily round, I resolved, even had I beheld my brother, to reprove him in somewhat severe terms, for offering me so rough a proof of his proximity. But the appearance of the dear little old man, who now stood at my side with his hand still grasping my arm—his interesting and smiling countenance, and his eyes bent upon me with all the philanthropy of an Englishman of worth, instantly disarmed me.

"Oh, my dear Billington!" I exclaimed, pressing his hand in both my own; "no other man but yourself should, with impunity, have broken in upon my sweet reverie....have made me dread that a policeman had mistaken Guido Sorelli for a London rogue."

Mr. Thomas Billington, one of my few intimate friends, was the brother-in-law of the celebrated Mrs. Billington, who has

left a name in Europe, as a songstress, never to be forgotten. For many years Billington had professed for me a friendship which he never withdrew. He was an English *gentleman* in heart and feeling, independent in the world's circumstances, and bearing ever the impress of all that is noble in mind. Within the period of our long acquaintance how many, many happy hours can I recal having passed with him in the sweet solitude of a little apartment he used to designate "my Study." Euterpe was his favorite muse....a preference which gratitude had somewhat imperiously exacted: since, happening to be in France during the period of the assassination of the good King Louis XVI, without her kindly interference and assistance the luckless Thomas had possibly starved.

Billington was generally profuse in his applause of the French—his only *defect* in my estimation.

"Well, my dear Sorelli, and now let us proceed to the point," he said still holding my arm and fixing his regards seriously upon me, "have you seen the 'Literary Gazette?'"

"I have," replied I, "and most proud do I feel of its contents which regard myself!"

"Your feeling is that of a true Florentine," replied Billington, "but remember, Guido Sorelli, beneath our cloudy sky, activity is a necessary aliment. The sweet '*far niente*' of Italy agrees not with our clime; *indolence* is to us certain *destruction*."

"Well, let me but breathe a while, and I will then apply to some other work.'

"*Then! Then!*" shouted Billington, although we stood in the public street, "*Then* indeed!" he repeated with a sardonic laugh, which I fancied he had learnt from me—"*Whoever associates with the lame will soon halt in reality. This* is the moment, Sorelli!" he added, suddenly assuming the serious air of a censor: "now or never!—Follow me."

I followed: we reached St. Paul's Coffee-House, on the "Piazza St. Paul."

"Our business must be transacted here, Sir!" said Billing-

ton seriously as pointing to the entrance of the hotel, he led the way into it himself.

"Where you please," I merely replied submissively. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. As we entered the coffee-room, Billington called for two glasses of Sherry and some biscuits. Then turning to me with a sweet smile, he said: "As in Italy it is the custom to wind up Punch's wedding by the cudgel, and in Switzerland to preface each affair of moment by observing the disposition of the atmosphere, whether it bespeaks storms or serenity, so in England, we, who are perhaps somewhat less exalted in our flights than the Swiss, usher in all coming events by first fortifying ourselves with something pleasing to the palate.

As he spoke, the waiter entered with two glasses of sherry and two crisped biscuits.

"Your health, Guido Sorelli!"

"And your's, Thomas Billington!"

"Well, my dear Sorelli," commenced Billington, "*this*, then, is the moment—I repeat—it is *now* or *never!*"

Here he took from his pocket a little worn volume: "This," he continued, "is the work to which Sorelli should now instantly apply himself, if he desire to conciliate the love, the esteem and the respect of the many bright spirits that adorn this renowned isle!"

Unconscious of the author, I took the little volume from the extended hand of my friend; and as I did so, an inexplicable feeling of religious awe came over me: it was as though I had received a hallowed thing. I opened it—it was MILTON'S PARADISE LOST!

"*That* the poem to be translated by the Florentine," rejoined Billington, suddenly.

"By me!" I exclaimed, astonished and half terrified at the proposition.

"By you," repeated Billington authoritatively.

"But, do you consider, my good friend," I expostulated, half pleased, half angry, and forcing the book again into his

hand,—"do you reflect how wild you are in thus proposing to me a work that would occupy me at least ten years in completing—a work which would consequently deprive me of the time to apply myself to many interesting and indispensable studies, to which it is imperative that I should attend in order to uphold my reputation as a literary Professor? Besides, are you not aware that there are already five translations of "Paradise Lost" in Italian?"

"*Five!*" echoed, nay shouted my friend; "are there not more than five hundred translations of Horace? And yet Sorelli disdains to be pronounced the sixth translator of Milton!" he resumed, in a more placable, but very serious tone. "That the Florentine should shrink from the contemplation of a work that may well be deemed gigantic, does not surprise me, conscious as I am of the characteristic humility of his native town....a humility which ever accompanies his fellow-citizens in their ascent to the highest pinnacle of genius. But that the Florentine Sorelli should have uttered so great a blasphemy as to say, that in consecrating ten years of his life to the study of Milton, he should interrupt his progress in literature, is what I may forgive in the course of years; but years can hardly soften the remembrance of it. Was it sacrifice of time when Alighieri, your fellow-countryman, consecrated the flower of his existence to the study of Virgil? To whom did Dante owe the inspirations of his 'Livina Commedia,' if not to Virgil and Virgil alone? Overcome by a paroxysm of humility, in which for one moment was quenched his unceasing....his criminal spirit of arrogance, was he not compelled to exclaim

> "Thou art my master: from thy spirit breath'd
> That wondrous pow'r which in me wak'd the style
> That o'er my brow hath fairest laurels wreath'd!"

"And yet Sorelli dares call it loss of time to devote ten of

his brightest years to the study of a poem which as far surpasses the preceding as the heavens, where dwells the muse of Milton's inspiration, are exalted above the fabled Parnassus of old !"

The noble indignation aroused by my pusillanimity and bad taste here ceased. He smiled, and, taking my hand kindly, he continued :

" Well, Sorelli ! your insult has been too great not to have awakened, within the breast of the insulted, the desire of vengeance; and I assure you mine is a soul somewhat warmer than that of the generality of the English, though, like my countrymen, I know how to suppress my resentment, until a fitting moment for its expression arrive. The day of my vengeance shall be the tenth anniversary of this; when, having accomplished the translation of Paradise Lost into elegant Florentine verse, you shall also have published an original work and obtained the applause of our critics. That day I will appear before you, and if I do not upbraid you with your former ingratitude, I will at least demand of you in terms sufficiently galling, *" Does Signor Guido Sorelli now complain of having lost his time in translating Milton into Tuscan verse ?"*

At these words, I retook the volume respectfully from Billington, who still offered it me with his eyes fixed intently upon me.

" This day's sun shall not go down upon me 'ere I have implored the protection of Heaven, and commenced a work which promises to guide Guido Sorelli into the temple of glory," I said.

A heart-felt smile beamed in the eye, and played upon the lip of my friend; and in silence we parted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From the day of my opening the poem of "Paradise Lost" to that on which I concluded its translation, elapsed an interval of six years. It had scarcely run through the first edition, when, without having time to read over or polish this my first essay, I was compelled to publish the second. The next four years I applied myself to the correction of my work, and, by re-perusing and comparing it with other translations of the same author which had previously appeared, I was enabled both to detect my own mis-constructions and those of my predecessors. Having concluded this strict and impartial review, I began my task anew, and without once again reverting to my first version, re-translated "Paradise Lost" into Italian blank verse.

Thus, after another interval of four years, I beheld myself at the termination of a work, which, in the outset, had seemed to me gigantic. This my second and third effort was dedicated, by permission, to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Adelaide of England.

It was the 20th of June 1832, that I wrote the *last verse* of my translation of Milton.

There is an awful—often painful—feeling, creeping into the heart of man whenever he is compelled to say—"*this is the last.*" But it is happily and kindly provided, that in the life of every man there should be certain pauses, which force consideration upon the careless, and seriousness upon the light-hearted; points of time where one course of action ends, and another begins—where we are forced to say of something—"*this is the last!*"

By outliving the translation of Milton, I then considered

that I had passed weeks, months and years, which were now no longer in my power; that an end must in time be put to every thing great, as to every thing little; that to life must come its *last* hour, when probation ceases, and repentance will be vain; the day in which *every* work of the hand, and imagination of the heart shall be brought to judgment, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined *by the past!*

I here knelt down within the exile's solitary cell, and with a heart which God had filled with gratitude, I fervently prayed, not with words, but with a flood of tears, which I offered to my merciful Creator a sacrifice of thanksgiving:—after which, I wrote the following "Thoughts," in order to record this memorable day.

"*They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow.*"

'Twas thus I sang the story of our woe,
Thro' lines unnumber'd led;
Whilst with its closing verse, I mark'd fulfill'd
The tenth long summer heav'n for me had will'd
To eat the stranger's bread.
I sang! Can he be deem'd t'awake the song,
Who simply bears another's thought along,
Clothed in his foreign dress?
But such may be. Who thus the bard arrays,
Must dwell within the halo of his rays,
Scarce feel his spirit less.
If I have prov'd the influence of that hour,
Not mine the praise, but thine who wak'd the pow'r,
Love's fountain! Heaven's High King!
Thou who didst grant my boon ere yet 'twas told,
And pitying mark'd how angry billows roll'd
To crush my bark's proud wing.
Yet like the ark upon the sea of death,
Mine rode secure in Thee, e'en tho' no breath
Of wisdom fill'd its sail.
For ten long years I on that ocean tost,
Whose ev'ry wave a tomb my bark had cost,
But for thy friendly hail!

Encompass'd by Thy peace—that holy name—
To climb the friendless stair of strangers came
A thing less chill to be.
And tho' still distant from my beauteous land,
The bread now offer'd by a foreign hand
Less bitter seem'd to me!
Whilst worldly hope in broken fragments lay
My soul awoke to feel that surer way
When God alone doth guide.
It whisper'd thus: Man knows no greater ill
Than that which casts his ev'ry hope and will
Upon this world's dark tide.
To trust in mortal strength, when God is near....
That God a Saviour too and Parent dear,
Is spring of ev'ry woe!
Or not alone His guidance seek, who dwells
The mighty source....who creates or quells,
Binds, looses all below.
To barter for the smile whose brightest joy
Oft proves the heart's gay holiday's alloy,
A Saviour's promis'd love,
What mad exchange! to cast on mortal die
All that the fancy paints, or mental eye
Tells of the joys above,
Or purchase man's applause with that above,
And woo with anxious care, with earthly love,
Its ephem'ral breath of fame....
To check the soul in each its heavenward flight,
To grovel in the pale....the fancied light
Of pleasure's worldly name!

Scarce had my vain....my worldly visions fled,
Whilst yet I mark'd their ruin; mercy shed
Its healing o'er my soul:
And tho' still distant from my native land,
My heart created with his magic wand
My country, parent, whole!

Its kindly influence whisper'd to my mind
I much had lost yet more remain'd behind
To soothe me in my woe;
For tho' the desert's horrors I might prove,
One scintillation of eternal love
Wakes Paradise below.
Tho' far remov'd from all my heart could love,
Tho' rich or poor, how lonely I might move,
That smile would make my heav'n,
And with its light alone dispel the gloom
Which long had gather'd round me in the doom
A chilling world had giv'n.
One smile alone from that blest fount can give
Peace to the soul....awake a dawn, to live
Eternity on earth.
Man feels his sorrow vanish from his breast,
His soul beatified, while ever blest
Virtue assumes her birth.

That ne'er my soul had sought her heav'n to gain,
Nor burst the galling yoke of Satan's reign,
I oft with grief confess'd,
Whilst now the contrast piere'd my mental sight
Of this sad tearful world, to that whose light
Spoke joy's eternal rest.
I sorrow'd for the time I had mis-spent,
And woke a life's new era in content,
By study borne along:
And who alone had dwelt a guilty thing,
Now boldly soar'd aloft on Milton's wing
And rais'd again his song.
Ten long, long years thus glided calmly by,
Ten years the exile felt with many a sigh
An orphan and alone;
And oft the marvel cross'd my anxious mind,
If e'er amid the strangers I should find
One friend to call my own.

But tho' I dwelt far from my aged sire,
My soul's fond sister, and Italia's fire,
Her flow'rs and friendly sky,
Whene'er necessity compell'd the boon
To wake my wish, 'twas e'en granted soon,
Ne'er pass'd unheeded by.
Peace sat within my breast—that cold long calm,
Yet all we hope of joy—the heart's still balm
Which nought but guilt can check ;
For who in solitude can haply find,
Whate'er his fate, a meek contented mind,
Has conquer'd life's stern wreck.

Vainly the world doth rage ! each fearful gust
May seem to bow the virtuous to the dust,
But ne'er his soul can quell.
The grave may e'en await him ! 'mid the gloom
He views the portal to a brighter doom
And hears th' angelic knell.
Life's anxious path encompass'd round with care,
Its envious thorns—his portion ev'ry where—
Are dearer to his soul
Than e'er the rose to him whose incense feeds
His flatter'd sense, beguiling while it leads
To stern perdition's goal.
So much doth evil mix with human good,
That oft the hapless tide of sorrow's flood
Doth stain the virtuous cheek,
But whilst within his heart peace holds her reign,
Ingratitude or treachery in vain
With him their home may seek.
The man may grieve—but like the sun—his soul
Enshrin'd in faith, resists proud man's control,
And blooms unsullied still.
Faith lends its triumph to his suff'ring hour,
The humble reed contemns the tempests pow'r,
Yet bows him to its will.

Oh God! withdraw the veil from off my sight,
That 'mid a world where darkness stands for light,
I may the truth discern!
That much too prone the heart is e'er to ill,
And oft the sport of each unbridled will,
Not now have I to learn!
Man knows no greater foe than his own heart,
Whose poison oft assails th' immortal part.. .
The mind—proud reason's throne;
For if remembered guilt repentance wake,
The heart is ever there to still each break
Of weak remorse's tone.
By nature prone to mock at ev'ry good,
Its incense, ill—it hates all other food,
And thus doth man deprave:
It wakes its poison'd stream in ev'ry vein,
And, Lord! would prove but for thy healing reign,
Poor virtue's living grave.
Celestial Spirit! o'er my heart descend!
Thy purifying stream of healing lend
To make it worth thy love!
Oh God! thy heavenly reign within awake
That I may greet the ills which o'er me break
As tokens from above.
Less harsh will then appear my bitter doom
To seek on foreign shores a living tomb....
Less stern thy will may seem.
My star long risen 'mid a troubl'd sky,
Will, 'mid the gloom, a heav'n of peace descry
Illumin'd by thy beam!
My years of solitude....the bitter tear
To purchase heav'n, were much too light to bear....
A home amidst the blest!
Yet, Lord! to bear life's burthen all alone,
To dwell an orphan, from my country thrown,
Appears a stern behest.
'Tis hard when memory recalls the flight
Of years whose leaden wings reflect no light
And leave no joy behind,
To feel how poor an off'ring I have brought
To win thy love, oh God! which then had bought
A future less unkind.

'Tis hard to feel alone the thorn's sharp sting
Without one kindred rose it oft might bring
To heal the wound it gave.
Yet, gracious Father, if a heav'n there be
E'en for the humblest, ope its gates to me—
My soul support and save.
Perchance it is Thy will—Thy high behest,
Life's transient journey should be so unblest!
Yet Thou canst comfort give:
Let fortune ever frown, and tempest rage,
Let all prove false when men to men engage,
Truth with Thee only live!
Still, Father! thou canst e'er support the soul,
Encompass ills with inward calm's controul,
Till they but shadows seem.
In sorrow's hour man's heart awakes to pray'r,
Which thou, in mercy, hast implanted there
With bright celestial beam.
Each happy thought thou dost alone inspire,
Man's heart canst purify by thy blest fire
From all of earthly dross.
Oh, Father! let me not unmindful prove
Of all Thy gifts—then save me by thy love
Whilst still life's path I cross.
From fell ingratitude, oh! save me still,
That hydra, parent of all other ill,
Which first perdition woke.
Not *disobedience* 'twas Thee crucified,
But *man's ingratitude* whose fatal tide
O'er all his race hath broke!

Thy heav'nly aid oh do not now withold,
Vouchsafe thy spirit, Father! to uphold
My soul from this abyss;
But on Thy wings once more let it ascend
To that blest mount whence thou dost comfort lend,
And inspiration's bliss!

From thence, oh Lord, my spirit shall review
This vale of sin and death, and learn anew
Its value how to prize :
From thence behold how joyless is the smile
He but assumes his conscience to beguile,
Who doth Thy love despise.
I then shall learn earth only is a grave
Whose bosom doth each day fresh victims crave
And beckons all to come.
I too shall feel how vain must then appear
This world's vain struggles, when the sound we hear,
Elect ! *behold thy home !*
I then shall see that thro' life's darken'd glass
Light's seeming beam is false, whilst ne'er did pass
An eye behind its veil :
Yet such is worldly fortune! by its glare
Luring to evil—then a phantom there
It leaves man to his wail.
Behold ! what shall I not behold, when she,
Sweet virtue ! then my consort guide shall be
Amid a path divine ?
My soul will wake truth's splendor then to learn
In virtue's loveliness, will thenceforth turn
A pilgrim to her shrine.
With her beside me, grief will lose its sting,
The world its arrow—whilst proud hope will bring
Its solace to my mind !
Yes virtue, thou ! my sweetest, only bride !
Thy angel-hand to heav'n my steps shall guide,
Eternal rest to find.
Descend, fair goddess, and withdraw the veil
That hides thee from me, 'ere my pow'rs shall fail
Death's icy hand to dare !
Descend, thou messenger of Him whose grace
Was ne'er withheld to a repentant race,
Nor to the tearful pray'r !
Come, gentle virtue ! and this bitter life
Which seems an ocean of continued strife,
Will wear the brightest hue.
Within the soul, the spring of ev'ry deed,
Without, 'twill wake a Paradise whose meed
Of joy man never knew.

That I have sought companionship with tears,
Rejecting oft the smile which gladness wears,
And rais'd the holy song;
That I have turn'd with fervor to my God,
This, well I know, hath wak'd the venom'd rod
Of satire's rebel throng!
But when did senseless laughter ever bring
One off'ring that were deem'd a holy thing
Meet sacrifice to God,
Whilst human grief doth dwell alone on earth,
And from its growth doth wake to immortal birth
The fruit of heav'n's own sod?
Oh ye! encompassed by reason's light
Must mark the idiot dream, whose mental night
Ne'er knows itself unbless'd.
That rectitude which ev'ry joy awakes,
For ever flown—her flight sweet virtue takes;
And all in vice are dress'd.
Oh day accurs'd! which bears refinements stamp,
When men in crowds approach to feed the lamp
At gold's polluted shrine!
To that base idol all is sacrific'd,
Friendship forgot, while that alone is priz'd
Which heaps the glitt'ring mine.
The patriot's love! the joys of liberty!
Echo from ev'ry lip—e'en while the cry
Resolves itself in *sound.*
Their muse is *Mammon*—he, that recreant one
Who warr'd for gold amid a heav'n's bright sun—
To him their pray'rs resound!
Their heart's denying what the lips reveal,
Seeming to give—their av'rice to conceal,
Men feign themselves life's flow'r!
Whilst but a weed, with words and thoughts at war,
One love unites them where all others jar,
Fame's—gold's—bewitching pow'r!

Oh! love divine that doth the soul inspire
Its God to imitate—with holy fire
Direct the path to light!
Shrouded in darkness is each other way
Which lures the soul, the heart on earth to stay,
And checks their heavenward flight.
There like the gold which doth by fire refine,
The pilgrim soul will e'en mid tempest shine
Nor heed the world's dark sky.
Man's foe who in his breast each passion wakes,
Whose fatal guilt too sure his victim makes
There veils his blasting eye.
Then life were joy, for soon the soul must know,
With God our anchor, ev'ry shaft of woe
Will glance unheeded by.
What doth he lose who bids the world farewell?
A vapor pass'd in air—a dream whose spell
Must e'en in waking die.
Who lingers still upon this world's vast stage,
What doth his ev'ry word—his thoughts engage,
But slavery's sad cry?
Who doth not breathe some murmur of complaint?
What thoughtless bosom still forgot to paint
Some wish to satisfy?

Then must we still live on, the world's base slave,
Where oft the heart would find a living grave
Without celestial hope?
That single fountain from a heav'nly spring,
Doth to the myriad ills sweet comfort bring,
With which mankind must cope.
Oh no! Thou, God of peace, with Thy blest love
Fill man's proud heart, that check'd by pow'r above,
War's dark career may cease.
Vouchsafe that we may see Thy reign on earth,
That man in friendship may fulfil the birth
A heav'n design'd in peace.

Then heav'n's blest rays shall gild the pontiff's brow,
Where mitred baubles but entwine it now,
And mark the world's base stamp.
Meek follower of th'apostolic school,
Rome's sov'reign shall forget his throne and rule
To feed Christ's holy lamp.
No more the *wolf* as often he doth prove,
He shall fulfil his sacred trust in love,
A shepherd to his sheep.
Then blest by him, his flock shall truly feel
That two-fold blessing, that in woe or weal
Doth them in safety keep.
Thro' him blest virtue shall awake the seed
Of future harvests on which all may feed,
A growth spontaneous best.
The Vatican's vain pomp he shall despise,
While Jesus' follow'r o'er each pontiff rise
The sov'reign and the best.
One hymn from ev'ry church shall then resound,
Proclaiming peace with man....that Saviour found
It e'er had lost till now.
His temple cleansed from base pollution's stain
Christ ne'er disdains to enter once again
And hark the christian's vow.
No longer rev'lling in the martyr's blood,
Nor proudly boasting in dominion's flood
He'll seek another fame....
Assume the wreath a tyrant ne'er can love,
His country's parent, He, th' August will prove,
And not alone in name.
Men then will flock around their pontiff king,
Who from a Saviour's model e'er will bring,
Sweet counsel for their guide.
Now red with blood—no more shall camps resound
With cannon's roar—no foreign banners found
To mark proud conquest's tide.
No more the anguish'd cry of death shall rise.
No more the wail of helpless widow's sighs
Again afflict the air.
Blest vows of peace shall wreathe from ev'ry shrine,
Contending banners then shall entertwine,
And hang in friendship there.

The titled noble, he who boldly stands
In life's mix'd portrait first throughout all lands
Shall honor reap on earth....
Shall dwell the lordly mountain o'er a vale,
That scarce were humbler deem'd, but that the dale
Owes to the mount its birth.
Thus, like the twig which owns a double charm
Beneath the oak's proud shadows and doth warm
To life within its sight,
The humblest honor'd by the great shall live,
E'en as the highest angels honor give
To those in heav'n less bright.
Pale avarice, an unfed worm, shall leave
Its home within each heart—no more shall grieve
The poor for daily bread;
For then, respect and charity twin grown,
The wealthy in his stately halls shall own
All selfish passions fled.
To soothe the wretched into hope and joy,
That silent instrument, heaven's blest envoy,
The rich earth's saint shall prove:
And when heaven's summons shall recall him home,
His kindly spirit 'mid the blest shall roam
And reap celestial love.
They now who stand amid the crowd supreme,
Soaring on talent's wing, whose dazzling beam
Wakes from empyreal fire:
No more shall they mislead the vacant throng,
But of the star crown'd muse to aid their song
Invoke her sacred lyre.
No longer boasting in proud talent's gift,
To Him, its great awakener, they shall lift
Their souls in gratitude.
No more their song shall ring with war or love,
Or ruin'd Troy—their dream alone shall prove
One thought—beatitude!
Their theme no longer beauty's transient breath,
The blushing rose which buds to sink in death,
But heaven's eternal bloom.
The toiling pedant and the author's pain
Shall of the rich esteem and honor gain,
And reap a happier doom.

Christ's reign shall then awake within each breast,
Himself ador'd on earth as heav'n—the test—
A second advent dawn.
Man's song shall mingle with the holy quire,
Whilst He, their great Creator, veils his ire
And joys that man was born!

Blest day of peace! my soul would cling to thee,
Were one brief hour hers—but far may be
Her bark from thy bright shore!
How many a storm, how many a tear must trace
Her worldly passage, e'er her resting-place
May hail her wand'rings o'er!
How many 'mid the senseless and the wise
Adopt that standard—whose infernal guise
Ensures perdition's doom!
How many minds in Satan's bondage lie,
The heart's proud master, whilst they helplessly
Sink in eternal gloom!
How oft shall man by vice his peace destroy
And stain a world, which but for that alloy,
Were beautiful and bright!
How oft shall passion on the human face
Bespeak a hell when only we should trace
The soul's celestial light!
Base slaves to gold! how oft shall men despise
Heaven's self, to gain that glit'ring winged prize,
A world's delusive joy!
What darkening shadows still—what aching care—
What fond illusions vanishing in air,
Must e'er that world alloy!

Oh, Father! God of peace! what earth-born son
In fearful warfare with thy fall'n one,
Can e'er in safety lie?
Heaven's choir in holy league were insecure;
They who could read their brother's soul impure,
Yet totter'd in their sky.
How then can man—frail man! resist a foe
Who ceaselessly doth aim his fatal blow,
Himself nowhere reveal'd?
Oh Father of each heart! without whose breath
Man lost in crime would own a living death,
Hold not thy aid conceal'd!

Oh, Lord! withdraw me from illusion's spell,
In which thou seest me oft condemn'd to dwell,
Restore in me Thy love.
Teach me to see reality's impress
Unshadow'd by the visionary dress,
Man's sorrows oft to prove!
Let hatred, rancour, vengeance, strangers be
Within the heart, regenerate by thee!
May love the purest dwell!
Erect within an altar so divine,
That peace and pardon on its sacred shrine,
Each poison'd shaft may quell!
Enrich me, Lord, with treasures from above,
Sweeter than earthly gems, which often prove
In silent ruin drest!
Thy peace reveal, whose brightly colored hue,
The world hath vainly sought, but never knew,
A peace celestial—blest!
Oh, with Thy love defend me as a shield,
Whose glowing barrier I may ever wield,
Thy glory o'er me shed!
Thy blest abode awake within my heart,
Till with the world, heav'n summons me to part,
And dwell among the dead!

Blest day! should stern remorse her flight e'er take,
And in my heart the hope of pardon wake,
To teach me God were nigh....
Should o'er my heart the voice of those I love,
Stealing in sweet Italia's accents, prove
My fate were there to die!
But should the exile's bones be doom'd to fill
The stranger's grave!....in death as life thy will
That I obscure should dwell:
Then mercy send me in life's trying close,
That with it I may part in sweet repose
And *smiling* bid farewell!
Oh! at Thy hour, Thy promise, Lord, fulfil:
Who knocks unwearied at Thy portal still,
Shall sure admittance find!
That he who seeks the measure of Thy grace,
Shall find the promis'd gift, which to our race
A Saviour deign'd to bind!

Should e'en the future but a fable be,
For ev'ry good its best reward to me
Were in life's peaceful close!
But who would not blest virtue's path pursue,
To gain a heav'n whose joy for ever *new*,
No termination knows!

If, during the first six years of close application to my translation, I had daily enjoyed seven hours of happiness indescribable....undreamed of by those who, grovelling through existence, disdain to occupy themselves in those pursuits, which—

"From earth's bondage lift the soul to Heaven!"

these last four years of my occupation bore the impress of a happiness almost beatified.

From the numberless difficulties with which I had to contend in my first translation, it was natural that I should find much of the splendour, which illumines this fine poem, considerably overshadowed—if not some of its beauties actually eclipsed.

How, from the imperfection of my education, I should have succeeded, to my own astonishment, in translating Milton, so as to obtain the applause of the learned, is a problem not to be explained by attributing the merit to myself; those who are about to undertake any arduous enterprize may learn from my example *how* to commence, if they would prosper in their labours, bearing in mind that—

"Who well begins hath conquered half his task!"

I never commenced my daily task without having first implored the assistance of Heaven, persuaded that, of all our christian duties, not one is so neglected as that of *prayer*; *which is* the most essential of all, and the only medium by which we may obtain a blessing from above. Prayer is the test of our love to our Maker. Who prays the most fervently, loves the most devoutly....with a love—the soul's best joy—that comes not by any natural desire of our own, nor by the innate power of our hearts, neither by the unasked inspiration of the Holy Spirit; but it is a love so entire in itself, that God alone, in the jealousy of His power, is its sole dispenser, bestowing it but in proportion to our own demands. The coldness of our prayers .... our obstinate refusal to knock repeatedly at the door of Him, who has promised to open unto us, is the source of all our want of faith. It is not the promises of Jesus that fail, but our conduct which heeds not their accomplishment.

Alas! how do they merit compassion who know not the

happiness of trust in their Maker....who have never laid bare to Him their hearts....never communicated with Him through the medium of prayer, which is

> "Humility's blest child!—the talisman
> Which robs the arrow of its venom'd shaft,
> And sends it pointless to its mortal home!
> Prayer is the kindly balsam....gentlest dew:
> 'Tis music softly stealing—'tis the tear
> Heaven drops in mercy on the parched earth;
> The sun which wipes it from its grateful breast!
> Prayer is the casket in whose mighty nest
> Are noblest ardor, counsel—tolerance—
> The secret springs of resignation—all enclosed."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In this manner did my bark navigate its ordinarily still ocean of existence; and though occasionally approaching a rock, a collision with which must inevitably have crushed my frail vessel, Providence ever made me a way to escape.

But, as passing over ten years of my life silently with relation to myself, would be forfeiting my pledge to Silvio Pellico, to whom I have addressed "My Confessions," I will pause awhile to say that whilst my external seeming was that of the sad calm of twilight, there dwelt within my heart a continued struggle between gloom and sunshine, a perpetual alternation of joy and sorrow—a *cruel void*, still not yet assuming the form of any wish, or ever possessing the consciousness of *what* it desired to fill that void.

It at length became my waking dream that the source of all

my unhappiness was—that I was *alone*; and it was the protraction of that dream that caused me twice to fancy *I loved*.

Twice have I, therefore, stood on the point of becoming a Benedict. But, either I am not destined for that state, or my disposition is somewhat difficult to decipher. Be that as it may, I was dismissed by my first enslaver, after a dream of five years, with the sentence of inexorable refusal, having been convicted (though with how much justice, I pretend not to determine) of *Italian* jealousy! In the second instance, the door was closed against me by a Scotch gentleman, who, for twelve years, had professed for me the most sacred friendship; because —as he wrote me—I was older than his daughter; a Roman Catholic; poor; of an imaginative temperament; a foreigner; and,—well might he have added—a POET.

These two disappointments, however, created no other sentiments in the heart of your friend, Pellico, than those which we experience when, having dreamed of Elysium, we awake to the reality of a contemptible, a blind and treacherous world.

But

"Whatever is, is right."

Providence orders all events for our good, and all its dispensations are well regulated, though our short-sightedness is unable to mark the harmony of their varying hues of benefit!

CHAPTER XXV.

ALTHOUGH by a long but painful experience I had learned to think upon the injustice of my fellow-creatures with resignation; and not to suffer any impression from without to reach below the surface of my feelings; yet, I had no peace of mind! Within the most secret and sensitive part of my heart, there was an inward longing for that water offered to the

Samaritan Woman, one taste of which would quench the soul's thirst, and render it blessed in eternity. I hungered for the bread of life, the participation of which nourishes us for that Paradise where we shall hunger no more. I panted for the light which seemed to gleam upon me from afar, whilst I had neither the power nor the courage to emerge from that darkness by which I was surrounded. My hope was Heaven-bound, whilst a tyrannical impossibility to obtain my wish chained me to earth, rendering that very hope not a blessing but a torment to me. An angel from afar, compassionate and gentle, with the tear of mercy in his eye-lid, seemed presenting to me love's holy chalice, and with his "still small voice" inviting me to quaff it to the dregs; whilst another, with the song of the syren, and with a countenance radiant as the morning sun,

> "To me held.....
> Even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
> Which he had plucked."

CHAPTER XXVI.

With a mind torn by such uncertainty, I abandoned the holy communion. The abstinence from this communion rendered my soul drooping and hopeless, and life was to me deprived of its every joy.

I was not happy, and I accused my Creator as the source of my discontent.

My prayers had now become only the wailings of presumption. "To what end," I exclaimed, "do I seek truth at the cost of so much labour, when my existence perhaps will pass away amid these ceaseless troubles, ever powerless to emancipate myself from this state of profound obscurity into

which Thou, my God! hast plunged me but to abandon me there?"

I felt that whilst unsustained by the bread of Heaven, peace could never enter my heart. Still I could not resolve to accept that nourishment at the altar of idolatry, nor seek it at another where they told me I should not find my Saviour in the bread they offered.

For months I wandered from church to church, from sect to sect, having in the course of that period, with the exception of the 'Quakers,' visited each individual sect. The only reason that discouraged me from attending a Quaker's meeting was the antipathy they bore to music. Their fine open countenances, the propriety, the simplicity of their attire, their modest reserve, their virtue, the soundness of their understanding, have always made them the peculiar objects of my esteem. I believe that notwithstanding their blind interpretation of the Scriptures, the invisible hand of God is ever with them, encouraging and supporting them through this world of darkness, to guide them at length to the true light.

"But, what advantage did you reap, Guido, from thus visiting both churches and chapels prohibited by the Pope?"—I shall be asked.

"The seeds of my conversion to a more christian church," I reply. True it is I resembled the butterfly fluttering from flower to flower, more than the bee resting upon *the one* which might yield me the sweetest honey. But, though a butterfly, I felt that I no longer fluttered amongst the thorns. All were flowers in my range now; and if my heart was not yet the actual tabernacle of that peace, which man can neither give nor take away—if Heaven's harmony had not yet entered my soul, discord had ceased, whilst the sweet repose of a placid silence had occupied its place.

Thus, step by step, did God lead me on towards His *own* time....the time He Himself had appointed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the year 1825, a young Englishwoman, anxious to add an acquaintance with the Italian language to her other acquirements, applied to Messrs. Dulau, booksellers, to recommend her to a professor qualified to do her justice.

Messrs. Dulau selected three from the various names registered in their books, and writing down the address of each, gave them to the fair enquirer.

The young lady, who was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, left the shop; and, pursuing her way homewards, she amused her girlish fancy by endeavouring to pronounce each name with the best accent she could, and then determined which of these three foreign nomenclatures accorded the most harmoniously with her English ear.

Having reached her habitation, she submitted the same to her mother's judgment, begging her first to listen, and then to pronounce which she thought the most agreeable.

"GUIDO SORELLI, to be sure,"—replied the mother.

"So I thought!"—replied the daughter.

In consequence of this decision, it was agreed that a billet should be despatched to this happily-christened 'Guido Sorelli,' begging him to call upon the lady, for the purpose of instructing her in the Italian language.

I accordingly repaired thither: after which my terms were mentioned, and immediately agreed to.

Emma—it is a name too English and too harmonious to be unuttered in "My Confessions"—was possessed of great beauty, and endowed with a ready genius. Patience in study; a vivacity of spirit and unwearied assiduity, were all united in her.

Of a fine disposition, with a mind fanciful and poetic, she was yet mild, benignant and compassionate.

Such was—and such is Emma, the kind friend of Guido.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On one memorable Sunday in the year 1834, I was engaged to a dinner party with her family, in company with several other guests.

During the evening, whilst seated by Emma, I requested her to go to the instrument and accompany me in an air.

Hitherto this had been our Sunday evening's amusement: but as I now preferred my request, she turned towards me, and with a grace no language can describe, she said—

"Guido, you by nature are religious; and I am sure you will now understand me, without submitting me to the pain of using many words. Dear Sorelli, I have not the courage to go to the instrument to-night. Possibly there may be no harm in so doing: but when once the heart whispers us we are doing amiss, I think it would be culpable not to heed its dictates. Do you blame me, Sorelli?"

"Blame you!" I repeated, with an involuntary feeling of joy and surprise; "Oh, no! quite the contrary. I applaud you most sincerely, and congratulate you upon the possession of so exalted a feeling. But permit me to demand—I continued, "what has wrought so salutary a change in your heart.... you from whom, during the whole period of our acquaintance, I have never heard even the whisper of religion?"

"It is now several Sundays that I have attended a chapel near here, named "Christ Chapel," and there I have heard a

gentleman of the name of the Rev. Sanderson Robins preach. His doctrine, his manner, his eloquence and his exceeding humility have so awakened my heart to a happiness, more lasting than the fleeting pleasures this world can offer, that I have vowed to my God to hearken to the instructions of His servant, and to endeavour to obey them."

"Oh how lovely a soul will seek an entrance into Heaven!" I exclaimed, involuntarily: "Never will the angels have welcomed so blest a sister into their paradise as thee!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The following Sunday I was not quite the last to enter the chapel of that gifted man, who had effected the conversion of the beautiful Emma.

I must here confess, amongst my other delinquencies, that I appeared arrayed in that sardonic smile which after a proximity of fourteen years had assumed all the extra colouring of the impertinent English sneer.

With a mind thus disposed, it will not be presumed that the spirit of devotion accompanied my prayers of that morning.—I could not pray, although—who will credit me?—I desired it most ardently.

The preacher had ascended his pulpit, and had concluded the usual prayer, when a voice seemed to whisper to me—"Prepare thyself, Guido, for a brilliant display of poetry."

The Preacher commenced. — That true eloquence of a celestial creation, which insensibly makes itself felt in the heart by the voice of its awakening torrent: that eloquence, whose golden bonds enthral whilst they delight; and, like a mighty river, noiselessly propels its great waters: that

eloquence, which, with a microscopic power, reveals the minutest truths: that humility of spirit, which makes allowance for the heart's defects in this mortal tabernacle, and which is the foundation stone of every virtue! that gratitude to God which acknowleges Him the gracious spring of every acquired prosperity, and which, like the sun-flower, never turns from the orb which has warmed it into being! that christian zeal, which, thoughtless of itself, like the Phœnix, sacrifices its very being to give life to those it loves!.....the charity of an apostle—the love of a brother, were all in the clergyman Robins, in the publisher of the gospel, who, endued with the Holy Spirit, now, from his sacred pulpit, raised his voice to reprove sin—to administer heaven's food, and to point to his flock, as to his brethren, the way to eternal life.

The lip of the irreverent scoffer relaxed its impious expression, to assume once more *that* designed by Heaven, who from infancy had impressed him with the desire of salvation. I know not if I that morning became a Protestant; this I know, that I quitted "Christ Chapel" more edified by what I had heard than I had ever before experienced in any country, or in any Church whatever; and it is my sacred duty to confess that, from that Sunday to the ensuing, I, for the first time, felt it an easy task to live virtuously, whilst a sweet and sincere peace took possession of my heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

If, on the preceding Sunday I had repaired to Christ Chapel for Emma's sake, the following Sunday I went there for *my own;* and I did not quit it on the third, before I had engaged one of the only two remaining seats to be disposed of.

There was one point I now religiously observed, which was to listen in humbleness of spirit, and I prayed fervently that that I heard might work to my good, invariably resolved to follow meekly the inclination I now sincerely felt awaken within my heart to virtue.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"WHAT was, then, the result of your hearing the Protestant preachers?" This will be most likely the question put to me by the Roman Catholics. "Was it your withdrawing from the religion of your fore-fathers?—Was it to turn your back to those altars which will ever echo before the throne of the Almighty the sincere, the heart-felt prayers which the youth in his days of comparative innocence had there offered? Was it your becoming a stumbling-block to your fellow-citizens ....to your fellow-countrymen....to your contemporaries?"

I tremble on entering upon so awful a subject! I shall, in the judgment of the court of Rome, be called *a heretic!*—But I, for one, am free to "confess, that after the way which is called heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets." —(Acts 24, v. 14.)

Besides, it is greatly to my encouragement, to remember how often God has used the humblest instruments, in the fulfilment of His gracious purposes to his chosen people.—I will therefore be faithful, bold, and full of prayer. Never will I be ashamed to own Christ for my *only* master, in the midst of an evil generation; and I will not doubt that he will put honor upon my simple dependence, and make me the channel through which to convey blessings to the souls of others.

If then, I "cry aloud, and spare not," against the danger of giving countenance to the unscriptural errors of Popery, I do so, because I feel it is now become *my most imperative duty:* not with a view to excite animosities against the Roman Catholics, or to promote their antipathies against the Protestants: but, because we are not contending for trifles.

I do pray that there be an abundant communication of help from that Holy Spirit, whose aid *can* strengthen the weakest for His work, and without whose influences to break up the fallow ground, and to water the seed when sown, all rich endowments, zeal and energy, and mental power, argument to convince, and eloquence to persuade, with all the faculties and affections of the head and the heart, would be useless.

May the Holy Spirit of God inspire my soul *only* with the *love of truth*, and with a single eye to His glory!

CHAPTER XXXII.

To-day I stand upon my defence; and if, in the course of that defence, my accusers should themselves be proved guilty of the error which they will endeavour to fasten upon me, then I beseech them, for their own soul's sake, to look well to the awful predicament in which they stand, on the brink of eternity, and to listen patiently to me, who am only *the echo* of what I have heard, and read, from the pulpit, and in the writings of the most pious an enlightened of modern Protestant faithful preachers of the gospel.

Reader! whoever thou mayest be, unto whose hands this book is fallen, and who hast already accompanied me thus far, —let me beseech thee earnestly to give attention to what I am about to state—do not hastily turn over the following pages:

but pause to reflect that they may possibly contain the *last* warning....the *last* entreaty from thy Heavenly Father that thou mayest receive.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Here then let me point out the contrast which I have found existing between the Roman Catholic church and the Protestant church: between darkness and light: between error and truth: between the reading or not, or only the partial reading of the

HOLY SCRIPTURES!

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

TRADITIONS.

"All, saving truth, is not contained in the Holy Scriptures, but partly in unwritten traditions, which whoever does not receive with like piety and reverence as he doth the Scripture is accursed.—(*Concil. Trident. Sess.* 4. *Decret. de Can. Script. and* 7. *H. Horne's Protestant Memorial, p.* 61.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE SCRIPTURES.

"All Scripture," says the apostle, "is given by inspiration of God."

Yes! the Bible is the lamp which God's own hand has lighted; and by its splendour, the darkness, that covers the nations shall be eventually and fully dispersed.

"From a child," says St. Paul to Timothy, "thou hast

known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."

Our Lord directs the Jews to "search the Scriptures."

St. Paul charges the Thessalonians, that "this epistle be read to *all* the holy brethren."

"Seek," says the prophet, "out of the book of the law, and *read*.

"Thy word," says David, "is a light to my feet and a lamp unto my path."

Of all that which God has appointed for the advancement of His own glory, by the conversion of sinners, none has received more signal blessing than the reading of His word. God declares by the mouth of His prophet—"As the rain cometh down and the snow from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please: and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

We have here the promise of God Himself, that the use of his word shall not be ineffectual. Mark with what richness and beauty of oriental imagery, the prophet expresses the result. "Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the briar, shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off."

A martyr in England, who was going to bear his testimony amidst the flames, to the truths of the Gospel, opened his Testament for the last time, and prayed that he might be pointed to some passage, whose strong consolation might carry him through the appalling terrors of the scene which awaited him. God directed him to a text, which was the last upon which his eye rested. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—(*St. Paul.*)

"Whatever things were written aforetime, were written for

our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—(Rom. 15. 4.)

"Ye *shall not add* unto the word which I command you."—(Deut. 4. 2.)

"*Every* word of God is *pure*. *Add thou not* unto his word, lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a *liar*."—(Prov. 30, 5, 6.)

"I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book; if any man shall add unto these, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."—(Rev. 22, 8.)

"If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.—(Isa. 8. 20.)

"They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them."—(Luke, 16, 29.)

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."—(Matt. 17, 5.)

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—(2 Tim. 3, 15, 17.)

Jesus Christ condemned the idle traditions which had been introduced by the Jewish doctors.

"Why do ye transgress the commandments of God by your tradition? ye have made the commandment of God of none effect *by your tradition*. In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—(Matt. 15, 3, 6, 9.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I receive the Holy Scriptures according to that sense which Holy Mother Church (to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scripture) did, and doth hold. Nor will I ever take and interpret it otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the fathers."—(Creed of Pius IV., Art. 2.)

"In matters of faith and morals, and whatever relates to the maintenance of christian doctrine, no one, confiding in his own judgment, shall dare to wrest the sacred Scriptures to his own sense of them, contrary to that which hath been held and still is held by the Holy Mother Church, whose right it is to judge of the true meaning and interpretation of Holy writ, or contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers, *even though such interpretations should never be published.* If any disobey, let them be denounced by the ordinaries, and punished."

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Prove all things," says St. Paul, "hold fast that which is good."—(1 Thess. v. 21.)

"Beloved, believe not every spirit—or teacher—*but try the spirits, whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.*—(1 John, 4. 1.)

How are men to do this, if they must take all things upon trust, and without any examination whatever?

"*I speak as unto wise men.* Judge *ye what I say*"—(1. Cor. 10, 15.)

"*Be ye ready always* to give an answer to every man, *that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.*—(1. Pet. 3, 15.)

But how can christians give such answer, unless they understand and judge of the grounds of faith themselves? "*Though we,*" says St. Paul, "*or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel to you than that which ye have received, let him be accursed.*—(Gal. 1, 8.)

This passage plainly supposes that christians may read and can judge for themselves, when and what doctrines are contrary to the gospel, and that they ought to do it, and not blindly rely upon any one; no, not an apostle, or angel from Heaven.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ASSERTION OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"Inasmuch as it is manifest from experience, that if the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue, be indiscriminately allowed to every one, the temerity of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it: it is on this point referred to the judgment of the bishops or inquisitors, who may, by the advice of the priest or the confessor, permit the reading of the Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue by catholic authors, to those persons whose faith and piety they apprehend will be augmented and not injured by it; and this permission they must have in writing."

"If any one shall have the presumption to read or possess the scriptures without a such written permission, *he shall not receive absolution until he have first delivered up such bible to the ordinary.*"—(Conc. Trid.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Seek ye the Book of the Lord, and read.—(Isa. 34, 16.)

"Search the Scriptures," is the command of Jesus Christ. (John, v. 99.)

"*Take unto you,*" says St. Paul to the Ephesians, without exception, "*take unto you the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*"—(Eph. 6, 17.)

The apostle John writes to fathers, young men, and children.—(1 John 2, 1, 12, 13.)

The Bereans are commended for their diligent searching of the Scriptures.—(Acts, 17, 11.)

How constantly did Jesus and his apostles appeal to the written word, as the fixed standard of truth, in opposition alike to the devices of Satan and the traditions of men. "It is written"—"It is written"—"It is written," was the thrice repeated blow, that drove back the daring tempter of the second Adam.

What saith our Lord Himself?

"*Search the Scriptures; they are they which testify of me.*"

What saith St. John?

"*But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His name.*"

"I will put my laws into their minds," says the Lord, "I will put my laws into their hearts."

But the question I would put to Roman Catholics, to make the matter practical, is this: "How can ye without the perusal of the Bible, have the laws of God transcribed in your hearts? How can ye, have them written in your hearts, so that, in every precept of the Bible, you may make a *law*, and feel it to be your privilege in every action of your lives to be in obedience thereto?"

"I have an exceeding fondness," says the Rev. J. Stratten, "I have an exceeding fondness for that clause in the Lithurgy;

" Write all these thy laws in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee !

Oh no ! the Scriptures are no religion for one nation. They are not contained within one circle, district, or division. The Scriptures break all bounds ; support themselves under all difficulties ; they bound over the everlasting mountains and the eternal hills, the wide ocean, the seas and rivers, in bondage and in freedom ;—they are for *all the world.*

We clearly see that neither our Lord nor his apostles had any idea of the *dangers* which might arise from the *indiscriminate reading of God's word.*

Of this blessed word it was that Job declared, " I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food." —(Job, 23, 12.) And that David exclaims, " The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure ; making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether ; more to be desired are they than gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."—(Ps. 3, 19).

But to pass by passages, which, almost without number, might be brought forward on this point from the Scriptures of the old, let us turn for one moment to those of the New Testament.

The prayer of our Blessed Lord for his apostles was, " sanctify them *through thy word*—Thy word is truth."

Neither prayed He for these alone, but for them also, " who should believe in Him through their word."—(John 17.)

The Bible contains God's solemn covenant ordered in all things and sure—(2 Sam. 23, 6.)—but, after all, we must *personally* and *individually* enter into covenant with God by Jesus Christ.

Religion must not be a matter between our soul and the soul of man, but between our soul and God.

We must do as we are bid " vow, and pray unto the Lord our God."—(Psalm 76, 11.) We must stand to the covenant ;

use it; trust it; plead it; rejoice in it: and never, never forsake it!

If the mere absence of the Bible, the non-reading of the spirit-stirring pages of the Bible, must be exceedingly unfavourable for that high tone of moral principle, that holiness of heart and life, that spiritual-mindedness, at which every true and faithful christian should be aiming—and this all protestants know, who, if they neglect the Bible for a week, they feel themselves becoming cold and worldly-minded; that temptation gathers force; and that sin is ready to prevail—what then must it be where either no Scriptures, or *only* brief, *scanty* portions, *intermixed with human traditions*, are read from one year's end to another?

The Bible, to be read profitably, must be read *with reverence*. It is the word which God speaks to His poor, lost, unworthy creatures. Let them receive it with the deepest humility. It is the word of the King of kings; let His subjects be prostrate while He addresses them.

The Bible must be read *with prayer*. Without prayer there can be *no* profit! And, lastly, with respect to the manner of searching the Scriptures, it is requisite *a teachable spirit*; for if we are self-confident, and self-dependant, *no* benefit can result.

If our path be encompassed with clouds—if the murkiness of night have enveloped our road—let us open the Bible! From the word of God we shall obtain *direction*.

Are we in doubt?—We need but go to the word of God, and we shall find, that, on the same point which engages our minds and excites anxious doubts, *there* is a principle laid down, and we have but to apply that principle to the case in hand,—and our perplexity is *ended*.

The christian life is a state of continual warfare; and if we would come off victorious from the conflict with foes within, as well as with foes without, it can be only by wielding the weapon of heavenly temper — *the Bible*—which the Lord puts into the hands of His people.

The strong holds of Satan are ignorance, darkness, prejudice superstition; all which tend to shut the light and hinder the spread of divine truth.—*Selected portions* of God's word dealt out in scanty and stealthy measures *are not* sufficient.

The *whole* inspired Book is a message from God to man; a record of the Divine Mercy to a sinful world.—Let *none* presume *to add* to, or *detract* from it. Let it go forth in all its fullness, in all its beauty, in all its native simplicity and consistency, far as man extends....far as lost sinners are to be found, who need pardon in a Saviour's blood.—It belongs to all. It addresses all.

The great engine of civilization is the written word of the Most High. And if we visit a tribe of our race in the lowest depths of barbarism, and desire to bring up the debased creatures, and place them on their just level in the scale of existence, it is not by the enactments of earthly legislation, any more than by the tyrannizings of earthly might, that we may look to bring speedily round the wished-for result. The effective machinery of Christianity, and Christianity alone can do it. Let us propagate the tenets of this religion, *as registered* in the Bible, and a mighty regeneration will go out over the face of the long-degraded community.

I am persuaded there is no book, by the perusal of which the mind is so much strengthened, and so much enlarged, as it is by the perusal of the Bible. There is nothing so likely to elevate, and endow with new vigour, our faculties, as the bringing them into contact with stupendous truths, and the setting them to grasp and measure those truths.

In all the wide range of sciences, what science is there comparable, in its sublimity and difficulty, to the science of God?—In all the annals of mankind, what history is there so curious, and so rivetting, as that of the infancy of man, the cradling—so to speak—of the earth's population? Where will we find a lawgiver from whose edicts may be learned a nobler jurisprudence than is exhibited by the statute—

book of Moses ? Whence will we gather such vivid illustrations of the power of truth as are furnished by the march of Christianity, when Apostles stood alone, and a whole world was against them ?—And, if there be no book which treats of a loftier science, and none which more throroughly disclosed the principles of right and the powers of truth; why then, just so far as mental improvement can be proved dependant on acquaintance with scientific matters, or historical, or legal, or ethical, the Bible, beyond all other books, must be counted the grand engine for achieving that improvement; and men claim for the Holy Scriptures the illustrious distinction, that, containing whatsoever is needful for saving the soul, they present also whatsoever is best calculated for strengthening the intellect.

Of all the boons, which God has bestowed on this apostate and orphaned creation, the Bible is the noblest and most precious. The Bible is the developement of man's immortality, the guide which informs him *how* he may move off triumphantly from a contracted and temporary scene, and grasp destinies of unbounded splendour, ETERNITY his life-time, and INFINITY his home. It is the record which tells us that this rebellious section of God's unlimited empire is not excluded from our Maker's compassion, but that the creatures, who move upon its surface, though they have basely sepulchered in sinfulness and corruption the magnificence of their nature, are yet so dear in their ruin to Him who first formed them, that He hath bowed down the heavens in order to open their graves.

The opening of God's words is accompanied, or followed by the rousing up of dormant energies. The sphere, which the sand grain seemed to fill, is required to dilate, and take in Immensity. The arm which plucked a leaf, or lifted a pebble, must strive to wrench up the oak, and raise the mountain; and in striving it strengthens. The mind, employed on what is great, becomes itself greater; busied with what is bright, it becomes itself brighter. To raise the standard of mind

there is no mightier principle, than that the Bible outweighs ten thousand Encyclopædias.

If the Bible were read by the peasant and by the mechanic, we should be then surrounded by a greater number of enlightened and intelligent persons than we are now-a-day where the SCHOOL-MASTER spreads, at a penny each, his innumerable magazines, which, whilst they appear to encourage the sciences kindle discontent in the soul of man, and make him think *much* of himself. KNOWLEDGE is POWER! I admit in all its breath, the truth of this saying. It is power—aye, a *fatal* power, and perilous. The SCHOOL-MASTER is the grand engine for revolutionizing a world. Let knowledge be generally diffused, and the fear of God be kept in the back-ground; and he has done the same for a country as if he had laid the gunpowder under its every institution: there needs only the igniting of a match, and the land shall be strewed with the fragments of all that is glorious and venerable. The march of mind, which leaves the Bible in the rear, is like that of our first parents in Paradise, towards knowledge, but, at the same time, towards death!

Would to God that all the Roman Catholics could know to how many souls the Bible has been made a blessing, a comfort and the means of salvation! The day of the glorification of Jesus in His assembled people will *alone* make it known!

How many eyes have wept over its pages! David could say, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not thy law."—(Psalm 8. verse 119, 136.) How many hearts has that word first rent, and then healed; first pricked, and wounded, and broke, and then poured in oil and balm, and gently bound them up!—How many, with that Book as their directory and guide, have been gathered to their graves in peace, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The flood may sweep away the prosperity of the Protestant Church and nation; but the ark in which God has shut it in, will ride securely upon the waters. Though tumults

should prevail and evil passions be let loose to desolate the English nation—though the strong pillars of earthly kingdoms should fail, and the materials of worldly dominion be broken up, their hope will remain unchanged, for their foundations will be untouched.

"Let all Christian Protestants, therefore, stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free: and let them be not again entangled in the yoke of bondage!" (Gal. chap. 5, verse 1.)

"Let them flee from *idolatry*.—(1 Cor. chap. 10, verse 14.)

"Let the word of Christ" (and not human traditions) "dwell in them richly in all wisdom,"—(Col. 3, verse 16.) "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is, JESUS CHRIST."—(1 Cor. chap. 3 verse 2.)

"Let them renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, not handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth, commending themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—(Col. chap. 1, verse 28.)

May they never forget the following speech—

"If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine, which is according to godliness, *from such withdraw thyself*."—(1 Timothy chap. 6, verses 3—5.)

"*Come out from among them, and be ye separate saith the Lord*."—(2 Cor. chap. 6, verse 17.)

Let Christian Protestants love the Bible, which has been the counsellor and guide of so many weary pilgrims; and ever pray for the peace of our Jerusalem, for, "*they shall prosper* that love thee!"—(Psalm 122, verse 6.) Let them recollect, that, notwithstanding all the assaults to which the Protestant Church has been exposed*, yet, through the sup-

* Under Charles IX. the Protestants were severally oppressed; and on the 24th of August 1572, five hundred gentlemen and ten thousand of the lowest order were perfidiously assassinated at Paris, while no

porting grace of God, she has not been overwhelmed. *Troubled, indeed, she has been on every side; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PRETENDED SUPREMACY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

ASSERTION OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I acknowledge the holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church to be the MOTHER and MISTRESS of all churches; and I pro-

less than forty thousand were massacred in the provinces. On receiving intelligence of this wholesale slaughter, Pope Gregory XIII. (whose predecessor *Saint* Pius V. was privy to the conspiracy against the French Protestants) was so overjoyed, that he commanded a discharge of artillery to be made; ordered the cardinals to return thanks to Almighty God; and caused a medal to be struck to commemorate this detestable atrocity.

Upon the whole, scarcely a country in Europe, in which Protestants have been found, has been exempted from the cruelties inflicted by Papal Rome. .... cruelties which equalled, and often exceeded in severity those which had been experienced in the earlier ages of the Nero and Domitian. Italy, the Netherlands, Spain, France, parts of Germany, and England, were the countries which suffered most severely during protracted and sanguinary persecutions.

The authorities for the preceding statement *of facts*, are the General Ecclesiastical Histories of Mosheim and Goodrich, Grant's Summary of the English Church, Mr. Soames's History of the Reformation of England: and Bishop Bull, on the Corruptions of the Church of Rome, in reply to Bossuet, Section II.—(Works, vol. ii. pp. 239, 240. Oxford 1827. 8vo.)

mise to swear true obedience to the POPE of ROME, who is the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ"—(Creed of Pius IV. art. 2.)

IN THE BULL OF BONIFACE VIII.

I find,

" We declare, affirm, decree, and pronounce, to every human creature, that it is absolutely necessary to salvation, to be subject to the Pope of Rome."

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Jesus Christ said, " *Ye know, that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them; and they that are great, exercise authority upon them. But* it shall NOT be so among YOU: *but*, whosoever *will be great among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.*"—(Matt. 20, verse 25—28.)

St. Paul, addressing the Ephesians, says, " *Ye are built upon the foundation of the* Apostles and Prophets, *Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.*"—(Eph. chap. 2 verse 20.)

The title of " Vicar of Jesus Christ," and " Head of the Universal Church," arrogated by the Pope, is an encroachment upon the supreme dignity of Christ, the ONLY Head of the Church, and whom alone we are to hear. " *God gave him* (Christ) *to be the* HEAD *over all things to the Church.*" (Eph. chap. 1, verse 22.)

" Be ye not called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, even Christ."—(Matt. 23, verses 8, 10.)

The fiction of Papal supremacy is unsupported by Scripture, and is a novelty of the seventh century.*

* Vide Bishop Burgess's Protestant's Catechism, where all these topics are unanswerably proved.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

"THE Holy Spirit, who presides over the church, governs her by no other than apostolic men; and this Spirit, first imparted to the apostles, has, by the infinite goodness of God, ALWAYS continued in the church."—(*Catechismus ex decreto Concilii Tridentini ad Parochos, Pii Quinti, Pont. Max. jussu editus.* p.p. 64, 65, *Romæ,* 1566, *folio.*)

CONTRADICTED BY THE SCRIPTURES.

"*Because of unbelief they* (the jewish church,) *were broken off; but thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear.*"—(Rom. xi. 20.)

From this passage we perceive:

1st. That any such infallibility as the modern Romish church pretends to arrogate to herself, as to say that she cannot err, is totally forbidden: and,

2nd. Although at the time the apostle wrote this epistle, the Roman church stood by faith, yet she was exhorted to fear, lest she should fall from the faith—which exhortation would be altogether needless if she could not err, or fall from the faith.

"*For,*" the apostle adds, "*if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee. Behold, therefore, the goodness and the severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou shalt also be cut off.*"—(Rom. xi. 21, 22.)

In this passage the apostle shows that the Roman church may fall away from the truth and be cut off, as well as other churches: otherwise, if she only had been privileged with infallibility, the exhortation and denunciation just cited, would have been altogether unnecessary; neither would he have expressed himself continually: "*If thou continue.*"

The papal claim to INFALLIBILITY has no foundation in scripture, reason, or antiquity. Romanists, it is well known, are not agreed among themselves, where this pretended INFALLIBILITY exists; whether in the Pope, or in the general council, or in the diffusive body of christians. Both *Popes* and *general councils* have notoriously contradicted one another: and, therefore, *neither* of them can be infallible.

To mention only a *few* instances, Gregory, surnamed the Great, about the latter end of the sixth century, declared that whoever should claim the *universal episcopate*, would be the forerunner of Antichrist.—(Epist. lib. vi. ep. 30.) Yet this very universal Episcopate, as we all know, was assumed, three or four years afterwards by Boniface III, and has been subsequently claimed by numerous pontiffs who have sat, in what they are pleased to call, the chair of St. Peter.

Pope Sextus V, in 1590, published an edition of the Latin Vulgate, which, by a Bull, he commanded should be received every where, and in all cases, for *true*, *legitimate*, *authentic*, and *undoubted*; and that all future editions should be made conformable to this, not the least syllable being changed, added or omitted, on pain of the greater excommunication. Notwithstanding all his INFALLIBILITY, the equally INFALLIBLE Clement VII, not very long after, revoked the decree of Sixtus, *suppressed* his edition, and published another of his own, in which he made more than 2000 corrections.*

* For a full exposure of the unfounded claims to INFALLIBILITY, the reader is referred to the Rev. W. Keary's "Historical Review of Papal and Conciliar Infallibility," London, 1826, 12mo. as well as Mr. Edgar's masterly "Treatise on the Variations of Popery," Dublin, 1831, 8vo.

The Pope INFALLIBLE?

"There is *none righteous*, no, *not one!*"—(Rom. chap. 3, v. 10.)

"Be not wise in your own conceits."—(Rom. chap. 12, v. 16.)

"We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness is as *filthy* rags, and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."—(Isa. chap. 54, v. 6.)

The great engine by which the prince of darkness has so long held in thraldrom the larger portion of the civilized world (and Italy most especially....Italy who must *never* hope to re-become a nation and *free*, unless her church be REFORMED,) has been the INFALLIBILITY of the Roman catholic church.

All the great errors which have stained that church, may be traced to *this* source.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I PROFESS that in the mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiating sacrifice for the quick (or living) and dead."—(Creed of Pius IV, Art. 15.)

"If any one say that in the mass there is not a true and proper sacrifice offered unto God; let him be accursed."—(Conc. Trid. Sess. 22. De Sacrificio Missæ, Can. 1.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"*By* ONE OFFERING *he hath perfected* FOR EVER *them that are sanctified.*"—(Heb. chap. 10, v. 14.)

" Christ being come an High Priest *of good things to come—he entered in* ONCE *into the holy place, having obtained* ETERNAL REDEMPTION *for us.*"—(Heb. chap. 9, v. 12.)

By His own oblation of Himself upon the cross, Jesus Christ has made a full, perfect and sufficient atonement.

" *If any man sin, we have an advocate with the father,* Jesus Christ *the righteous, and* HE IS THE PROPITIATION FOR OUR SINS, *and not for ours only, but also for the* SINS of the whole world."—(I. John, 2, v. 13.)

" Christ hath redeemed us *from the curse of the law.*"—(Gal. chap. 3, v. 13.)

But, do the Roman catholics know what the Romish mass is? perhaps they do not.—There is lamentable ignorance abroad in such subjects.—Let them, therefore, bear with me while I inform them.

The priest going to the altar to celebrate mass, is provided with a wafer composed of flour and water; over this wafer he pronounces certain words, which are supposed, *provided the priest's intention go along with them,* to change the paste truly and substantially, into the *literal* body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ. The priest, next, pretends to offer Christ, (for he is supposed to have His whole body, blood, soul and divinity really and substantially under the form of a wafer between his finger and thumb!) as a propitiating sacrifice for the sins of the living and the dead!

Thus, the doctrine of the MASS charges the sacrifice of Christ with imperfection, by asserting that it needs to be repeated.*

The high priests of Aaron's line entered, year by year, into the holiest of all, making continually a new atonement " for themselves and for the errors of the people." But He who was constituted " after the order of Melchisadec," King as well as priest, entered it once, not " by the blood of goats and and calves, but by His own blood," and needed *never* to return and ascend again the altar of sacrifice.

* The reader is earnestly requested to study the ninth and tenth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews on this subject.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ORIGINAL SIN, JUSTIFICATION AND MERIT.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I embrace and receive all things and every thing, which have been defined and declared in the Holy Council of Trent, concerning Original Sin and Justification."—(Creed of Pius IV, Art. 4.)

"The Holy Council farther declares, that it is not its design to include in this decree, which treats of Original Sin, the blessed and *immaculate* Virgin Mary, the Mother of God."—(Conc. Trid. Sess. 5 de Peccato Originali, Can. 5.)

"If any one shall say, that men are justified, either by the imputation of Christ's righteousness *alone*, or *only* by the remission of sins, to the exclusion of grace and charity, which is poured into their hearts by the Holy Spirit, and which is *inherent* in them; or that the grace by which we are justified *is* the *favor* of God *alone*; let him be accursed."—(Ib. Can. 2.)

"If any shall say, that the good works of a justified man are in such sense the gifts of God, *that they are not also his* worthy merits; or that he, being justified by his good works, which are wrought by him through the grace of God and the merits of Jesus Christ, of whom he is a living member, does not really DESERVE increase of grace, eternal life, the enjoyment of that eternal life if he die in a state of grace, and even an encrease of glory; let him be accursed."—(Ibid, Can. 32.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"The steps of a good man are ordered *by the* Lord!"—Psalm 37, v. 23.)

" There is *no man* that sinneth not."—(I Kings, chap. 18, v. 46.)

" The WHOLE WORLD lieth in wickedness." —(I John, chap. 5, v. 19.)

" My strength will I ascribe *unto Thee;* for *Thou* art the God of my refuge."—(Psalm 59, v. 9.)

" The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek after God. They are ALL gone aside; they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good; no, not one. ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—(Psalm 14, v. 2, 3. Rom. chap. 3, 10, 18, 23.)

" All *we*, like sheep, have gone astray."—(Isaiah, chap. 53, v. 6.)

How strongly and explicitly the Scriptures assert that we are justified, or accounted righteous before God, ONLY for the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ, through faith, and *not meritoriously* by *our own* works, let the following passages attest—

" The RIGHTEOUSNESS *of God is* BY FAITH *of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being* JUSTFIIED FREELY BY HIS GRACE *through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.*"—(Rom. chap. 3, v. 22, 23, 24.)

" Where is boasting then ?"

" It is excluded."

" By what law ?—Of work ?"

" Nay, but by the law of faith.—Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." —(Rom. chap. 3, v. 23, 24, 27, 28.)

" *By grace are ye saved, through* FAITH, *and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God:* NOT *of works, lest any man should boast.*"—(Eph. chap. 2, v. 8, 9.)

" *Enter not into judgment with thy servant for in thy sight shall* NO *flesh living be justified.*"—(Psalm 143, v. 2.)

Man is a fallen being, with faculties weakened, if not wholly incapacitated for moral achievement. Yet the matter

of fact is, that man's moral disability is not to be described, and not understood, theoretically. We want some bold, definite, and tangible measurements. But we shall find these only in the work of Christ Jesus. I learn the depth to which I have sunk, from the length of chain let down to updraw me. I ascertain the mightiness of the ruin by examining the machinery of restoration. I gather that I must be, in the broadest sense, unable to effect deliverance for myself, from observing that none less than the Son of the Highest had strength enough to fight the battles of our race. In the history of Incarnation and Crucifixion, I read, in characters not to be misinterpreted, the announcements, that man has destroyed himself, and that whatever his original powers, he is now void of ability to turn unto God, and do things well-pleasing in His sight.

"Who am I?" said David, when he felt the privilege of a temple being allowed to rise in Jerusalem, and, at the same time remembered how entirely it was of God that there was either the ability, or the readiness to build the structure. "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For *all* things *come of Thee*, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

I regard the words before me, as resisting, with singular power, the notion that a creature can merit.

There is no point in theology which requires to be oftener stated, or more carefully established, than the *impossibility* that a creature should merit at the hands of the Creator.

We find ourselves able to deserve well of one another, to confer favors and to contract debts. But when we carry up our thoughts from the finite to the infinite, we quite forget the total change in the relationship; and we perceive not that the position in which we stand to our Maker, excludes those deservings which, unquestionably, have place between man and man.

There cannot be a question, whose decision involves inferences of greater practical moment.

If I can merit, *salvation* may be partly of debt, and I may earn it as wages. If I can not merit, *salvation* must be wholly of grace, and I must receive it as a gift.

Now I think that, in examining the words: "For *all* things *come of Thee,* and *of thine own* have we given Thee," we may find powerful reasons from which to conclude the *impossibility* of merit.

It is God, and God alone that works all the good we do.

"Thou art near, O Lord!"—(Psalm 119, v. 151.)

"The Lord *is* thy shade upon thy right hand."—(Psalm 121. v. 5.)

It is an august and an overpowering thought, that God should be alike present in the heart of all men as on every star, and in each of its minutest recesses; that though there be a vast employment of the mechanism of *second* causes, there is not wrought a beneficial effect throughout the boundless expansions of creation, whose actual authorship can be referred to any thing short of the great *First* cause. The Creator knows nothing whether of distance or time. Inhabiting sublimely both Infinity and Eternity, there cannot be the spot in space, nor the instant in duration, when and where He is not equally present.

The popish notion of creature-merit is a blasphemy. Who can think of being profitable unto God, when he remembers the independence of Deity: "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you," says our Saviour, "say we are unprofitable servants," and, if unprofitable, certainly not meritorious; "we have done that which it was our duty to do. But as there is not one jot less than duty prescribes, neither is there one jot more. God *gave all* which is brought to Him. *His*, the glowing love! *His*, the soaring intellect! *His*, the awful vigour! *His*, the beautiful lowliness!

We will find one man thinking that, if he repent, he shall be pardoned: in other words, he supposes that there is a virtue in repentance which causes it to procure forgiveness. Thus repentance is exhibited as meritorious; and how can it

be simply proved that *it is not* meritorious ?—Why allowing that man can repent of himself, *which he cannot :*

" What is the repentance on which he presumes ? What is there of his own ?

The tears ? they are but the dew of an eye which is God's.

The sighs ? they are but the heavings of a heart which is God's.

The resolutions ? they are but the workings of faculties which are God's.

The amendment ? it is but the better employment of a life which is God's.

" *If God* peradventure *will give* them *repentance* to the acknowledging of the truth."—(II Timothy, chap. 2, v. 25.)

" The *salvation* of the righteous *is of the Lord.*"—(Psalm 37, v. 39.)

Where is the *merit ?*

Again : some men will speak of being justified by *faith,* till they come to ascribe *merit* to *faith.*

But how can faith be a a meritorious act ? What is faith but such an assent of the understanding to God's word as binds the heart to God's service ? And whose is the understanding, if it be not God's ? Whose is the heart, if it be not God's ? And if FAITH be nothing but the rendering to God that intellect and that energy, which we have received from God, how can FAITH deserve of God ?

Oh ! as with repentance, so with faith ; away with the notion of merit.

And *where* then is the merit of works ? Oh, let us throw into one heap each power of the mind, each energy of the body ; let us use in God's service each grain of our substance, each second of our time ; let us give to the Almighty every throb of the pulse, every drawing of the breath ; let us labour and strive, and be instant, in season and out of season ; and let the steepness of the mountain daunt us not, and the swellings of the ocean deter us not, and the ruggedness of the desert appal us not, but on, still on, in toiling for our Maker ; and dream, and talk, and boast, of *merit,* when we can find the

particle of the heap, or the shred in the exploit, which we may exclude from the confession, "All things come of Thee, and *of thine own*, O God, have we given Thee!"

CHAPTER XL.

AURICULAR CONFESSION.*

ASSERTION OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"If any one shall deny either that sacramental confession was instituted by divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation; or shall say that the practice of secretly confessing to the priest *alone*, as it has ever been observed from the beginning by the Catholic Church, and is still observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, let him be accursed."—(Conc. Trid. Sess. 14. De Pœnitentia Sacramento, Can. 6.)

CONTRADICTED BY HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"I acknowledge my sin *unto Thee* and mine iniquity have I not hid."

"I said I will confess my transgressions *unto the Lord;* and *Thou* forgavest the iniquity of my sin."—(Psalm xxxii, 5.)

"*If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. But if we confess our sin, He*—that is, God—

* Auricular Confession to a priest was not introduced before the thirteenth century; and this, the of Trent Council unblushingly says, "has ever been observed from the beginning!" In the Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages, by Joseph Baretti, we find *Auricular Confession* translated into Italian, with the following addition, "*a thing invented by the priests that they may pry into our secrets.*"

is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—(1 John, chapter 1, v. 8, 9.)

"I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, we have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts, and from thy judgments. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.—(Daniel, 9, v. 2, 7.)

CHAPTER XLI.

THE EXTREME UNCTION.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"If any one shall say that the sacred unction of the sick does not confer grace, nor forgive sin, nor relieve the sick; but that its power has ceased, as if the gift of healing existed only in past ages let him be accursed.

"If any one shall affirm that extreme unction is not truly and properly a sacrament, instituted by Christ our Lord, and published by the blessed apostle James, but only a ceremony received from the fathers, or a human invention, let him be accursed."

CONTRADICTED BY SCRIPTURES.

Extreme unction is practised by the priests of the Romish Church upon the sick, when they are supposed to be past recovery.

It was *not* instituted by Jesus Christ as a sacrament. Jesus Christ instituted only *two* sacraments, viz. BAPTISM—"go ye

and teach all nations, *baptising* them,"—(Matt. xxviii, 19—) and the *Lord's Supper*."—(Luke xxii, 19, 20, and the parallel passages.)

Peter Lombard, a writer of the *twelfth century*, was the first who reckons seven sacraments, *adding* to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, these five, viz. Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme unction.

Pope Eugenius IV. about the middle of the *fifteenth* century, pronounced that these five, as well as the other two, ought to be considered as sacraments; and in the following century, the Council of Trent and Pope Pius IV. declared them to be equally Sacraments.

The following are the only two passages, alleged by the Romish Church, to show that this extreme unction ought to be considered as a sacrament.

" Mark" relates that the apostles, to whom Christ gave a temporary commission to preach in Judea, *anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them*, vi, 14. And the apostle " James" gives this direction in his epistle. " Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—(v. 14, 15.)

Among other miraculous gifts communicated by Christ to His apostles during His ministry, and afterwards by the Holy Ghost to the early preachers of the Gospel, was that of curing diseases; and it is evident that both the above passages refer to the exercise of that supernatural power. Consequently, the efficacy of anointing with oil would cease, when that power was withdrawn from the church. Moreover, the unction spoken of by Mark and James was for the purpose of restoring the sick to health, and *not* for the good of souls when life was despaired of.

So of the apostles we read that " they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." —(Mark 6, v, 13.)

Why, *this* is *not* anointing with oil the sick, that they may die securely, but that the sick *may live*, and repent, and believe, and glorify God on earth.

It is sad to see Popery following its votaries, and *holding them in bondage* to the last moments of life, so that a man cannot die in peace, till he has received extreme unction from the priest!

CHAPTER XLII.

PURGATORY.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

PURGATORY is defined by Cardinal Bellarmine, to be that place in which the souls of those persons are purified, who were not fully cleansed on earth; in order that they may be prepared for heaven, wherein nothing shall enter that defileth."—(De Purgatorio, Lib. i. cap. i.)

"I constantly hold that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained there are assisted by the prayers of the faithful."—(Creed of Pius IV. Art. 8.)

"There is a Purgatory: and the souls there detained, are helped by masses, prayers, alms, and other good works of the living."—(Conc. Trid. Sess. 25, Decret de Purgat.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"*It is appointed unto men* ONCE *to die; but after this, the judgment.*"—(Hebr. ix, 27.)

And in 1 Sam. xxv. 29.—Matt. vii. 13, 14.; viii, 11, 12.;

and Luke xvi, 22, 23, mention is made *only* of a twofold receptacle of souls after death. The penitent Thief was to be THAT DAY in Paradise.—(Luke 23, 43.)

Yea, it is sad that popery attempts to follow men beyond the grave, holding souls in a Purgatory, for the proof of which we search the Scriptures in vain; the Scriptures saying, "where the Tree falleth, there it shall be."—(Eccles. 11. 3.) "There is no work nor device in the grave."—Eccl. 9. 10.) A great gulf is fixed between heaven and hell, so that there can be no passage for any, from the one place to the other." (Luke 16. 26.)

"*The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*"— (1 John, 1, v. 7.)

Those who are united to Christ by faith, have nothing to fear. "*There is* NOW *no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*"—(Rom. 8. i.)

"Being justified by faith we HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—(v. i.)

There is absolutely nothing wanting to the salvation, which Christ has merited for all that believe in Him.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—(Heb. 6, 25.)

The souls of the faithful immediately after they are delivered from the burthens of the flesh, are in joy and felicity. "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, 'Write: blessed are the dead whichdie in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'"—(Rev. 14. 13.*)

Christ is "able to save to the uttermost," on the very

* The practice of praying for the dead began in the *third* century; but Purgatory was not even mentioned until long after. It was at first doubtfully received, and was not introduced until the time of Gregory, in the beginning of the seventh century, nor made an article of faith until December 1563.

ground that "He ever liveth to make intercession;" seeing that no sin can be committed for which the satisfaction made upon Calvary, proffers not an immediate and thorough expiation. The Redeemer presents the oblation prescribed for every offence and every short-coming.

I would ask all Roman catholics, do the assertions of your Romish Church look like Christianity—like the glad tidings of great joy to all people? If you believe this, you believe that there are sins, from which the blood of Christ does not cleanse the believing soul. And yet these are venial sins, very pardonable offences, against God and your neighbour."

I am at length satisfied that popery has *no* gospel. Popery obscures the true way of justification. Popery keeps men in bondage. Popery hinders Italy from becoming a noble nation and free. Popery is cruel and ruinous to the souls! Popery is *anti-christian!*

Oh! what a mercy to be delivered from the dread of the flames of Purgatory; to see them all quenched by a single drop of the blood of Christ! It is like the children saved by Josiah from dread of the lurid flames of the valley of Hinnom.

CHAPTER XLIII.

INDULGENCES.

INDULGENCES are defined to be a remission of the temporal punishment due to sin by the decree of God, when its guilt and eternal punishment are remitted, and which may consist either of evil in this life, or temporal suffering in the next, which temporal suffering is called "Purgatory."

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I affirm that the power of Indulgences was left by Christ

to His Church; and that the use of them is very helpful to Christian people.—(Creed of Pius IV. Art. 15.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

It is the prerogative of the Infinite Almighty *God alone to forgive sins.*—(Psalm cxxx. 4. Isa. xliii. 25, xliv. 22. Jer. 1. 20. Mark ii. 7. Luke v. 21. Eph. iv. 32) and that *when we have done all these things which are commanded us,*—(Luke xvii, 10) *we are unprofitable servants.*

It is a fact, well attested in Ecclesiastical History, that the power of granting indulgences was *not* claimed by the Popes before the twelfth century; consequently it never was nor could have been left by Christ to his Church.

The following is a translation of the form of Indulgence sold by John Tetzet, under the authority of Leo X, and signed by him "Fr. Johannes Tetzet Subcommissarius proprio manu scripsit."

"May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee by the merits of His most holy passion!

"And I, by the authority of his apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope, granted to me in these parts, do absolve thee; first, from all ecclesiastical censures in whatever manner they have been incurred; and then *from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be,* even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the Holy See; and, as far as the keys of the Holy Church extend, I remit to thee all punishment which thou deservest in Purgatory on their account; and *I restore thee* to the Holy Sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and *to that innocence and purity which thou didst possess at baptism; so that when thou diest,* THE GATES OF PUNISHMENT SHALL BE SHUT, AND THE GATES OF THE PARADISE OF DELIGHTS SHALL BE OPENED. And if thou shalt not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when thou art at the point of death. In

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.—(Seckendarf, *Com. de Lutheranismo* p. 14. Francfurt, 1622).

That indulgences have been sold since the time of Leo X. for the commission of the most profligate crimes, has been proved by the unimpeachable testimony of the Romish writers.*

In the year 1709, a Bristol privateer captured a vessel from Spain, on her passage to America, which had on board upwards of three millions of these bulls of indulgence, which were to be sold to the people in America, at various prices, from twenty pence to the poor, to as much as eleven pounds for the rich.

In the year 1800, a Spanish ship from Europe was captured near the coast of South America, by Admiral Harvey, then captain of the Southampton frigate. There were on board large bales of paper, valued in her books at £7,500. These were indulgences or pardons for various sins mentioned in the catholic rubric, and the price which varied from half a dollar to seven dollars, was marked upon each. At Tortola some Dutch merchant bought the whole for £200, with the hope of being able to smuggle them among the Spaniards in America.—(Hamilton's Tracts on some leading Errors of the Church of Rome, p. 68.)

* The testimonies of Romanist writers to the sale of Indulgences may be seen in the Bishop Phillpott's Letters to Mr. Butler, pp. 151, 153; or in Dr. Hale's Analysis of Chronology, vol. ii, part ii. p. 1019, 1022; and especially in "Taxatio Papalis;" being an account of the Tax Books of the United Church and Court of modern Rome." 8vo. London, 1825.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ON THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS AND ANGELS.

ASSERTIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"I also believe that the saints who reign with Christ are to be *venerated* and *invoked*, and that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be venerated.—(Creed of Pius IV. Art. 8.)

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

We find from the record of the Acts of the Apostles, that after they were endued with power from on high, on the day of Pentecost, they went forth into all lands, "testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Jesus Christ; that there was but *one* mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; and that there was *none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby they could be saved.*"—(Acts, chap. 2.)

The Scriptures expressly affirm that God alone is the proper object of our worship. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."—(Matt. 4. 10.)

"IT IS WRITTEN" saith Jesus Christ, and therefore it must refer to Deut. 6, 13. "*Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve Him.*

And again (Deut. x. 20.) "Him *shalt thou serve, and to Him shalt thou cleave;*" that is, "Him *only* shalt thou serve, and to Him *only* shalt thou cleave in the way of divine worship; for so our infallible instructor interprets it."—(Matt. 4, v. 10.) "*Thou shalt worship the God thy Lord and Him only.*

The Scripture says that Jesus Christ is our only mediator and advocate with God, and the only foundation of our salvation. "*There is* one God *and* one mediator *between God and man; the man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all.*" —(1 Tim. 2. 5, 6.)

"*If any man sin, we have an* Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, *the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.*"—(1 John, 11, 1, 2.)

"*Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is* none other name *under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*"—(Acts 4. 12.)

"Other foundation *can* no man *lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*"—(1 Cor. 3. 11.)

The souls of the saints in heaven are ignorant of our wants, and neither do, nor can hear our prayers. "The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten."—(Eccl. 9. 5.)

The worship of angels is expressly prohibited. "*Let* no *man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility, and* worshipping of angels, *intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshy mood.*"—(Col. c. 2, v. 18).

Though the Virgin Mary was the mother of Christ, yet that circumstance gave her *no* authority over him: on the contrary, he preferred obedience to the will of God, to that relation. "*The mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine; Jesus saith unto her, what have I to do with thee?*"—(John, 2, 3, 4.) "*A certain woman of the company lifted up her voice and said unto him, 'Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the paps which thou hast suckcd. But he said, yea rather, blessed are they* that hear the word of God and keep it."—(Luke 11, 27, 28.)

The *invocation of saints,* and of the *Virgin Mary,* was first introduced by Petrus Gnapheus, a presbyter of Antioch, about A.D. 470, and it was not received into the public litanies until adout one hundred and fifty years later.

Temples were erected in honour of supposed saints, only in the sixth century; and it was not till the latter part of the ninth century, that the Roman pontiffs *impiously* arrogated to themselves the power of raising defunct sinful mortals to the dignity of immortal saints, and constituting them objects of worship, whose prayers and merits procure blessings, and by whose hands they are imagined to be conveyed.

When the apostles assembled together, to elect a successor in lieu of the traitor Judas, to whom did they address their supplications? To prophets? To patriarchs? To angels?

No. They invoked, as the contest shows, the Lord Jesus Christ, and him alone.—(Acts 1, 24.)

Did the immediate descendants of the patriarchs, whose lives were embittered by the severity of their bondage in Egypt—did they invoke deliverance from Abraham, Isaac, or Joseph?

No.—"*The children of Israel,*" Moses relates, *sighed by reason of their bondage; and they cried, and their cry came up unto God.*"—(Exod. 2. 23.)

The Romish Church honours the angels as mediators, and addresses to them invocations. Thus in one of her litanies, "Holy Michael, pray for us! Holy Gabriel, pray for us! Holy Raphael, pray for us! All holy angels and archangels, pray ye for us!"

The church of Rome asks the protestants why they reprove her for worshipping the angels, when St. John himself did it? But does the church of Rome recollect that when John once and again was about to fall down at the feet of an angel to worship him, he was rebuked after this manner.

"See thou do it not, I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus; worship God, for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."—(Rev. 19, 10; and 22, 9.)

The only argument of the Romanists for this practice, is an affectation of humility: "We presume not to go at once to God or Christ, but we go to the angels:" and they use the

same argument for praying to the saints, and above all, to the Virgin Mary.*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE WORSHIP OF IMAGES.

ASSERTION OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"It is lawful to represent God and the Holy Trinity by images; and that the images and relics of Christ and the saints are to be duly HONOURED, VENERATED, or WORSHIPPED; and that in this veneration and worship, those are venerated which are represented by them."—(Conc. Trid, Sess. 25 de Invocat.)

"I most firmly assert, that, the images of Christ and of the mother of God, who was always a Virgin, are to be had and retained; and due HONOUR and WORSHIP is to be given to them."—(Creed of Pius IV. Art. 9.)

The worship thus enjoined, consists of kissing images, uncovering the head, bowing and making prayers to them, and offering incense.

CONTRADICTED BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"*Thou shall* not *make unto thee any* graven image, or any likeness of any thing *that is in heaven above, or in the earth be-*

* "The Romanists say *ten aves* for *one pater*," says Bishop Burnet; (art. 22) i e. for one prayer to God, they make ten to the Virgin! Gregory XVI, in his Encyclical Letter, has lately wrote thus; "Let us raise our eyes to the most blessed Virgin Mary, *who alone destroys heresies, who is our great hope, yea, the entire ground of our hope.*"—*(Meek. p.* 341*)*. Thus Romanism has not changed on this point.

neath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not *bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.*" — (Exod. 20, 4 5. See also Deut. 4. 15, 16.—Acts. 17, 29.)

CHAPTER XLVI.

EUCHARIST.

Nor is the doctrine of Transubstantiation harmless!—It leads to the adoration of the bread, which is idolatry: it wonderfully exalts the priesthood, by asserting that they have authority, by uttering a few words, to make a God: it makes infidels to scoff at the true miracles of Scripture, seeing they can judge so easily of this pretended miracle; it dishonours the one sacrifice of Christ once offered, never to be repeated;— whereas, this is accounted a true sacrifice of Christ, and is repeated every day.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I have set this day before all Roman Catholics—and particularly before my countrymen—a sketch of what I have heard, read, and been taught respecting the two systems—that of Romanism and that of Protestantism.

In illustrating the doctrine of Scripture: in having endeavoured to bring it down to the level of undisciplined understanding, I have found that doctrine presenting itself to my own mind with a new power and unimagined beauty.

Never again shall I dream that their differences are unimportant; they are *eternally* important, notwithstanding the efforts that are made by nominal Protestants to gloss them over.

The Romanists know this full well, and they laugh in their sleeves at those Protestants—I might say hypocrites! — who are lulled to sleep on the soft pillow of *modern liberality* and *indifference*. But in unison with the greatest divines of the Church of England and other great divisions of the Reformed Church, I firmly believe, that if there be truth in prophecy, the Roman Catholic Religion is the GREAT APOSTACY foretold in the prophetic oracles, and they who deliberately embrace it, are guilty of the GREAT TRANSGRESSION so earnestly deprecated by David.

Gradually persuaded of the sincerity, of the rectitude o the doctrine preached by the Rev. Sanderson Robins, I felt myself imperatively called upon, though at much individual sacrifice, to abandon the Roman for the Protestant Christian Church; and this, with thankfulness to my Maker for His assistance, I did on the 7th of June 1835.

It was the day of Pentecost.

But, whilst I was preparing myself to approach the altar, where I was about to receive, for the first time in my life, the Holy Sacrament administered by a Protestant clergyman, I felt, on a sudden, overcome by a tremor and a feeling of agony I had never before experienced. A cold perspiration stood upon my brow and I seemed powerless to support myself.

"Wherefore, then, didst thou not abandon thy design," will be the demand of every Roman Catholic; "was not that tremor....that agony.... that extraordinary agitation, a manifestation from Heaven that God frowned upon the Catholic about to abjure the religion of his fathers?"

No—this fearful emotion was but the sudden wakening within me of the sentiment of *my* own *unworthiness*....the consciousness of how little was I prepared to find the darkness

....the grave of my own heart illumined by Heaven's own light, and the hope of eternity!"

For one second I hesitated. Ought I to approach this sacred altar? when, unconsciously, my eye wandered over the verse of a Psalm which lay open before me—

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills," etc.

A heavenly balm instantly possessed my heart; and then, glowing with a feeling of humility and gratitude to God; of faith in the merits of Jesus, and in the hope of pardon; I knelt and received from the hands of Mr. Robins "The Christian Sacrament!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"I THANK thee, oh Heavenly Father, God of Mercy and consolation!"

"My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and I am escaped: blessed be the Lord who hath not given me as a prey to their teeth. My help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and earth."—(Psalm 124, v. 6, 7, 8.)

Alas! Guido the Protestant is now perhaps alienated for ever from a father he adores, from his Cleofe, his whole family, his fellow-countrymen, still so dear to him, — in short, from the heart of every Roman Catholic upon the face of the earth.

To forfeit our kindred's affection, is indeed to lose the most precious drop of the little balm which renders life, if not lovely, at least *supportable*.

To expose oneself to the censure—perhaps to the malediction —of those whom we prize and love, is indeed a poisoned thorn to the generous and sensitive heart!

Still, neither the forfeiture of so much affection, nor the entire abandonment of the whole world can ever awaken one feeling of regret for what I have done, or induce me to retrace one step I have taken. Oh! would to God that *that* light might dawn upon my beautiful land, which for three hundred years has shone in Heaven upon the inhabitants of this isle—a *dawn* which, commencing with religious liberty, has borne in its train political freedom and independence!—a *light* which has proved the beacon....the guide to those institutions which, together, lay the foundation of prosperity, spiritual and temporal—the source of those domestic relations, of religion and patriotism, which are the spring of *this* nation, and which can alone ensure the prosperity, the independence, the national dignity of any country;— sentiments which Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, Ridley, and other equally exalted men, traced in characters of blood upon the hearts of the Protestants of their day and which are now born with every other.

CHAPTER LXIX.

"No, my loved father, my own Cleofe, my sisters, my brothers, my countrymen—ye Roman Catholics!—No, dear Pellico! for none of you is the heart of Guido changed. His love for you is greater than ever: but it is now a love more fervent,

more pure, more holy! The spirit of my Saviour, to whom I pray constantly to be drawn nearer and nearer, is not the spirit of dissension: it is that of peace and unity. The love I once bore ye, was the desire of your presence.... the joy of the soul, when hand presses hand, and the lip imprints the kiss awakened by the heart's loveliest.... holiest impulse! It was the longing for the voice, whose echoes of my name vibrated upon my soul with the heavenly thrill of transport.

But the love of Guido the Protestant now guides him daily to the throne of the Most High, where from the chamber of the exile he implores Heaven's blessing upon ye all! It teaches him resignation to the misery of separation, and to sacrifice your loved presence at the foot of the cross—a sacrifice which, though bedewed with the tear frail humanity cannot suppress, is yet offered with a cheerful heart and with faith in the mercy of that God who has demanded so hard a sacrifice! It prompts him never to cease the prayer that he may one day meet ye all in that true country, in the heavenly Jerusalem the city of peace—and the presence of the Lord.

CHAPTER L.

"To the Rev. Sanderson Robins, M. A.

"What thanks can I offer to one who has conferred upon me the inestimable benefit I now enjoy?

"Such is its importance, that the most solemn words, the most affectionate expressions, the highest eulogies—even supposing them at my command—were all insufficient to express the gratitude I feel.

"But God will supply this my deficiency to your heart.

" He is ever with them who, like yourself, make it the occupation of their life to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

" The consciousness of the good you have wrought for me, will be *your best* reward. How often have I heard you from your pulpit dilate upon the happiness of that clergyman, who has been successful in the conversion of a sinner.

" I implore you, then, *cease not* to pray the Lord that the work you have so well begun may have a successful issue—that the wandering sheep the good shepherd has recovered may be found one day with himself in the bosom of peace and of his God!

" How proud I feel in declaring myself publicly,

" Your grateful, humble, and affectionate disciple,

" GUIDO SORELLI."

CHAPTER LI.

Behold me at the termination of my work! My promise to Silvio Pellico has been fulfilled!—and now behold me, by God's help, sufficiently unveiled for him to judge what I was and what I am. To seal my labours, it now only remains for me to declare what I in future propose, what I hope, what I *pray* to be.

Life has now *no longer* a mask, *no longer* any poetry for me.

If from the day I commenced its ascent, I ever found my path stony and uninviting, the *prospect* its summit *now* presents to me is *such*, that with a glad heart I shall to-morrow turn my back upon all, and silently descend with cheerful resigna-

tion, to mingle again, whenever it shall please God, with the dust from which I was created.

An exile from earth's brightest land—separated from a beloved and loving kindred! Alone, in a foreign country, where love and friendship were bestowed but to be withdrawn: where the proffered patronage of the proud ones of this earth proved to me but an empty sound, borne away by the zephir's breath—a torrid sun, which neither invigorates nor nourishes, but consumes me: water to the parched lip of Tantalus: the unprofitable smell of the never-granted fruit: an atmosphere of foolish honor and empty applause, whilst the poem is left without reward, and the poet without bread!

Such is Guido Sorelli's prospect from the mount of his existence!

Adieu, sweet hope of my youth! Farewell thou April of existence! which, though flowery in thy nature wert *never* bright to me. Adieu, vanities, whose graceful forms seemed to me invested with individuality!

The world is now for me but a wretched drama drawing to its close. But, in exchange for every past hope and expectation blighted on earth, I have obtained an *inward* peace. And though it be not the peace which flows like a torrent in its abundance—although hopeless of this world's future, still *it is* peace!—It is the calm of patient self-sacrifice: the purer, the deeper and the more exhaustless, from being founded on the basis of wishing naught save that which God wills.

No longer will I struggle

> "For all the gifts to fortune's care consigned,
> Sought with such anxious labour by mankind,

but I will endeavour to obtain a more valuable treasure; and, as I have been taught by the Protestant preachers, I will strive, through God's grace, to give myself to the business of putting off the old man. I will no longer affirm that I believe there is a Heaven, and yet act as though persuaded that it is not worth

striving for. I will strive, for the grasp of the destroyer is upon me; and if I be not wrenched away, it will palsy me, and crush me. I will strive, for the foe is on my right hand, on my left hand, before me, behind me; and I must be trampled under foot, if I struggle not, and strike not, as those who feel themselves bound in a death-grapple. I will strive, for there is a crown to be won,— the mines of the earth have not furnished its metal, and the depths of the sea hide nothing so radiant as the jewels with which it is wreathed. I will strive, for if I gain not this crown, alas, alas! I must have the scorpions for ever round my forehead, and the circles of that flame which is fanned by the breath of the Almighty's displeasure. I will strive, but strive in the strength of our risen Lord, and *not* in *my own*. I will strive, for I know not how soon that Lord may come. Whilst the sun walks his usual path on the firmament, and the grass is springing in our fields, and merchants are crowding the exchange, and politicians jostling for place, and the voluptuous killing time, and the avaricious counting gold, the "sign of the Son of Man" shall be seen in the heavens, and the august throne of fire and of cloud be piled for judgement. I will strive, for there is truth in Jesus which is terrible, as well as truth which is soothing; terrible, for He shall be judge as well as Saviour; and I cannot face Him, I cannot stand before Him, unless I *now* give ear to His invitation, "COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVILY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Worldly ANTICIPATIONS and REFLECTIONS bruise the soul!— Alas! how have they bruised mine!—and soon will they still this fragile earthly temple into the silence of death!

Adieu, then, even to you ANTICIPATIONS and REFLECTIONS!

THE END.

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